

Desert Storm Reader

**PERSONAL
PERSPECTIVES
ON THE
GULF WAR**



**The Institute of Land Warfare
ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY**



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FOREWORD

In 1991, the Association of the United States Army published two special reports on the Gulf War: *The U.S. Army in Operation Desert Storm: An Overview* (June 1991), which described the conduct of combat operations; and *Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm: The Logistics Perspective* (September 1991), which narrated the broad logistical aspects of the Army's role in the war. Though no longer in print, these two publications served the important purpose of documenting the complexity and magnitude of the military endeavor of the United States and a coalition of other nations' military forces to eject the Iraqis from Kuwait.

Soon after the publication of these documents, it was recognized that there was need for a third publication which captured the human dimension of the Gulf War, i.e., the perspectives of the individual soldiers and civilians. A call for manuscripts on personal experiences was made through AUSA's *Army* magazine and *AUSA News* throughout 1992. The results are now in your hands in the form of selected perspectives and experiences of soldiers and civilians who participated directly or in support of the Gulf War.

This is an anthology of personal views written by men and women who participated in various roles — in the combat environment, within the theater of operations, back home in the United States and in other overseas locations.

These personal stories reveal once again the flexibility, initiative and drive of the individual Americans upon whom the nation relies to fight its wars and protect its national interests. There are lessons in these accounts of soldiers and civilians going about their serious work at countless locations in bringing to bear the military strength necessary to defeat an enemy force.

This collection of papers was prepared under the auspices of the Institute of Land Warfare, with Colonel James D. Blundell, USA Ret., Director of Programs, Colonel William B. Seely, USA Ret., ILW Research Fellow, and Sandra J. Daugherty, Assistant Director of ILW Programs, providing the primary editing effort. The invaluable final editorial effort, production work and administrative assistance was provided by Lori J. Johnston and Stephanie L. Akiwowo.



JACK N. MERRITT
General, USA Ret.
President

August 1993

GLOSSARY

ACR	<i>armored cavalry regiment</i>	DEPMEDS	<i>deployable medical system</i>
AHB	<i>attack helicopter battalion</i>	DISCOM	<i>division support command</i>
ALOC	<i>administration/logistics operations center</i>	DivArty	<i>division artillery</i>
APC	<i>armored personnel carrier</i>	DPICM	<i>dual purpose improved conventional munitions</i>
Aramco	<i>Arabian-American Oil Company</i>	DS	<i>direct support</i>
ARCENT	<i>Army Central Command</i>	DSNET2	<i>Defense System Network</i>
ARPERCEN	<i>Army Reserve Personnel Center</i>	EACIC	<i>echelon above corps intelligence center</i>
ARTEP	<i>Army Readiness Training and Evaluation Program</i>	easting	<i>eastward, i.e., left to right, reading of grid values</i>
ASL	<i>authorized stockage list</i>	EPW	<i>enemy prisoner of war</i>
AWACS	<i>Airborne Warning and Control System</i>	FA	<i>field artillery</i>
AWCS	<i>Army Wide Communications System</i>	FAA	<i>forward assembly area</i>
BDA	<i>battle damage assessment</i>	FAR	<i>Federal Acquisition Regulations</i>
BDU	<i>battle dress uniform</i>	FARP	<i>forward arming and refueling point</i>
BFV	<i>Bradley Fighting Vehicle</i>	FIST-V	<i>artillery fire support vehicle</i>
BMP	<i>Soviet-made armored personnel carrier</i>	FLOT	<i>forward line of troops</i>
BRDM	<i>Soviet-made wheeled reconnaissance vehicle or tank destroyer</i>	FORSCOM	<i>U.S. Army Forces Command</i>
BSA	<i>brigade support area</i>	FSS	<i>fast sealift ship</i>
BTR	<i>Soviet-made wheeled reconnaissance vehicle or tank destroyer</i>	FTX	<i>field training exercise</i>
Cav	<i>Cavalry</i>	G-Day	<i>24 February 1991, the day the ground war began</i>
CBTF	<i>combined battalion task force</i>	GP	<i>general purpose</i>
CENTAF	<i>U.S. Air Force Central Command</i>	GPS	<i>Global Positioning System</i>
CENTCOM	<i>U.S. Central Command</i>	GSR	<i>ground surveillance radar</i>
CG	<i>commanding general</i>	G2	<i>assistant chief of staff, intelligence</i>
CINC	<i>commander in chief</i>	HEAT	<i>high explosive antitank</i>
CONUS	<i>Continental United States</i>	HETS	<i>heavy equipment transport system</i>
COSCOM	<i>corps support command</i>	HHB	<i>headquarters and headquarters battery</i>
CSAR	<i>combat search and rescue</i>	HMMWV	
CSH	<i>combat support hospital</i>	(humvee)	<i>High Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle</i>
CSM	<i>command sergeant major</i>	IEW	<i>Intelligence Electronic Warfare</i>
CTA-50	<i>clothing and individual equipment</i>	IPB	<i>intelligence preparation of the battlefield</i>
DCU	<i>desert camouflage uniform</i>		

GLOSSARY (continued)

ISA	<i>Intermediate Staging Area</i>	SIDS	<i>secondary imagery dissemination system</i>
KERO	<i>Kuwait Emergency Recovery Office</i>	SOP	<i>standard operating procedure</i>
KIA	<i>killed in action</i>	SWA	<i>Southwest Asia</i>
KKMC	<i>King Khalid Military City</i>	S1	<i>adjutant officer</i>
KTO	<i>Kuwaiti Theater of Operations</i>	S2	<i>intelligence officer</i>
LD	<i>line of departure</i>	S3	<i>operations and training officer</i>
loran	<i>long range navigation device</i>	S4	<i>supply officer</i>
maskirovka	<i>Soviet term denoting deception</i>	TAA	<i>tactical assembly area</i>
MBT	<i>main battle tank</i>	TAB	<i>Target Acquisition Battery</i>
MEDEVAC	<i>medical evacuation</i>	TACOM	<i>U.S. Army Tank-Automotive Command</i>
MI	<i>military intelligence</i>	TF	<i>task force</i>
MLRS	<i>multiple launch rocket system</i>	TFP	<i>Task Force Phoenix</i>
MOPP	<i>mission oriented protection posture</i>	TOC	<i>tactical operations center</i>
MP	<i>military police</i>	TWMP	<i>track width mine plow</i>
MRE	<i>Meals Ready to Eat</i>	TWT	<i>travelling wave tube</i>
MTLB	<i>Soviet-made command or maintenance vehicle</i>	UBL	<i>unit basic load</i>
MTOE	<i>Modification Table of Organization and Equipment</i>	UMT	<i>unit ministry team</i>
NBC	<i>nuclear-biological-chemical</i>	WIA	<i>wounded in action</i>
NTC	<i>National Training Center</i>	WIN	<i>Intercomputer Network</i>
OPC	<i>Operation Provide Comfort</i>	WINCS	<i>WIN Communications Subsystem</i>
OPCON	<i>operational control</i>	WWMCCS	<i>Worldwide Military Command and Control System</i>
PB tablets	<i>nerve agent prophylactic</i>	XO	<i>executive officer</i>
PL	<i>phase line</i>		
PLL	<i>prescribed load list</i>		
PSA	<i>Physical Security Assessment</i>		
PSN	<i>packet switch node</i>		
PVNTMED	<i>preventive medicine</i>		
RGFC	<i>Republican Guard Forces Corps</i>		
Rivet Joint (RC-135)	<i>reconnaissance aircraft</i>		
RPG	<i>rocket propelled grenades</i>		
RSLF	<i>Royal Saudi Land Forces</i>		
RTAC	<i>regimental tactical command post</i>		
SF	<i>special forces</i>		
SIDPERS	<i>Standard Installation/Division Personnel System</i>		

Part I

THEATER OF OPERATIONS : THE COMBAT AND COMBAT SUPPORT TROOPS

A JOURNALIST'S PERSPECTIVE OF THE GROUND WAR

by Peter Copeland
Scripps Howard News Service

It was Sunday, Feb. 24, 1991, and I was trying to fall asleep with my arms wrapped around the tires of a Humvee. My hosts, members of the 42nd Field Artillery Brigade, had told me to sleep next to something large or risk being run over during the night. No lights were allowed anywhere in the camp.

We were inside Iraq.

I wiggled around on the ground, trying to burrow a little space in the sand, but the soil was rocky and I could barely move in my sleeping bag because my boots caught on the fabric. No one had told me when we were leaving, and no one knew if we were going to be attacked during the night, so I slept in my clothes. A light drizzle felt cool on my face, and I pulled my poncho over the bag. I worried about getting my chemical suit wet because the soldiers had told me that if water could pass through the suit, so could chemicals.

Hearing footsteps, I looked over and saw the boots of COL Morris J. Boyd, the 45-year-old brigade commander. I tried to stand but I was wrapped like a cocoon and could barely move. I settled up on one elbow, and the colonel asked if everything was okay. "Great, sir," I said. He told me he had read the story I had filed that afternoon. He seemed to like it. I had written about crossing the breach into Iraq that morning, and how little American flags stuck on the guns snapped in the steady wind. The guns kicked and bucked when they fired, spitting yellow flame and lobbing projectiles that looked like well-hit golf balls arching down the fairway.

I was glad COL Boyd liked the story, partly because I wanted his respect but also because I

wanted to stay. Back in Washington, being the Scripps Howard Pentagon correspondent guaranteed me a certain amount of access. In Dhahran, my press pass got me in the door and onto the media pools. But out here, this ground and everything on it was owned by Morris J. Boyd.

He had been pleasant enough, but I wasn't sure how he felt about having a journalist watching over his shoulder. If I were about to lead 2,000 people on the mission of their lives, I'm not sure I would bring along a complete stranger who planned on describing every gritty detail for 350 newspapers.

The colonel said good night and started for a trailer they called the TOC, or tactical operations center. "Sir," I called after him. "I just wanted to tell you that I feel privileged to be here. Thank you."

There was so much I wanted to ask. I had no idea where we were, except in Iraq, although it looked an awful lot like Saudi Arabia: flat, sandy and so gray that in the distance the ground and sky blurred together. I was still very much a guest, and didn't want to overstay my welcome. Better to just stand back and watch.

I was still staring up at the sky that first night of the ground war, knowing I should sleep, when a junior officer from the brigade staff approached. "The colonel wants to know if you want to sit in on the meeting" I thought, Do I want a million dollars? "You bet," I said, struggling out of my sleeping bag and stumbling behind him in the darkness up the metal steps to the tactical operations center. He pulled aside two heavy tarps that blocked the light and heaved open a thick door sealed with a heavy latch. Inside, the room was as light as a hospital operating room.

When my eyes adjusted, I saw a uniformed man with thinning hair sitting in a chair facing a dozen other men and one woman standing around the room. On the wall were two large maps covered with plastic

overlays. As I realized with the delicious pleasure of being let in on a juicy secret, this was the battle plan, something I knew only in the vaguest of terms. The maps also showed, in exquisite detail, every Iraqi unit, down to their fighting positions. The intelligence, I thought to myself, was excellent. I drank in as much of the maps as I could, fearing I might not get another chance.

When the man in the chair began to speak, I realized it was COL Boyd. I had never seen him without his helmet, and I was beginning to think he had been born wearing it. He seemed smaller somehow, at least until he began to talk, and then he filled up the trailer like an inspirational coach during the first quarter of a championship game.

Boyd called on the intelligence officer, known as "The Deuce." CPT Bill Cain, with a slow Georgia accent, gave a confident, almost intimate picture of how the enemy must have been feeling. Not unlike the reporting I do, I thought, only the stakes were higher. The big worry was that some of the Republican Guard units would escape. It wasn't enough to drive them from Kuwait; they had to be destroyed.

The ground war was only a few hours old. That morning I had wakened to the soft tapping of drizzle on the tent I shared with the brigade surgeon, CPT David Lawhorn. It was still dark and I didn't want to get up, but I heard Doc collecting his gear. We had stayed up the night before eating junk food and reading his "To Any Service Member" mail. He had boxes of candy, snacks and Pop Tarts, all sent by Americans. The soldiers called it "Pogey bait," and it formed a major army food group.

The war was on. After a cup of cold water sprinkled with instant coffee, I went to one of the command trailers to print out a story (I used a laptop computer with a small printer). The men inside wanted to hear me read the story, and they laughed at first when they recognized people or scenes I had described. Then they grew quiet. My face reddened, but I kept reading. When I finished, I saw they were looking down, nodding their heads like I had gotten it about right. One of them offered me a can of orange juice and a chocolate bonbon from a golden box.

At that point I was alone with the brigade because my escort, a major, had gone back to the rear after the shooting started. Under the Pentagon rules, I was supposed to go with him, but COL Boyd took a chance and allowed me to stay.

I put my stuff in the brigade sergeant major's Humvee, and the driver made room for me in the rear seat. I tried to take notes as we rumbled through Iraq, but we bumped and rolled so much I could barely read my writing. I slept a bit, resting my head on the stiff collar of my flack jacket and trying to keep my helmet from bouncing against the door.

Being escorted by the sergeant major helped my standing with the troops, but some of the soldiers were concerned I was getting a distorted picture of reality by spending too much time with officers. They said the only way to really understand the artillery was to sit inside a gun during a raid. Stupidly I agreed.

We were milling around the back of a 155mm howitzer, and the crew members talked proudly about their work. The process was more technical than I had imagined and involved more math than I could manage, but I nodded like I knew what they were talking about. They all wanted me to write down their names, and the names of their wives and girlfriends. I did, even though I knew I was not likely to be able to mention their families in my stories. Still, it seemed like a nice idea at the time.

The radio scratched out a message: "Fire mission!" The crew yelled, "Fire mission!" and scurried around the gun. I stood there, trying to act like I knew what I was doing. Someone grabbed my vest, and pulled me into the back of the gun, which was like climbing into a thick bank vault. I was doubled over and halfway inside when BLAM the first round fired, and I could see the entire breech coming back in slow motion toward my nose. A soldier pulled me away, saving me from a pancake face, and threw me into a corner where I landed just in time for Spec. Ricardo Moyado to pull the lanyard a second time. BLAM.

I closed my eyes and fumbled in my pocket for the ear plugs I had so carefully thought to bring. BLAM. Each blast was like a punch in the ears, and so much dust raked my eyes that I thought they were bleeding.

BLAM. I heard the sergeant yelling, "Good job! Good job!" and the metal chamber filled with the smell of hot ammonia. BLAM. My nerves were snapping and I winced each time Moyado bent to grab the lanyard.

After 14 rounds, they stopped and wiped the sweat from their faces, laughing and happily tired. There were five of us inside the tiny little compartment, and I figured it was time for one of us to leave. I struggled to stand on my shaking legs and practically fell out the back door onto the sand. Moyado yelled after me, "Where ya going, dude?" Very funny. I stood in the back and watched all eight guns in the battery bucking and booming. I understood why the soldiers called it "high speed."

Shoot and scoot. The guns would fire quickly, and everyone scrambled to pack and roll forward again. We looked like a gypsy caravan, with the vehicles spilling over with crates of ammo and boxes of food, sleeping bags and rucksacks. At night they parked in a circle like covered wagons, and the soldiers dug foxholes around the perimeter. We never stopped more than a few hours, though, and we seemed to be advancing faster than anyone had imagined.

No matter how fast we went, COL Boyd always wanted to go faster. One afternoon he was doing a little exploring in his Humvee, and I followed him with the sergeant major. Boyd's vehicle stopped suddenly in front of us. He called back on the radio, and I looked out the window at the ground. We had driven into a field of unexploded bomblets, probably from our own rockets. They looked like little spiders or Christmas tree ornaments.

They didn't seem at all threatening, until I saw the look on the sergeant major's face. CSM John Woodley had spent his life in the Army. He had a bristly gray, high-and-tight haircut, and he cussed with a gravelly Alabama accent and a voice roughed up by hot coffee and Marlboros. He was a big, thick man who normally walked proudly erect, his hands behind him and tucked into his web belt.

But this time he got down as carefully as stepping onto the thin ice on a duck pond. As daintily as a ballerina, he tiptoed through the bomblets and stood

behind us, helping Tex back directly out of the mine field. I pushed out of the rear seat and sat over the axle, hoping to put a little more metal between my bottom and the bomblets. I had always thought that soldiers were joking when they talked about sitting on their helmets. When we were clear, the sergeant major climbed back in, laughing, and we sped off behind COL Boyd, searching for more adventure.

We found plenty that night. A column of Iraqi vehicles was trying to slip away just a few miles from where we had camped. We stood in the darkness listening to the radio as the Apaches worked with the ground guys to get in position. I had been in the field long enough that I recognized the voices on the radio, and could picture the men in the distance. We ate candy and cookies and waited for the battle to begin.

There was a whoosh that made me jump, and white columns of flame pushed the first rocket out of a multiple launch rocket system. Others followed and they disappeared into the night until they flowered in red bursts and little bomblets rained down. The soldiers oohed and aahed like the Fourth of July, and when the first bomblet hit an Iraqi vehicle and started a fire, they cheered and yelled, "Git some!" Soon there was a string of golden balls burning on the horizon and the young men hooted and hollered.

"Hey you guys," the sergeant major said in a voice that stopped them short. "Remember there're guys dyin' out there."

I asked Taylor, the medic, about killing. "My job is to save lives, not take them," he said. "But if it comes down to him or me, it's not going to be a coin toss." Others repeated again and again, "It's just like training. It feels like a field exercise." They didn't feel afraid anymore. I understood. We all had imagined horrible things about these days of real war. When the war finally came, we moved so fast that it sometimes seemed more like a race than a battle.

On the fourth day, Wednesday, Feb. 27, we stopped a few miles from a bunker complex. The guns squeaked into position in a shallow valley and put round after round on the target. When we drove across the Iraqi position, I saw bunkers that were not at all like the air-conditioned, gold-plated ones I had

seen in *Time* magazine. These were metal culverts buried in the sand and sheets of tin on top of shallow holes. There were blankets and helmets and scraps of paper. Unexploded bombs, fins up, were dug into the scorched sand, and burned-out flares lay next to the limp white parachutes that had carried them to earth.

Some of the Iraqi tanks looked brand new; they even had dust covers in place. Most were pointing south toward Saudi Arabia, but we had fooled them by coming from the west. In one hole, a tank engine sat on a nest of chewed up metal bits, like the whole thing had gone through a meat grinder. Other vehicles burned with black smoke and sizzling sounds. Charcoal bits of human bodies stuck out at odd angles and greasy smears stained the sand. Empty boots seemed the saddest thing of all.

There were weary and tattered Iraqi prisoners everywhere, standing along the American columns as if they were waiting for a bus. There were too many for the MPs to handle, but they didn't seem to be a problem. The soldiers weren't quite sure how to react, glancing shyly at the enemy and trying to concentrate on driving.

There was no more cheering, no more cries of "Git some!" One of the Americans threw down an MRE and the Iraqis jumped on it, trying to tear open the thick plastic. Others tossed down bottles of water and cigarettes until the Iraqis looked like shoppers on Christmas Eve.

The next morning we listened to President Bush on the BBC declare that the shooting would stop in three hours. As a reporter, I tend to see most things in terms of stories, and I started to write this one in my head: "Soldiers whooped for joy and tossed their helmets in the air as their president declared victory"

But it never happened. They weren't happy at all. They were shocked, horrified.

"We are not done here," said one. "I don't want my son to have to come back and do this again." So that was the story I wrote. To send it back to the rear, the sergeant major raced me over to a Black Hawk when it touched down, and I asked the brigadier general on board to deliver it. That was how I had been filing

every day, since there was no other way to communicate. To be safe, I also asked soldiers to transmit the stories on their teletypes to the division forward headquarters, with instructions for the public affairs officers.

The only real cheer went up when we learned we could remove our chemical suits. I watched the soldiers splashing themselves with cold water and thought, "What pigs!" They were black as coal miners. Then I unzipped my suit and the sour smell of my own body made my eyes water. The only thing worse was taking off my boots and finding my toes had almost grown together. My skin was black, and I realized that the charcoal in the suits — like giant odor eaters — had leached onto all of us.

I said my goodbyes on March 1 and promised to send copies of my stories when I got back home. Bill Cain, the S2, said I wasn't at all what he expected from a reporter. "It wasn't like the movies," he said, "where the reporter and the Army are always going at each other." I hitched a lift with a group of Tennessee National Guardsmen for an uneventful trip, except for a bone-tingling ride through a mine field and plunging into a Syrian trench.

I called my office from a grungy Saudi hotel to tell them I was safe. Expecting a pat on the back, and maybe a cash bonus, I was greeted with a screaming, "Why didn't you file any stories?" My heart stopped for a second.

I told my editor I had filed every day. I mumbled something about how the stories must have been lost, but I was too tired and sickened to explain. I really didn't know what had happened, although later I learned that other reporters had the same problem. A few of my stories eventually made it, but too late to use. My editor told me to write something that night, even though, he said, the war was over and nobody much cared about the details anymore.

I showered, ate hot food and sat down to write about the men (and one woman) I had left behind in a stinging, blinding sandstorm. How could I describe the first sergeant, Lee Kane, his blood red eyes drooping with exhaustion onto wind-burned cheeks, giving me his cot because he was "only going to sleep

a few hours anyway"? Or how good it was to start a little fire in a hole in the sand and drink coffee with CSM Woodley, whom I would have followed into a burning building if he told me to. Or the sight of so much armor making a rumbling right turn into Kuwait that it looked like a herd of giant buffalo? What about the bursts from attacking A-10s that sounded like metal blankets being torn? Or how my blood raced when I saw muzzle flashes from an Iraqi armored vehicle firing at our convoy, until it was incinerated by an Apache that put down rocket fire like a strand of bright white pearls?

More than describing those images, though, what was hardest to explain was why I felt no fear. The challenge I had was to show how the courage and competence of my hosts made me feel safe, and how I finally came to understand why those men and women wanted to be American soldiers, now and forever.

* * *

COTTONBALERS, BY GOD

by MAJ Kim Stenson, USA
Ops Ofcr, 2nd Bn, 7th Inf, 24th ID (Mech)

The Seventh Infantry Regiment has a long and distinguished history dating back to the War of 1812, when it acquired the nickname "Cottonbalers" as a result of defending behind cottonbales at the Battle of New Orleans, fought after the war had ended. The Seventh has participated in 77 campaigns, the most recent being the Persian Gulf War. What follows is the story of the Second Battalion during that campaign.

Early February 1991 - TAA/Border Operations. Task Force (TF) 2-7 began combat operations located in a tactical assembly area (TAA) in the vicinity of Nisab, a very small, abandoned town located on the Saudi-Iraqi border, on the western edge of the neutral zone. Primary threat appeared to be chemical. Therefore, M8 chemical alarms were operational and personnel were at MOPP 1 (mission oriented protection posture). To reduce electronic signature, only limited FM transmissions were authorized. Sleeping areas throughout the assembly area were also bermed.

For the next few days, TF 2-7 remained in the TAA and continued to prepare for combat, including issuing orders and conducting rehearsals. During this period TF 2-7 was also assigned a sector along the border to screen.

TF 2-7 was equipped with M2A2 Bradley Fighting Vehicles (BFVs), a company of M1A2 Abrams tanks, and M901A2 Improved Tow Vehicles. The scout platoon was composed of a Bradley section and six HMMWVs (high mobility multipurpose wheeled vehicles).

23 February 1991. Charlie Company, commanded by CPT Rick Avera and supported by the scouts, conducted a cross-border operation on 23 February. The company mission was to reconnoiter a suspected Iraqi signal intelligence site and determine whether the Iraqis had a working intelligence source in the area. Charlie conducted a company movement to contact and discovered the site apparently had been hit by an airstrike and abandoned for some time. However, some Iraqi signal equipment, still in good condition, was seized and brought back for analysis. One platoon remained to secure the site and the remainder of the company withdrew back across the border. Later that day, Bravo Company, along with the forward aid station (jump aid), proceeded across the border, linked up with the Charlie platoon, and occupied a forward defensive position.

24 February 1991. TF 2-7 was scheduled to begin the attack 25 February, but at 1000 on the 24th the movement time was pushed up. At noon, the TF began its move across the Iraqi border and assembled in final movement formation on the other side. Wind speed began to increase significantly and visibility was extremely poor and remained so throughout the remainder of the day.

Initial TF mission was to seize Objective RED2, a suspected enemy dismounted infantry position over 200km northeast of Nisab. Once RED2 was secure, TF 2-7 would occupy it as a part of a brigade-sized battle position, OBJRED, and defend to the north and east. While the enemy situation was not clear, two Republican Guard Divisions, Tawakalna and Medina, could possibly interdict within 12 hours.

At 1500 TF 2-7 began movement with personnel in MOPP 2. Movement continued without incident and a refueling was conducted at 2000. We were now almost 100km inside Iraq.

25 February 1991. After halting again to refuel around 1100 TF 2-7 continued its movement to contact in zone. Weather was cold and a driving rain started to fall at dusk.

Bravo Company was the first to report dismounted activity near their objective. By using thermal sights, Bravo determined that the dismounted personnel were Bedouins camped near the area and were mostly children. However, Iraqi soldiers were soon discovered to also be occupying the objective. Initially, they attempted to avoid capture, but were rapidly surrounded and taken prisoner. No shots were fired and enemy prisoners of war (EPWs) continued to be taken throughout the remainder of the night and the next morning. Cold, hungry, some without shoes, with very few weapons and less ammunition, and little leadership, this element of the Iraqi 31st Infantry Division was certainly not a formidable force. Many were afraid they would be killed, and a large number deserted three days before we arrived. Iraqi EPWs were provided with food and water and TF medics under the TF surgeon and medical platoon leader. Objective RED2 was secured at 2147.

26 February 1991. TF 2-7 continued its move through the Southern Desert in the worst wind storm experienced throughout our stay in the Middle East. To compensate for the poor visibility the TF closed up tight with only a few meters between elements. The ultimate objective for the day was to seize a brigade battle position astride Highway 8, a modern four-lane superhighway and the main line of communication between Kuwait and Baghdad. With VII Corps on the attack, we expected the Republican Guard Forces Corps (RGFC) to retreat to Baghdad and would be directly in their line of retreat.

Late in the afternoon visibility increased significantly and at approximately 1600, TF 2-7 was taken under mortar fire. Some vehicles were hit with mortar fragments, but the fire did not appear to be adjusted, and no casualties or significant damage resulted. Charlie Company engaged an enemy dismounted

element, killing three, wounding four, and capturing 12. TF medics treated the wounded Iraqis. Limited refueling operations were conducted. Sporadic mortar fire continued.

After setting up a screen line just south of Highway 8, scouts observed numerous dismounted Iraqis to the north, but did not engage as TF 3-7 elements were working in the area. At dark they swung to the west and cleared a nearby artillery battery. The pieces were oriented to the south in a direct fire mode. Shortly thereafter scouts engaged dismounted troops 1,800 meters to the west with MK-19s (automatic grenade launchers), but battle damage was not determined.

At 1900 TF 2-7 seized its objective and upon reaching Highway 8 wheeled to the east. TF 2-7 overran the dug-in 3rd Iraqi Command Brigade, destroyed numerous vehicles, and cleared countless bunkers. Nearly all enemy vehicles, to include wheeled vehicles, were positioned in revetments. Most Iraqis had recently abandoned their positions, but an unknown number of dismounted infantry were also engaged. Many were wounded and treated by TF medics. TF 2-7 halted for the night at 2100 in a line formation. We were now 300km southeast of Baghdad and 110km west of Basra.

27 February 1991. At daylight it was discovered the Iraqis had built berm systems around Highway 8; they appeared to be most prevalent around interchanges. Berms were three to four meters high and five to eight meters wide and, in some cases, had a three- to six-foot ditch inside the berm. They were not a significant obstacle and did not appear to be part of a specific defensive scheme, but were annoying and trying to find a way out was time-consuming. Due to the proximity of the Euphrates River, the berms may have been part of a flood control plan.

TF 2-7 refueled around 0600 and continued movement to contact east in the direction of Basra under cloudy skies. TF 2-7 continued to engage Iraqis retreating along Highway 8 and overran numerous Iraqi positions adjacent to the highway, belonging to the Al Faw Division of the RGFC. TF 2-7 halted about 10km northeast of Jalibah Airfield, set in a hasty defense, and conducted resupply operations,

including ammunition redistribution. Scouts moved forward three to four kilometers and set up screen along the TF front. Here they cleared approximately 40 bunkers and captured 200 Iraqis. Engineers were brought forward to destroy a large cache of Jordanian ammunition. Iraqi retreat did not appear to be organized and consisted of small groups of vehicles and personnel.

TF 2-7 halted at 1700 about 60km west of Basra and established a hasty defense. Located within the TF defensive area were numerous ammunition and personnel bunkers, and clearing operations were begun. Retreating Iraqis continued to attempt to travel west along Highway 8. Warning shots were first fired at the enemy vehicles, which were destroyed only if they returned fire or did not surrender. A temporary EPW holding area was established adjacent to Highway 8 and numerous wounded Iraqis were treated by TF medics. That evening TF position was taken under mortar fire. Counterbattery fire silenced the mortar attack. Charlie Company also established a hasty protective minefield on Highway 8.

28 February 1991. TF 2-7 prepared to continue the attack in the direction of Basra scheduled for 0500. At 0400 orders were received announcing a cease-fire effective at 0800, but the planned artillery barrage was to be executed. Shortly after the cease-fire announcement was transmitted, a display of artillery and MLRS (multiple launch rocket system) lit up the sky. Enemy artillery fire occurred sporadically throughout the morning, but was quickly silenced by counterbattery fire.

Bunker clearing operations continued in sector and engineers dug in TF combat vehicles. Large numbers of Iraqi prisoners continued to be captured. Some simply surrendered and a few attempted to fight their way through. TF medics continued to treat wounded Iraqis.

To eliminate needless bloodshed, Charlie Company improvised a trap along Highway 8. An element set up on the road itself acted as a roadblock. Several hundred meters east of the roadblock, on either side of the highway, two BFVs were concealed in hide positions. Iraqis traveling down the road observed the road block and, before they could react, the two BFVs

emerged from their hide positions and surrounded the helpless Iraqis.

1 March 1991. Shortly after midnight, two buses loaded with Iraqi soldiers were stopped at the Bravo roadblock along the secondary road. As Bravo soldiers approached the two vehicles, they were fired on by the Iraqis, and immediately returned fire. Seven Iraqis were killed and six wounded.

To establish a more coherent defense and improve the overall security posture, TF 2-7 was ordered to reposition to the east and at noon began to clear and destroy bunkers in sector, including a large logistics center later determined to belong to the Al Faw Division of the Republican Guard Forces Corps.

2 March 1991. Just after daylight, Delta Company observed approximately 15 T-72 tanks and 20 BMPs (Soviet-made armored personnel carriers) heading north on the highway network leading out of Rumalyah cantonment area. They were heading north to cross the last remaining bridge across the Euphrates. TF 2-7 moved forward 5km and occupied more advantageous defensive positions facing to the east. As the TF moved, it was quickly determined the area was a large *sebkha*, or desert marsh, and tank traffic was too heavy for the terrain. As a result, six of the 14 tanks became mired. Two M88s under the direction of the battalion maintenance officer were dispatched immediately and began recovery operations. Compounding the trafficability problem was the Baghdad-Basra railroad running east to west along the southern edge of our position and above-ground oil pipelines. On the positive side, visibility was excellent and the Iraqi column, now bumper to bumper and several kilometers long, loomed clearly in the distance.

TF 2-7 continued to observe the enemy column 2,500 meters away and made preparations to engage if attacked. At 0700 Charlie Company was engaged. TF 2-7 requested, and was given, permission to begin a general engagement with all TF elements (including indirect fire support) engaging the Iraqi formation. The Iraqi column was immediately suppressed and became decisively engaged. Artillery fire was very effective. Simultaneous to the TF 2-7 firefight, attack helicopters engaged the column several kilometers to the north. A cease-fire was ordered; at least 40

armored vehicles had been destroyed, including T-72s with their turrets now lying next to their chassis. TF 2-7 maintained its position and at 1100 TF 4-64 conducted a counterattack from the south and completed the destruction of the column, now identified as a composite brigade made up of remnants of the Hammurabi Division of the RGFC. When the engagement was finally over, 187 armored vehicles, 37 artillery pieces, nine MLRS, seven FROGs (unguided rockets), and nearly 400 trucks/wheel vehicles were either destroyed or captured.

TF 2-7 was ordered to occupy the Rumalyah cantonment area and moved at 1500. Clearing operations had just begun when orders were received to pull back west and occupy a new assembly area. Rumalyah, fought two days after the cease-fire, marked the completion of TF 2-7 combat operations for the campaign.

Overall, TF 2-7 was very successful during its most recent campaign. We won, and very importantly, suffered very few serious casualties. Success sprang from several sources. First, the TF returned from a National Training Center (NTC) rotation just prior to deploying to Saudi Arabia. NTC, the best training experience in today's Army, ensured our soldiers and leaders were prepared. Secondly, TF 2-7 lived and trained in the desert for almost six months before the campaign began. We knew the desert better than many Arabs. Also, TF 2-7 achieved a high level of maintenance, enabling us to conduct operations over hundreds of kilometers. In addition, we had confidence in ourselves and our equipment. Finally, TF 2-7, along with the rest of the 24th Infantry Division, struck deep into the enemy rear and completely unhinged both the Iraqi command and control system as well as their will to fight. Collectively, these five factors added up to success.

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THE SAND
The sand,
It's everywhere,
Blowing with no escape,
Here it gets in everything,
Desert.
RLL

A TARGET ACQUISITION BATTERY IN ACTION

by ILT William M. Donnelly, USAR
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The experience of G Battery, 333d Field Artillery (Target Acquisition), attached to the 24th Infantry Division in the Gulf War, demonstrated the continuing validity of the general lessons of good unit performance: train as you will fight; the ability to adapt; and the key role of good leadership combined with the traditional initiative and ingenuity of the American soldier.

In combat, the Target Acquisition Battery (TAB) is fragmented. Each of the three TPQ-36 counter mortar radars is attached to one of the Division Artillery's (DivArty) three direct support battalions. The two TPQ-37 counterbattery radars and the TPS-25 ground surveillance radar (GSR) are usually in general support to the division.

The battery closed in Saudi Arabia in late August 1990. After several days in the port trying to locate section vehicles that had been loaded aboard different ships, the battery moved out into the desert. There it trained, performed maintenance, adapted to living in the desert, and speculated about its future. It also received a steady stream of new equipment, from Global Positioning System (GPS) sets to long underwear.

The TPS-25 GSR, a brilliant example of leading edge mid-1950s technology (tubes and all), was attached to the Aviation Brigade, where no one knew quite what to do with it. On command post exercises, it tended to be treated like a military intelligence GSR (which are much smaller and mobile), placed among outposts, where its distinctive signature would create survivability problems if not carefully employed. In the desert, the section soon learned to identify the distinctive signature of camels moving at night, but when the system broke down, the battery soon learned that the Army no longer carried in its inventory repair parts for the radar. So before leaving for the border in January, the equipment was placed in storage and the crew distributed to other radars. There were regrets, as the crew liked trying to get the most out of

the old system, but not as many when the battery heard of a GSR in another division destroyed by an Air Force antiradiation missile mistakenly fired at it.

A sense of mission was crucial to unit morale and cohesion. Radar sections had the least problems in this area for they knew they had a unique mission in the division. They also had the challenge of preparing to operate a full complement of Firefinder radars against a significant indirect fire threat for the first time in history. During Desert Shield, they were able to practice their mission during numerous division live-fire exercises.

Once life in the desert settled into routine, the traditional American way of war soon asserted itself and helped ease tensions created by inter-battery squabbling, life in the desert, and uncertainty about the future. The DivArty PX soon expanded into a major operation with its own milvan and tent. There were movies, a large library of books, trips to R & R centers, frequent athletic competitions, phone calls home, Armed Forces Radio broadcasts, *Stars & Strips*, and mail call. Mail call became the central event of the day, and morale went up or down depending on the amount received.

But the most important influence on morale during Desert Shield was the announcement in November that VII Corps was coming to join us, not replace us. After the initial disappointment at not being rotated home, the prevailing mood in the battery became one of "let's do this, do it right, get it over with and bring everyone home." Early in January, ammunition was issued. Soon the battery exchanged its desert uniforms for chemical protective suits and Kevlar armor vests, the woodland camouflage of both looking very noticeable against the brown sand. In late January, the battery placed excess equipment in storage, struck its tents, filled in its fighting positions, and headed west up Tapline Road into a still uncertain future, but sure that this was the only way home.

G/333 Field Artillery had mixed experiences during Desert Storm. Its Q-36 sections had spent all of Desert Shield with the battalions they supported and moved west with them in January. One Q-37 section joined the division cavalry squadron to help screen the division. The other Q-37 section moved with the

battery and HHB (headquarters and headquarters battery) DivArty, but once along the border, it established a separate position. The remainder of the battery remained collocated with HHB DivArty. In the cold and rain, soldiers lived in the back of vehicles or in shelters cobbled together from ponchos, shelter halves, and foxhole covers as the battery had been ordered to leave its tentage in storage by DivArty. The diet reverted to mainly MREs, supplemented by occasional openings of the now greatly reduced DivArty PX.

While in position along the border from 28 January to 24 February, the counterfire section was kept busy coordinating radar coverage of the division. There was a steady tense strain placed on the radars and the counterfire sections because the division's position along the border lay under a major air corridor into Iraq. Frequent booms on the horizon and general nervousness created a new appreciation for the Firefinder.

As battery executive officer, I served as the battery counterfire officer and worked the night shift in the DivArty tactical operations center (TOC). This meant that most of my shift was quiet, as there was little air activity over us before dawn and most senior officers were asleep. The night shift spent its time training, conducting radio checks with the Q-37s, making calls to the C/25 counterfire section to check on their radar downtime for maintenance. We monitored reconnaissance and raid actions by the division in case they drew Iraqi indirect fire.

During the ground war, the Q-36s operated as they had practiced and all received high marks from the battalions they supported. Together, they accounted for over 150 acquisitions that resulted in kills—some crews painted silhouettes of mortar and artillery tubes on their radars to record their scores. Sometimes the battle moved so fast that acquisitions were sent to maneuver units and a number of Iraqi gunners received a nasty surprise as tanks overran their tubes. One battalion commander later decorated the radar warrant officer supporting his battalion for a "hip radiation" done when the battalion commander came under indirect fire. The commander wanted to keep "his" radar warrant, but the chief was one of the G-TAB's last minute additions and Department of the

Army policy forced him to return to the unit he had left to join the war. In each Q-36 section, good leadership, good soldiers, NTC (National Training Center) experience, and long association with the unit they supported were the keys to battlefield success.

G-TAB's Q-37 radars never influenced the battle. One was deadlined when its Travelling Wave Tube (TWT) failed. A replacement TWT failed when installed and during the movement into Iraq, every time the convoy stopped, the warrant officer and radar mechanics could be found in the well of the radar trailer trying to determine the fault. When the convoy stopped at Attack Position Kelly on 26 February, the battery learned that a Q-37 from another unit had blown all four of the tires on the radar trailer and been left behind. (The Q-37 trailer tires were not very rugged and were in short supply in the theater.) The warrant officer quickly arranged for a helicopter ride to the trailer, where the pilot gave him and a radar mechanic 20 minutes to strip everything that might possibly help them get their own system up. They were not able to identify the fault in their radar before the cease-fire, but they did return all the parts they had not used to the other TAB. G-TAB's other Q-37 remained operational, but never acquired a target.

The G-TAB counterfire section spent most of the ground war in its Humvee as the DivArty TOC raced across the desert trying to keep up with the advance. Behind the TOC stretched the long trail of HHB and the rest of G-TAB. The convoy would stop every so often to listen in on the battle until it reached Attack Position Kelly on the morning of 26 February.

In a heavy sandstorm, the TOC packed up and moved out on a GPS bearing. The vehicles were Humvees and easily crossed terrain later discovered to be full of wet *sabhas* (areas of loose sand that when wet create deep pools of mud) — discovered because all three expandable vans and most of the multichannel and mobile subscriber equipment shelters bogged down. Morning found the TOC out of position (the 212th FA Brigade TOC, on the division's right flank, took over, as did the C/25 counterfire section) and surrounded by vehicles from other units stuck up to the tops of their wheels. Recovery of vehicles took most of the morning. By the time the DivArty TOC stopped that night next to the Second Brigade TOC,

the day's counterfire battle had been won by the Q-36s and the battalions they supported.

All that night we watched the artillery fire of DivArty and two field artillery brigades prepare for the attack towards Phase Line Victory scheduled for 0500 on 28 February. The DivArty TOC had its TACFIRE (tactical fire direction system) shelter and an expandable van. The artillery fire reached a climax just after dawn as we watched several Army Tactical Missile System rounds — a black arrow riding a silver line that streaked across the grey overcast — thunder eastwards to complete the destruction of a Republican Guards armored division. A little later that morning, listening to BBC, we heard the official announcement of the cease-fire.

Between then and the time the division withdrew from Iraq in early March, the DivArty TOC reassembled and planned the fire support for the division's attack towards Basra in case negotiations failed. There was a good deal of talk about the destruction seen on Highway Eight — burnt out trucks full of bodies and other bodies mashed to pulp by vehicles. Everyone in the battery realized that this was just not the "extended NTC rotation" some had previously joked about; this was modern combined arms war at its peak and what we had seen was a reminder of the terrible fate in store for losers of this contest. We also saw a good deal of another group of losers in the war, Iraqi refugees who straggled by our position and to whom we always gave MREs and water.

On 5 March, the battery advance party left to begin the trip back home. G-TAB soon followed them, leaving the way we had come, stopping just inside the Saudi border to strip off the chemical protective suits we had worn for 59 straight days and once again put on the desert camouflage uniforms. Redeployment was much like deployment in the problems encountered. The highlight for me was turning in the battery's UBL (unit basic load) at an ammo point in King Khalid Military City (located by the large, full-color sign out front featuring Bart Simpson saying "Ain't got no bullets, man!") in a heavy sandstorm after waiting in line for 30 hours, then racing other vehicles to get to the ammo pads to download the UBL.

After cleaning vehicles to the standard that passed them into the "sterile" area, there was little for the battery to do but mark time in Khobar Town, the complex of unused apartment buildings reopened for redeployment of American troops. Concessionaires set up snack shops and camel rides, while the 82nd Airborne provided entertainment, its soldiers massing on the balconies of their apartments, chanting slogans and generally insulting all the "legs" below them. More useful was a visit from a member of the faculty of the Field Artillery School at Ft. Sill, who spent hours with the battery going over the unit's experience.

Having brought everyone home whole from one war, no one was eager to try their luck again any time soon.

After returning to a tremendous, beautiful welcome at home station, I hitched a ride to the airport with one of the battery's platoon leaders, still wearing my desert camouflage uniform. By early evening, I was home.

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NOTES: ARTILLERY ON THE MOVE

by SFC Patrick Douglas, USA
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24 February 1991. I don't know who I'm writing this to, but I don't want to forget everything that has gone down so far. Thirty-six hours ago we took our first nerve agent antidote pills, then crossed the border into Iraq. There was a huge berm; engineers had to blow holes in it so we could drive through. We lost three vehicles due to land mines on the other side. Whole place is a mine field (we ride in the tire tracks of other vehicles). Thousands of vehicles crossing at once, reminds me of a gold rush or the start of a race, or better yet, the old WWII films of the blitzkrieg. I'm not scared, I'm wired and really uptight. We push approximately 15 miles and meet no opposition. No rounds are fired by us. Air Force is bombing the living hell out of the area ahead. I get a few hours of restless sleep.

25 February 1991. Before daybreak we are off again. All our vehicles are running, which is a miracle after coming so far already. The terrain changes from flat to rocky and very dangerous. We go about 20 miles through unbelievably rough terrain. The rain from the night before dies down and everything dries up. The wind is kicking up now and we are in a full-scale sandstorm. Units ahead make contact with the enemy. We do not fire, but it seems like everybody else is. Our missile launchers are sending rockets every two seconds. We move through a kill zone and witness approximately 200 enemy POW's being rounded up after surrender. I have my driver get close to some. They look tough and mean. I get a weird feeling in my stomach. It knots up. My finger is on the trigger constantly. I catch myself checking and rechecking my helmet strap and flak vest. I'm nervous as hell. We drive all day, vehicles breaking down left and right. Most we fix, or better yet, rig up one way or another. Nobody wants to get left behind. We end up towing one ammo carrier. It is really slowing us down. When we stop for broken vehicles everybody else keeps going and suddenly we are alone. We fix stuff as we are moving, very fast. I yell and scream a lot. I don't want to get left behind. Safety in numbers.

We pass by old enemy foxholes and fighting positions. I see fresh ammo in one, probably just abandoned. I somehow notice how good the foxholes are made, a lot better than some of our guys make. I think about this many times and my stomach knots up even more. I keep on thinking how good they make foxholes. We are maybe 80 miles into Iraq. The same vehicles keep on breaking down. I am rigging stuff together with hose clamps and electrical tape. Got to keep everything moving. Roadwheel arms bearings give out on one of our howitzers. We cut the arm with a torch and go with only four arms on the left side. More nerve agent pills. More rain and winds. Ammo carrier overheats. As I am working on the cooling fans the radiator hose gives. Hot water and steam catch me in the back of the neck. Big blisters are all down the back of my neck. Luckily I had my helmet on. Everything is soaked. We finally stop 91 miles in. All vehicles are still somehow operational. We are just outside our objective, Al Basayyah. A brigade of tanks and infantry are dug in there. We fire the first rounds of the war. Our guns fire heavy missions,

sometimes five in a row. That's a lot of rounds for a 24-gun battalion. All eight of my guns are firing. Charlie Battery lost one and Alpha lost two, so we are doing a good job. Windshield on my vehicle cracks from the blasts of the guns firing. It's deafening. I sleep through it for about four hours.

26 February 1991. At 0515 a battalion mass barrage is fired on the town. We drive about ten miles in and fire again at the town. We are only one mile away and I sit on the top of one of ammo carriers and watch. The town explodes with fire as we hit it. It's unbelievable! We are so close, we are tearing the living hell out of it! Entire town on fire, black smoke everywhere. Too unreal to describe on paper. I will never forget the scene. We move out again through a wadi filled with enemy vehicles. I count 20 and stop counting. Most have holes all through them. No enemy seen. We are now 120 miles inside Iraq. Small arms fire and large caliber machine gun fire coming from left. Our tanks open up. Tracers everywhere. Tanks firing. This happens several times on each flank. More rain and wind. A lot of unexploded bombs around. A black sheep wanders aimlessly between our vehicles. A bad omen. I want to shoot it. It is making things very distressing and uncomfortable. More enemy POWs. Minefield. Increase speed, we have them on the run. Attack helicopters everywhere. Enemy to our front.

Another vehicle falls out. We stop to fix it and get left behind. All done. I put the crew out around the vehicle for security. Dead calm. All alone. I have nothing to fix the vehicle with, so we run it at 240 degrees. I am afraid of blowing up the engine, but more afraid of getting ambushed. We are at around five MPH. We hear rounds exploding at our left. Luckily the rain helps cool it down. We approach the rear of the unit. An enemy soldier suddenly walks out of the scrub bushes to my left and surrenders to us. I'm not scared anymore. He looks scared, he better be scared, we almost shot him. I want his weapon, but he dropped it back in the sand. I'm not going back for anything. Suddenly we stop. 3rd Brigade to our right is getting hit. They hit back with hundreds of rounds. We proceed. Saddam Hussein announces total pull-out from Kuwait. We are on a roll now, we aren't stopping.

Our objective, the Republican Guard Medina Division, is retreating. We were scheduled to stop about 40 miles ago, but we push on. All my vehicles are running except one command center truck. We tow it and use it anyway. We are beginning an artillery prep of the target. We are about 20km from the target and they are on the run. We keep up the blitzkrieg. I can't believe we have driven this far. Our support comes under small arms fire. No one hit. More rain. I'm soaked to the bone and cold. I'm starving so I eat lunch and dinner at 1930. Almost a full moon. Lots of flash fires and booms in the area. We stop for two hours to refuel. I get two hours of rest. I keep thinking of the foxholes. These guys are good. They dig them deep and narrow with no telltale dirt around. Reminds me of how Marines dig in. These guys are good, why don't they attack us in force? Getting ready to take on the Republican Guard now. I'm not tired anymore. I hope we get a lot of action tonight. More explosions.

27 February 1991. Second night of continuous fighting. We took credit last night for destroying 20 T-55 tanks. I think we will get a lot more tonight because we are firing so many rounds. Another night of no sleep, too much to do. I did doze off while en route. Dawn breaks and we are off chasing the Guard and trying to cut it off. Every time we stop to shoot they get out of range. Very frustrating. We went through our own kill zone. It looked like the land of the dead. Burning and twisted vehicles everywhere. Some fully loaded with ammo, so they were exploding. One truck was literally in a million pieces. I saw an engine out in the open, still burning. Lots of POWs. One was being worked on by our medics. It looked like his right leg was half off. I looked away. All of the vehicles were dug in, but nothing can protect them from our guns. So this is war. I'm not scared of it.

1015. We open up with a massive barrage. Tanks are out to our left and are engaging the enemy. Our sister unit is taking incoming artillery, but it is a kilometer away and not adjusting in on them, so they are holding ground and firing away. All 24 guns in the battalion are standing almost toe-to-toe, in a big lazy W formation. It is incredible. 1230. We move about 12km forward and get a call that 20 enemy tanks are coming in. We lay down heavy fire. Enemy rounds land to the left and right of our position, about 500

meters away. No damage. We return fire on several targets. F-16 fighter jets come in and we get close air support for the first time. The Air Force flyboys are always trying to get all the glory. An A-10 tank killer begins circling the air in front of us, firing on targets. An enemy ammo dump behind us explodes. Tracers and fireballs explode. A lot of noise, smoke and confusion. We really are kicking some ass now. About 50 M-1 tanks cross in front of our position, from right to left, heading into the fight. A multiple launch system fires to the east, its rockets going almost straight up, which means its targets are not far away. The missiles come straight down in front of us again. The rain finally stops and the sun comes out.

1315. I have an incredible headache from all the noise, lack of sleep. Wipe the dirt off my body with some "Wet Ones." I feel clean again. Everything is running good again. I take a nap.

1530. I'm awake after about four hours of continual shelling. We are getting ready to drive ahead and engage new targets. I'm sure we will see a lot of death and destruction ahead. The exhaust clamp on my recovery vehicles snapped, causing hot exhaust to heat up the engine compartment and fry most of the electrical wiring. We took a clamp off the medical truck's exhaust stack and rigged it with a bigger bolt so it worked. We are driving towards our kill site. Higher headquarters report a lot of destroyed vehicles and a lot of bodies everywhere. It is our first contact with the Republican Guard. I guess we will see what's left of them.

1900. Dark already. Drove past many burning vehicles. All were dug in and facing south-southeast towards Kuwait. I guess they thought we were coming from that direction. We hit them from the west, in their flanks and rear. Rounds that explode in the desert do not start fires unless there is something to burn. We have almost 100 fires burning around us now, all enemy vehicles. More POWs walk in. I drive past a burning tank. A lot of bodies. Infantry in front now, rooting Iraqis out of holes. One hole contains about 50 big bags of rice, so I guess these guys had all the food while their buddies down south starved. Chemical rounds discovered by engineers in bunker. Area sealed off.

2030. A 2-1/2 ton truck from our division hit a mine. Six guys are dead. I make a note in my head to stay in other vehicles' tracks more closely. Elements of Medina Division (Republican Guard) moving into our sector. We fire H/I missions (Harassment and Interdiction). I dig a foxhole. Very tired now. I eat pork with rice in BBQ sauce and crackers. My favorite meal. I wish I had a beer.

2330. Check out perimeter to ensure we have guards up and alert. I'm going to clean my weapon and get some sleep.

28 February 1991. 0300. Guns are firing again.

0410. More rounds. I'm getting cramped so I'm going to go make the rounds. Still haven't taken my boots off yet. I'll have to do that today.

0530. We have six targets radioed to us. A lot of tanks of Medina Division. This is what we've been waiting for. Everybody's up and helping get the gun sections ready.

0830. Holy ____! I hope I can write down what just went down. My hands are shaking. At 0530 we gave the Republican Guard a little wake-up call! We fired 48 rounds in 45 minutes from each gun. Each round weights over 120 lbs. and the ones we fired were especially nasty ones. Normal high explosives just explode in a huge fireball. We fired DPICM (dual purpose improved conventional munitions) rounds that explode in the air and send out 88 grenades, each one capable of blowing up a bunker or vehicle. I was trying to calculate it. Fifty rounds per gun, 24 guns, 88 grenades per round! We set this desert on fire. The tankers radioed back that we didn't leave them anything to shoot at. Everybody, even the officers, were helping out. I humped ammo, cut charges and even fired several rounds myself, with the crew aiming them in for me. I guess we've all got some blood on our hands now. Massive amounts of black smoke. Even though the sun is up, it looks dark out. Fires and explosions ahead. At 0730 we mount up and prepare to move ahead. 0750. We get another fire mission. 0800. Clear all weapons, cease-fire ordered by President Bush. No way, WHY, WHY, WHY?? Everybody's pissed and angry. We had them in our sights and now they are getting away. We are deep in

enemy territory and we are giving them time to regroup. Now we are sitting ducks for them. I can't believe this is happening. Nobody is happy; we are all getting scared now. We are just sitting here.

0945. Let's do something, Mr. Bush: Remember we are still in Iraq. At least the Marines are in Kuwait where it is relatively safe.

1030. Two enemy tanks open up on our tanks. I knew this would happen. I guess they don't know about the cease-fire. Our tanks return fire, destroying them.

1300. More Iraqi cease-fire violations. More Iraqis killed, this time AAA guns. We take advantage of this cease-fire to wash up, work on vehicles and sleep.

2000. I take a group of guys out on a recon mission of enemy positions destroyed by us. There are several vehicles and positions directly in front of our gun line, about 300 yards. We find no enemy. Our wake-up call caught them by surprise. There are pillows, bedrolls, and blankets laying around. A teapot still sitting on top of a campstove, with teabags still sitting inside. AK-47 magazines and RPG antitank rounds laying around. We get four Iraqi helmets, one for each of us. I take off an Iraqi license plate with Republican Guard motif. A Russian gas mask. We discover a foxhole full of stuff. Too scared to go in. Maybe boobytraps, or maybe worse, somebody inside that doesn't want us visiting. We find a door with the Republican Guard symbol on it. We drag all our "booty" back to the perimeter, where we lay it out. I get several pictures of us with our captured gear. My commander finds out about our goodies. He commends us on our reconnaissance, but makes us throw all our prizes in the burn pit. He said, "The American Army does not resort to taking war trophies." No big deal, I still got the pictures.

1 March 1991. More of the cease-fire. GEN Schwarzkopf directed that we deny the enemy anything to rebuild his army with. So the combat engineers are systematically blowing up everything again, this time with C-4 explosives. The desert is again filled with fires. Even blown-up vehicles are exploding some more. "Nothing will be left stand-

ing." Last night we could see the orange glow of the Kuwaiti oil fields burning. We are 20km north of the tip of Kuwait now, deep in Republican Guard territory.

2 March 1991. More of the cease-fire, very little news about anything. We get the Voice of America, BBC and Radio Moscow on the short wave, so we do know what's going on, but not with us. Last night the oil field fire spread and I counted 13 separate blazes from 20km away. They must be huge. Time to think and reflect. A lot of backslapping and comradeship among everybody. We are really proud of the job we've done. We didn't want to let the people back home down. No casualties in our battalion, even though we were 1km from the front lines many times, tucked right behind the tanks, watching them fire their main guns and coaxial machine guns into bunkers. Stories float in from other units. A group of Iraqis refused to come out of a bunker, so a bulldozer was called in and they were buried alive.

A lot of post-war excitement. "Man, did you see those tanks, we blew the ____ out of them!" "Yeah, man I saw 'em." "Remember that hand that was laying on the side of the road?" "Wonder if there's any one-arm bandits still out there?" "Hear about the POWs that Charlie Battery got? They were all saying 'No shoot, no shoot, Hussein crazy, Hussein crazy'." "How about the POW that shot the doctor from the 1st Infantry Division with a concealed pistol, I'd like to get a hold of him." "Heard about the brigade commander's vehicle running over a land mine? Nobody hurt, but the brigade commander is pretty teed off. He wants to get some action." "I heard we are all getting a campaign medal for this." "Yeah, plus a Saudi ribbon." "I think we'll all be home by Easter." "Yeah, right man." "250 miles into enemy territory in under 100 hours; what a rush, man, what a trip."

* * *

KUWAIT
Kuwait,
Tiny country,
Iraq has taken you,
Now the world wants to set you free,
It's war.
-RLL

THE KING OF BATTLE IN ACTION

by CPT Michael P. Whetson, USA
Cdr, Btry A, 6th Bn, 41st FA, VII Corps Arty

Notification and Training. On 8 November 1990 our 155mm artillery battalion (6th Battalion, 41st Field Artillery) deployed to Grafenwoehr Training Area in Germany to practice our live fire artillery skills, and be administered a nuclear certification Army Test and Evaluation (ARTEP) — an evaluation of our ability to conduct field artillery operations under simulated combat conditions. We trained extensively the past three to four months in preparation for the ARTEP and we truly felt confident we would excel in the “big test.” Little did we know that soon we would perform many of the testable skills, not under simulated conditions, but rather real ones. We cut short our Grafenwoehr rotation and returned to Kitzingen, our home station, on 20 November to prepare to deploy to Saudi Arabia.

Deployment. From 20 November until 14 December we had our hands full as we loaded out ammunition, rail loaded all our vehicles and equipment, corrected shortages in personnel and equipment, and just plain trained to fight in an environment totally unlike what we were previously trained for, which was an armored confrontation with Warsaw Pact forces in Europe.

We arrived in Saudi Arabia on commercial aircraft just prior to dawn on 15 December. I’m not sure they were even expecting us, since everything seemed real disorganized and slow-moving, probably due to the fact that the night shift cycle was drawing to a close when we arrived. Finally, we got all our soldiers off the plane and, since there was no place for us to take them yet, they just crashed out in our little designated area in the sand awaiting further orders.

Tent City. We waited at Dhahran for about seven hours before we caught some busses to our new home — the “Dew Drop Inn,” a tent city complex just outside the port of Jubayl, where we trained and waited for our vehicles to arrive by ship. The official term for this facility was the Intermediate Staging Area (ISA), whose mission was to feed and house soldiers waiting for their vehicles to arrive at the port. Once vehicles arrived, units took them to the ISA

painting facility, where vehicles were painted desert tan. Based on our experiences there, we claimed that ISA stood for Interminable Sitting Area.

When we arrived at the tent city there were only about 3,000 residents (since we were one of the first VII Corps elements to deploy), but when we departed a week later, there were approximately 12,000 residents biding their time and getting very restless in the restrictive living conditions. Much to our dismay, we arrived to find a shortage of cots and GP (general purpose) medium tents at the “Dew Drop Inn”; however, American soldiers throughout history have had an uncanny knack of improvising when it comes to living conditions, and our soldiers were no different. Some “acquired” cots from neighboring tents, some just passed out on their rucksacks and duffelbags, while others found the concrete tent pad or the desert floor an acceptable place to rest. The following day the first sergeant coordinated cots and tents for the battery, and even managed to locate cots for the battalion commander and his staff. The battery area consisted of six GP medium tents; it was cramped, but adequate for the short period of time we were there. Little did we know how bad conditions would later become in the wide open desert. Our meals and bottled water were contracted by the government. The food wasn’t too bad — very much like cafeteria food — but we dined outside on plywood tables with the pesky hostnation flies. After a couple of days, the Baskin Robbins ice cream truck even showed up around dinner time so we could have a real taste of home. With so many people in such a small area, sometimes the wait in the chow line was upwards of 90 minutes, but then again, where else did anyone have to be at that time of day??? We performed that feeding ritual twice daily — at breakfast and again at dinner. Lunch was MREs (Meals Ready to Eat or Meals Rejected by Everyone/Ethiopians, depending on your view of these expensive, highly nutritious meals), fruit, little cakes — similar to Twinkies — and our daily soda ration. The PX was set up in GP medium tents and offered many of the necessities of life such as hard candy, Doritos, cigarettes, Cokes — well, you get the picture.

As a battery commander, I spent much of my time in meetings, planning sessions and such, but the battery conducted some good training during our stay.

We conducted daily physical training (PT) when allowed, bayonet training and a little road march around the complex. Only this wasn't your everyday, run-of-the-mill foot march, but one done in Kevlar helmet, full equipment, and the dreaded MOPP IV! MOPP IV (mission oriented protection posture) consisted of the protective mask, the protective overgarments (charcoal lined pants and shirt), and the NBC (nuclear-biological-chemical) protective gloves and booties. Mornings were generally moderate around Jubayl, even in December, since it was close to the Persian Gulf. However, I say "moderate" from the standpoint of a soldier who is just wearing a battle dress uniform and not exerting himself. For soldiers marching over an hour in MOPP IV (water breaks included), it was a day that will stand out in the minds of many as one of the toughest physical demands ever placed on them, not only in the desert, but in their careers.

On 22 December we began what was billed as a six-hour road march — it was more like 10-12 hours. It was amazing no one got hurt as many Arabs drive like lunatics on the highways, the route was long, and we stopped only once to refuel. Contributing to our woes that night was the fact that our Arab bus drivers decided several times that they had travelled far enough for the evening and were stopping to rest until morning. Some forced diplomacy from some of our officers convinced our bus drivers to continue to Tactical Assembly Area (TAA) Seminole.

TAA Seminole. Now we were in "the desert"! The maps we had for our area were light brown in color and showed no elevation contour lines. Unfortunately, there was no reason to, since the area had very little contour. We were in our tactical assembly area where we were to wait and train, train and wait for war. It got bitterly cold, with occasional high winds and dust storms. Sometimes the way my soldiers dressed reminded me of pictures of U.S. soldiers in the Bastogne area during the Battle of the Bulge in 1944. We had definitely left the warmth of the Persian Gulf coastal area.

On Christmas Eve many of the battalion officers got together to travel to each of the batteries to sing Christmas carols to our soldiers. We rode around on the back of a single HMMWV from battery to battery

in a single loop. It was a cold, crisp night and the bright moon greatly assisted our virgin navigation skills. I think our gesture was appreciated, and went a long way in keeping the holiday morale from getting too low.

We conducted quite a bit of training in the TAA as we adjusted to desert life. Both mounted and dismounted land navigation received a great deal of our training emphasis, but we also experimented with different ways of conducting an armored field artillery raid, and how to move in battery/platoon desert wedge formations.

During our time in TAA Seminole, we conducted many training exercises with the 2nd Squadron, 2nd Armored Cav (Armored Cavalry Regiment, or ACR) since the battle plan was for us to provide direct support artillery fires to them during the impending attack. We developed a good working relationship and had no reservations about preparing to go to war with these guys. The squadron was not used to having a direct support (DS) artillery battalion in its diamond formation. Likewise, we were unaccustomed to following cavalry troops in formation, but we all quickly adapted to our new modus operandi as if it were an old familiar SOP.

King Khalid Military City. In early January we took several howitzers from the battalion and all Fire Direction Centers to King Khalid Military City (KKMC) to conduct some live fire training. This exercise allowed us to get experience with munitions we had never fired before such as the Copperhead, Dual Purpose Improved Conventional Munitions (DPICM), Rocket Assisted Projectiles, and Killer Junior.

Living conditions at KKMC were adequate. SPC Hornsby and I slept in a Bedouin tent that was fast becoming shredded cloth on a frame, as transport and high winds tortured the thin fabric. We had a standard DESERT SHIELD latrine which we emptied and cleaned daily. Our training ammunition and training objectives were completely expended by the 7th, so we moved off the live fire range, found a quiet patch of desert on KKMC, and circled the wagons while we recovered and conducted maintenance. On 8 January 1991, a day I will remember for quite a long time

(along with several others from this desert campaign), I took a real shower!! The battery commanders led shuttles of soldiers into the main area of KKMC to a place we reconned earlier that had hot showers set up in GP medium tents. The complex was run by the Alabama National Guard. After the showers, we rotated soldiers to the phone bank, so they could call home. Finally, we uploaded and returned to TAA Seminole without incident on 10 January. This was really quite a feat since we were required to travel a good deal of the way back to the TAA on "Suicide Alley" — the infamous Tapline Road running northwest from the Persian Gulf coast. Accidents and breakdowns littered the highway as we returned to our battalion's location.

Forward Assembly Area Richardson. The Air War started on 17 January, and on the 21st the STEEL battalion moved west to Forward Assembly Area (FAA) Richardson, which was about 15-20 kilometers southwest of the town of Hafar al Batin. Highlights of our stay in FAA Richardson included more frequent trips to the showers and phone banks at KKMC due to our close proximity, the addition of a Q-36 radar section and the issue of a Global Positioning System (GPS) receiver to each of the firing battery commanders. The GPS was a far cry from our navigation aids of only one month ago — Ioran (a long-range navigation device, also known as the low-rent Army navigation device), abandoned 55-gallon drums, radio towers, and animal carcasses ("turn left at the dead camel and then take a right about three-tenths of a mile past the sheep graveyard" was not an uncommon method of navigating in the TAA). The GPS was definitely a godsend for the battery commander, who also acted as the battery navigator.

We trained extensively with 2-2 Cav (COUGAR) and refined our desert operating procedures as we got closer to "G-day" or the day ground forces would kick off the attack. The entire field artillery brigade participated in field training exercises (FTXs) with the 2nd ACR. The primary objectives for us were to learn how to keep up with the cav, occupy quickly, land navigate with our GPSs, and bypass obstacles/dismounted opposition. The cav only planned to take on armor formations and wasn't planning on slowing down long enough to engage infantry or obstacles. This kind of worried me since most of the dismounted

infantry dug-in positions were on the left side of the squadron's sector — the side Alpha Battery was on, but we trained enough with EAGLE troop screening the flank I felt confident we could pull it off. We traveled long distances on these FTXs (sometimes up to 110 kilometers per day). HMMWVs were not made for us to sit in for 8-12 hours at a time. One other thing the battery did during one of these FTXs was, while in a movement to contact, act like a guard pulling to the right on a football play. This was in case we received an on-order mission to provide DS fires to the 1st Squadron, 2nd Armored Cav while we were still in a movement to contact, which was a distinct possibility based on the plan.

The Ground Phase. At H-hour, 1330 hours on 23 January, the battalion fired on enemy observation posts on the border, after which the attached engineers began breaching operations, so the cavalry troops and artillery batteries could get through the berms. EAGLE troop was the first to get through the berm and since my battery was set up right behind them, we were the first artillery unit into Iraq. We crossed the border at about 1420 hours on the 23rd and continued until we were about 10 kilometers into Iraq before stopping for the night.

On the 24th, we moved out to our planned destination for the day — Phase Line (PL) BUSCH — where we stopped, but not for long. Due to the unexpected successes of the Marine attacks in Kuwait, we traveled another 60km to PL DIXIE, where we stopped for the night and refueled in preparation for the next day's movement. FOX troop of the cav squadron made light contact that day and accepted the surrender of about 50 prisoners, but the action wasn't exciting enough for us to play — yet. We started the morning of the 25th with a prep on OBJECTIVE MERRILL and then continued to move with the cav within the corps sector. Enemy contact was still light and many prisoners were taken that day. We did manage to assist GHOST troop in destroying a Republican Guards reconnaissance company at about 1400 hours. We stopped at PL BLACKTOP at about 1500 hours. At 1420 hours we were given a change of mission to provide direct support artillery fires to 1st Squadron, 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment, so we moved 30km southwest to link up with them and plan the next day's operation. The change of mission was rescinded at 2020 hours,

so at about 0330 hours on the morning of the 26th, we saddled up and moved back into COUGAR's sector. It was a dark, rainy morning, but we caught up with the squadron at about 0730 hours as they were holding along PL MILLER, preparing to conduct a deliberate attack to the east. Intelligence told us the Republican Guards were out there — we just had to find them and destroy them! As we traveled across the desert, we saw much evidence of the previous day's fighting— burning Iraqi vehicles such as T-72 tanks, tank destroyers, and reconnaissance vehicles. It was scary, but also very encouraging since we saw no burning coalition forces vehicles. As the attack slowly progressed, we received sporadic small arms fire and incoming artillery, but nothing serious. We fired several fire missions during the morning and early afternoon, mainly trying to squelch the artillery and mortars that were bothering us.

Battle of the 73 Easting. At 1600 hours as we neared the 68 easting (eastward, i.e., left to right, reading of grid values), we encountered minefields and prepared defensive positions. We fired several missions for EAGLE troop that destroyed about three BTRs and killed several dismounted soldiers. The unit we were in contact with was later identified as a security element of the elite Tawakalna Republican Guards Division. A sandstorm limited visibility to about half a mile, but the cav with their thermal sights easily picked off Iraqi targets, as if at a shooting gallery. The squadron received an ineffective artillery barrage, so they moved forward to the 73 easting while we fired counterbattery fire at the enemy artillery, silencing it for the remainder of the battle, and also destroying enemy ammunition bunkers.

Between 1600 and 2300 hours, the STEEL battalion fired over 1,600 rounds in support of the squadron, in one case saving a platoon in HOST troop that was about to be overrun by enemy armor. The battery went from GREEN to AMBER to RED on ammunition much sooner than I expected. Of the over 1,600 rounds fired by the battalion during that period, the battery fired about 550 rounds. In just seven hours, we had fired almost as much ammunition as we had in three weeks of live fire training in Germany. Firing that many rounds in such a short period of time was a tremendous physical challenge for the howitzer sections, which averaged about eight soldiers. Ex-

tremely challenging for soldiers who had been awake since about 0230 hours, travelling for 16 hours with few breaks, and being shot at for the last 6-8 hours. Their perseverance and professionalism kept them going as they still managed to maintain the pace with their fellow howitzer sections on every fire mission. I'm sure every section chief wished he had five more cannons in his section that night.

Based on analysis the following day, it was determined that COUGAR and STEEL destroyed a mechanized brigade supported by armor on the night of the 26th of February. Subsequently, it was identified as the 9th Armored Brigade of the Tawakalna Division. As the battle continued, we were assigned to support the 1st Infantry Division (Mechanized), that would pass through the squadron's sector at about 2300 hours that night. A simple "training" forward passage of lines is inherently difficult, but we were passing the 1st Infantry Division through the 2nd ACR at night in a still very active combat situation. The potential for fratricide increased exponentially, but good leadership and disciplined soldiers prevented such a tragedy from occurring. Initially, we were assigned to provide reinforcing fires to 1st Battalion, 5th Field Artillery, who was the 1st Brigade's direct support battalion.

On the 27th of February, we were assigned a reinforcing mission to 4th Battalion, 5th Field Artillery, who provided direct support fires to 2nd Brigade, 1st Infantry Division. We traveled with all due haste to keep up with the 2nd Brigade, stopping only to refuel and then continuing the march. We entered Kuwait at 1145 hours on the 27th. After some very serious confusion that afternoon concerning unit locations, it was determined that the STEEL battalion was actually in front of the maneuver brigade. After we corrected that problem, it was getting late in the day so we stopped to rest, rearm, and refuel for the next day's mission.

Exploitation, Pursuit, and Post-Conflict Activities. We continued the pursuit at 0500 hours the next day, but our progress ground to a halt as the cease-fire was announced to go into effect at 0730 hours. We ended up just on the east side of the six-lane Basra-Kuwait City highway about 30km south of the Iraq-Kuwait northern border. Burning vehicles were ev-

erywhere to be seen on the highway, and gruesome sights and smells of human death assaulted us at every turn. We policed up enemy dead in our area by putting them in body bag liners and stacking them close to the highway for the support units to dispose of. We repositioned the following day to within two miles of the northern Kuwaiti border to assist in providing security for the peace talks scheduled to occur at the Safwan Airstrip just inside the Iraqi southern border.

Redeployment. Finally, on 7 April we began the three-day road march that would take us to King Khalid Military City (KKMC), which was our final stop prior to flying back to Germany. The difficult three-day trek included such highlights as the sign strategically placed just as we approached the Saudi border that read, "Saudi Arabia - 1 mile, Dump trash here," and lowlights such as the ammunition support vehicle that first threw one track, and before they could pull off to fix it, threw the other one as well. Great material for war stories in about five years! At KKMC we turned in all of our vehicles and equipment and waited our turn in line to fly home. On 26 April we boarded an American Trans Air flight bound for Germany. It was cold and wonderfully green when we arrived in Nuernburg! We processed through customs and boarded busses for Kitzingen. It was probably the longest bus ride I've had in my life, but the welcome ceremony in the motor pool upon our return was well worth the wait. The assistant division commander formally welcomed the assembled troops, and tactfully kept it short and sincere. After the formalities, I was finally able to hug my wife and hold my son for the very first time. I was a very proud father!

I think I wrote more letters in that 4-1/2 month period than I've written in my life. It was a difficult period for all of us, but the support from Americans made it a little easier to bear. I cannot give enough praise to the junior leaders and soldiers of the STEEL battalion who performed magnificently, and all came home safely to their families and friends. Often overlooked but equally important, was the strength of our families during the crisis, and the tremendous efforts of our Family Support Group. Their support for the soldiers and for each other was superb and contributed greatly to our mental and emotional well-being in the desert, and significantly eased our transi-

tion back to our peacetime lives and families. They are truly heroes of the Persian Gulf War.

* * *

THE HUMAN FACTOR

by MSG Gregory A. Drake, USA
S1 NCO, 210th FA Bde, 2nd ACR, VII Corps

Our unit received notification of its deployment to Southwest Asia on November 8, 1990, at its annual St. Barbara's Day Ball held in Fuerth, Germany. The guest speaker, LTG Frederick M. Franks, Jr., commander of the VII Corps, gave a rousing speech on the demise of communism and the birth of new democracies in Eastern Europe, the end of the Cold War, the reunification of Germany, and the well-known theme of "duty, honor, country." When our brigade commander, COL Bourne, presented GEN Franks with a memento of the unit and the words, "We will go anywhere you order us to, sir, and we're ready to follow you into battle," we knew we were headed for the desert. Many of the wives present at the ball cried openly, because they knew (as most anyone taking part that evening) that the deployment of USAREUR-based units to Southwest Asia could only mean that Desert Shield was about to become a shooting war.

Although no amount of alerts, field training and command post exercises, or Army Readiness Training and Evaluation Program tests can fully prepare a unit for actual combat, the brigade had just successfully completed a lengthy series of Grafenwoehr major training area exercises. Nothing was being left to chance, however: a "crash course" in nuclear-biological-chemical (NBC) defense, Soviet armor and aircraft identification, and operations in a desert environment was initiated. Understandably, priority was given to tactical operations and preparation of the brigade for deployment to the theater of operations. But as the date for going "wheels up" quickly approached, it became obvious that numerous considerations in the personnel arena could not be left to chance, and if neglected, neither a high degree of training nor large amounts of high-tech weaponry could offset a lack of focus in the "people department" — our soldiers. I prefer to call this "the human factor."

The local personnel service company and finance service unit set up a POM (preparation for overseas movement) activity in the gymnasium. As our soldiers began processing through the different stations, I realized that many of them had neglected their personal affairs and were now hard-pressed to make quick decisions. A lot of time and energy was expended on completion of personal affairs and updating many of the things the soldiers' leaders should have been checking on a recurring basis: replacement of missing identification tags, update of shot records, "last-minute" dental work, and ordering of prescription lens inserts for protective masks. On a lighter note, prescription sunglasses that were ordered "as an absolute necessity" just prior to our deployment to Southwest Asia were received by mail in Saudi Arabia just a few weeks prior to our return to Germany. Granted, it was a learning experience for everyone, but a lot of time and energy was wasted on items less-than-essential to the war-fighting capability of units and their soldiers.

Building Unit Pride. Our brigade command sergeant major, CSM Thomas J. Edmundson, was instrumental in ensuring that our soldiers, both young and old, enlisted or commissioned, were fully cognizant of their contribution to the (soon-to-be) war effort and military history. He was the driving force behind the numerous ceremonies held as our brigade passed through the stages of deployment and redeployment: the casing of our colors at Herzo Artillery Base, Germany, and the uncasing of those colors at the initial staging area at Al-Jubail, Saudi Arabia; the casing of the colors at King Khalid Military City, Saudi Arabia, just prior to departure from the theater of operations; the muster and "welcome back" ceremony that accompanied the second uncasing of the colors back at home station; and finally, the attachment of the newest battle streamers (Defense of Saudi Arabia 1990-1991 and Liberation and Defense of Kuwait 1991) to our brigade colors only a few weeks prior to the deactivation of the 210th Field Artillery Brigade. Without these ceremonies, our soldiers probably wouldn't have fully appreciated what was happening to them, their families, and the community as a whole — truly, history in the making.

Tactical Skills. The operation of the Brigade Support Area (BSA) and the tactical deployment of the per-

sonnel and logistics activities to the desert were a credit to the soldiers who made up the brigade "trains." Under the constant, day-to-day supervision of the noncommissioned officers, our soldiers proved that they were up to the tasks at hand. Although not flawless, the completion of soldiers' common tasks showed that training in this area was not only stressed by the leadership, but taken quite seriously by the individual.

Once deployed to the desert, our soldiers performed admirably. I rarely heard an NCO remind a soldier to clean and oil his weapon; this became part of the evening ritual in almost every section and platoon I observed. Daily PMCS (preventive maintenance checks and services) was also performed religiously, especially the daily cleaning of air filters and the draining of air tanks every night (to prevent condensation buildup in the brake lines). Generators, essential to the operation of the administration/logistics operations center (ALOC), were given tender, loving care by every shift operating them. Daily maintenance of the computers (which usually involved blowing the dust out of keyboards and filters) was also done without any reminders, as was the constant checking of FM radio and antenna connections.

Although a bit "rusty" at first, our soldiers quickly became highly proficient with proper radio procedures. And after relatively brief familiarization and training, everyone became quite adept in the use of loran and GPS (Global Positioning System) Magellan navigational devices. Also, land navigation using an artillery M2 compass and aeronautical maps provided became practically an art form, and our soldiers exhibited a surprising mastery of it.

Position improvement became a science. After an initial shortage of sandbags and lumber (which didn't slow down these desert warriors, who merely added new meaning to the term "field expedient"), each emplacement improved on the previous one. Our brigade command sergeant major was often heard to say, "Gentlemen, this isn't business as usual" — and everyone within the BSA took it to heart. Camouflage was checked and improved constantly; bunkers, foxholes, and fighting positions were worked on from sunup to sundown; generators (to include digging the noise abatement pits and securing fuel containers and

a ready fire extinguisher) and the ALOC tent were always up and running within 30 minutes of arrival at a new position. Flexibility, ingenuity, adaptability, improvisation—these were more than “buzz words”, they were a fact of life.

I rarely heard a soldier complain about the requirements to have his helmet and protective vest on at all times, and just as seldom would I find a soldier without his load-bearing equipment, M17 protective mask, weapon and ammunition. Vehicle dispatches were taken quite seriously, with motor sergeants and mechanics going over vehicles with an eye for detail—any unexplained leak, missing screw or bolt was investigated thoroughly. Spare chemical suits, water, and rations were part of every vehicle’s load plan. Some of the load plans for our vehicles were truly things of beauty; our commander once commented that our convoy looked like a “gypsy caravan,” but ask any vehicle operator where his fuel cans, OVM (on-vehicle maintenance, the tools and safety equipment), or extra water and rations were, and he could immediately show you where, both on the diagram and in the bed of the vehicle.

Due to the increased threat of chemical weapons deployment by the Iraqi forces, soldiers took chemical protective measures very seriously. Everyone knew what each level of MOPP (mission oriented protection posture) was, and how to use the individual detection kits. PB (nerve agent prophylactic) tablets were taken without fail (with NCOs checking as part of their nightly ritual), and M8 chemical detection alarms were deployed and checked almost hourly. Some vehicles had more than one M11 decontamination device, and no one was without a healthy supply of DS-2 (chemical decontamination bleach).

Distractors and Morale. No amount of preparation or prior training will be of any use if the soldier doesn’t feel that leadership is concerned with his welfare; it is a given that if his mind is on something other than the mission at hand, he will not deliver an optimum performance. Our officers and NCOs realized this, and it is to their credit that they not only displayed sincere concern for the soldiers’ needs, but their actions in ensuring that these needs were met spoke highly of them, which did not go unnoticed by the soldiers.

Many of our soldiers had left their families in Germany, and as the possibility of an increased terrorist threat in Europe was passed by word-of-mouth (sometimes the only source of news in the desert), these young troops were understandably concerned about their wives’ and children’s safety. Ensuring that they knew increased security had been instituted at kasernes, in housing areas, and near all U.S. facilities (such as commissaries and post exchanges) was essential to their peace of mind. When telephone companies set up phone centers in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, leaders ensured that their soldiers had an opportunity to call home and check with loved ones. Our communications platoon went to great lengths to patch in on the MARS network (a system of amateur radio and telephone operators) in order that soldiers could call home. Little need be said about the importance of mail, which became our S1 (adjutant) section’s top priority.

An aspect that was little prepared for but soon became a very large part of soldier support was the receipt of Red Cross messages. Our brigade received over 250 of these messages in the course of our four-and-a-half month deployment, announcing everything from births to a family member’s hospitalization to a death in the family. Timely forwarding of these messages to the soldier (regardless of the tactical situation) became a challenge in itself, and often involved getting the soldier to a telephone station or processing an emergency leave. One could not be caught “half-stepping” when it involved getting a soldier home in time for a funeral. Commanders and NCOs responded well to these time-sensitive requirements.

Safety was another concern. Soldiers will often ignore some of the more basic safety measures, rationalizing that “it’s a war zone”, and that different rules apply. Concerned leaders ensured that this misconception quickly dissipated. The use of ground guides when moving vehicles and equipment was strictly enforced, the proper handling of fuel and ammunition was monitored at all times, and the safe operation of Yukon and pot-belly stoves was checked nightly. Soldiers have a tendency to sleep anywhere, especially when the unit is on the move, and NCOs had to constantly check for soldiers sleeping near vehicles (or in the cab of running vehicles—carbon

monoxide danger). Thanks to their diligence, the ALOC had very few DA Forms 285 (accident reports) to complete.

Ensuring that we had chaplain support and Sunday services (both Catholic and Protestant) was a key mission. Setting up the field chapel and announcing services always drew volunteers from all over the brigade. Although commanders would often object to providing the assets (such as tentage, light sets, and vehicles), a mobile PX was established and operated by our brigade retention NCO. The benefits of that operation could be measured by the number of soldiers who volunteered to help as cashiers or stock managers. Newspapers (chiefly *Stars and Stripes*, but local English-language newspapers were often purchased and distributed), more often than not, were weeks late when we finally received them, so we found other ways of keeping the soldier up to date. Our S1 section published a *Battleking Bulletin*, which was both distributed to our soldiers and sent back to Germany for distribution to family members. It contained news about the brigade and our soldiers. Using a short-wave radio, we followed world events on BBC, and then published a one-page sheet called *Headliners*, which was posted in the mess tent and in other high-visibility areas.

Concern for the soldier's health often goes beyond medical care and ensuring that the soldier observes appropriate personal hygiene. Even though the NCOs could trust their soldiers to drink plenty of water and eat their rations, this was checked continually, especially during periods of increased physical activity. Washing clothes was a time-consuming, by-hand process that many would forego for weeks at a time, if allowed. No one had to be told to remove and dispose of a camel carcass or to rake up sheep and goat excrement when it was found at a new position. Our soldiers were more than willing to take a nightly "bird bath" out of a plastic dishpan when the portable showers were not available. Even with the seemingly draconian water conservation measures instituted by the chain of command (with good reason), very seldom did I personally find a soldier in need of a shave. Thanks to our brigade legal clerk serving double-duty as the unit barber, haircuts were always inexpensive (free!) and readily available.

Once the brigade had moved back to the rear assembly area at King Khalid Military City, Saudi Arabia, soldiers stopped being "warriors" temporarily and once again became "career managers" and private individuals, with different concerns and a changed focus. Mail, as ever, was chief among these concerns, followed by the need for rest and relaxation. Pay problems could now be investigated. Efficiency reports had to be completed. The "stop loss" provisions that had held up many soldiers leaving the service as scheduled were being lifted and outprocessing services needed to be established. Clarification of the wear of shoulder sleeve insignia for former wartime service and authorization for any campaign medal (such as the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal) had to be disseminated through the chain of command and NCO channels. The processing of awards and decorations began at this point, and was completed months later back in Germany.

Less than two months after the cessation of hostilities, the 210th Field Artillery Brigade was on its way back to Herzogenaurach, Germany, and the family and friends we had left behind. Our soldiers proved their ability to meet the task at hand, namely to engage and defeat the enemy, and this was accomplished with astonishing speed and efficiency. The brigade performed its mission so well that it was recognized with the Valorous Unit Award. Soldiers, however, need to be more than just tactically and technically proficient. They need to be concerned and prepared family members and/or heads of household. The need to ensure that personal affairs are in order, at all times, cannot be overemphasized. The noncommissioned officer chain of command needs to get involved in ensuring that our soldiers truly "take care of our own" — their spouses, their children, themselves. This aspect, "the human factor," can make the difference between a soldier fully focused on the mission and confident that his family is well-prepared for any eventuality — and a soldier who is less than combat effective because his mind is on something else. Quite literally, it could spell the difference between life and death.

* * *

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT

by MAJ Greg H. Parlier, USA
XO, 3rd Bn (Abn), 4th ADA, 82nd Abn Div

The 82nd Airborne Division Ready Force, which is always locked, cocked, and ready to go anywhere in 18 hours, was immediately deployed to constitute what our president called “a line in the sand” after the Iraqi Army rolled through Kuwait on 2 August 1990. As the battalion executive officer, my job was to deploy as many Stinger missile teams as quickly as possible with as many missiles as I could get my hands on. Upon arrival in Saudi Arabia along the Gulf Coast, initially at Dhahran, which has the largest airbase in the world, their mission was to provide an air defense “umbrella” over the critical air and sea ports of entry at Dhahran and the nearby port facilities at Ad Dammam and Jubayl, as well as the strategically vital Aramco (Arabian-American Oil Company) petroleum facilities near Abqaiq, Hofuf, and Al hasa, which are southwest of Dhahran. We took all of our 20mm Vulcan air defense guns over to Camp Lejeune on the coast to conduct a quick qualification live-fire to verify radar systems and certify gun crews before shipping the guns via sealift to rejoin the rest of the battalion in mid-October.

By then, the plans for the *defense* of the Arabian Peninsula were complete and most of the 82nd was garrisoned at a complex we called “Champion Main,” located north of Dhahran and about two hours south of the border just off the main highway which led to Kuwait City. During the next three months we got into peak physical condition, built up our ammo and logistical stocks, and conducted some pretty intense training as we learned to survive and navigate over vast, featureless desert distances using special satellite receivers. Operation Desert Storm would soon be a war of superlatives — the quickest, the least costly in lives, the greatest logistical buildup — in my opinion, all because of the tremendous and truly incredible effort that occurred during these few months to get ready for the transition to the *offense*, which, as any military historian will acknowledge, is the only decisive form of ground combat. We did a lot of live aerial tracking so our Stinger and Vulcan gunners could become experts on identifying friendly aircraft from many different nations, conducted airmobile

training with our own Army aviators and C-130 intra-theater tactical airlift exercises with our Air Force, upgraded our Stinger missiles to give them a false-rejection capability, performed the first ever Vulcan live-fire by an American unit in Saudi Arabia, and refined our command and control systems so we had a real-time comms network to provide early warning for air attack and SCUD intermediate-range ballistic missile launches. I’m sure much was made of our technological advantage and rightfully so. Through our Air Force AWACS (E-3A) and Rivet Joint (RC-135) platforms, we knew about *every* plane that took off *anywhere* in Iraq and about every SCUD launch *before* it occurred. Despite the technological advantage, it was really just a few smart people with the right experience who lashed together the systems that enabled us to really capitalize on that technology. For example, our battalion commander, LTC Don Kirk, had just previously been assigned to the National Military Command Center on the Joint Staff in the Pentagon and really understood how to design a system to pull all this together for us. The guy who really made it all happen was our operations officer, MAJ Chris Shepherd, a West Point classmate of my younger brother, Sandy. Chris happens to hold a Master of Science degree from MIT in Aeronautics and Astronautics. So he added new meaning to the old phrase “It doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure that out.” Truth is, most of the time it did, so we were really fortunate to have our own “rocket scientist,” especially in August when the pucker factor was pretty high and all we had to help us were some AWACS and a few F-15s. And it was my old friend, MAJ Steve Finch who, as chief of the XVIII Corps Air Defense element, got all the Allies together and came up with some simple fixes to make sure we didn’t shoot each other down.

There was some time for fun, too. Most of our paratroopers had at least one chance to spend a day at a beach recreation center (nicknamed “Half Moon Bay” after the California beach) and a few hours with the family of an Aramco employee (although alcohol, even if surreptitiously offered by an American, was still a violation of General Order #1 — but at least they had a chance to call home). I did not have time to do either, but I did get a unique opportunity just after Christmas to spend an afternoon and evening with some professors and their wives (I think each

prof only had one, but I'm not sure) from the King Fahd University of Petroleum and Minerals in Dhahran. Our host, who had a Stanford PhD, was the university vice president and, after a semi-traditional Arab feast in his backyard, we really had some truly enlightening conversations over Arabic coffee and dates. We had been kept fairly well isolated from Saudi society, partly because of our mission but also partly, I suspect, to refrain from imposing our Western "ways" on their culture and causing embarrassment. At any rate, I was amazed at how we were received — not as intruders over to protect "our" oil but rather as protectors, almost saviors of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. They were all convinced had the "line in the sand" not been drawn they'd either be dead or, if lucky enough to escape, back in England, Europe, or America where most had been educated. There was certainly no doubt in their minds about Saddam's real intent in August, despite his public pronouncements about simply securing Kuwait as a legitimate province of Iraq.

When Operation Desert Shield became Desert Storm early on 17 January we were all tremendously relieved. We really couldn't understand why Saddam was bent on imposing such tragedy on his own people and country. In addition to great relief, I recall thinking at the time that we'd now find out how good our Army really is. We were quietly confident, but certainly not arrogant, about the outcome.

The final plan initially had the 101st Airborne conducting air assaults and the 82nd Airborne conducting leap-frog assaults to secure key airfields and bridges at Al Salman and As Samawah on the Euphrates River as part of the XVIII Corps encirclement to isolate the Republican Guard Forces Corps and surround the whole Kuwait Theater of Operations. Though I heard and later read that the 82nd Airborne had jumped into Kuwait City, this was strictly part of the deception plan that also included the Marines conducting amphibious assaults along the Kuwaiti coast, which they very publicly rehearsed but of course never conducted. In retrospect, the deception plan was very effective in keeping the Iraqi Army bottled up in Kuwait and along the northern border near Basra.

Under cover of the bombing campaign, we moved by convoy and tactical air up to the border west of the Neutral Zone near Rafha in late January. We task organized, redistributed ammo, reconfigured and lightened our loads for the "blitzkrieg" to come. The air campaign proved so effective that our planned airborne assaults were no longer needed and so the 82nd was quickly converted to a "motorized" division using lots of five-ton trucks. The environment we operated in was not one that most would envision for the "desert." The temperature in late January could get below freezing at night and 50-degree temperature differentials were not uncommon. The terrain was not the typical white sand dunes of central and south Saudi but was mostly flat with lots of volcanic-looking rock. The only thing I've ever seen that looked similar were pictures of the moon's surface. It seemed a total wasteland. Despite these harsh conditions, and even though we were within Iraqi artillery range, this didn't stop the nomadic Bedouins from doing their age-old thing. They seemed unfettered by it all but were always friendly to us. The winds were incredible, too, for this was now *shamal* season. The dust and sand storms seemed incessant and you always felt you needed to brush your teeth — the grit that blows along the desert floor was like a fine powder or talcum, rather than "normal" sand.

On the day before the ground war actually started (G-1, 23 February), one of our air defense batteries became the first American ground air defense artillery unit to enter Iraq, working with the French 6th Light Armored Division. On G-day we moved north quickly, blew through what was left of the Iraqi 45th Infantry Division, seized Al Salman during a *shamal*, and then temporarily held in place about 100 miles deep in south-central Iraq. The 82nd MPs processed 2,731 POWs that day, more than the division had captured during all of World War II. Our mission was to cut off the escape route of the Republican Guards divisions and, at the same time, block any reinforcements from Baghdad or Northern Iraq. This was all accomplished quickly and by 27 February VII Corps had secured Kuwait and what was left of the Guards divisions were totally contained. We knew where all of the Iraqi fixed-wing aircraft were — they were not a threat — but we were very concerned about their attack/assault helicopters. This threat did not materialize though, since we were able to overrun their

airfields at Al Salman, Talil, and Jalibah and capture most of their equipment before they could use it. We did not have to fire a single Stinger missile and we used our Vulcans only against ground targets. For the next two weeks the division processed POWs, provided relief for displaced civilians until the Red Cross arrived, blew up ammo dumps, and confiscated equipment and weapons. One 82nd paratrooper was killed in action but no one in our battalion was seriously injured.

We were eventually relieved by the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment after the formal truce was signed. We then redeployed back across the border ultimately to our original staging base at Champion Main. After two months in the desert it was great to get a shower and something other than an MRE to eat.

We spent the last two weeks in March cleaning up our rolling stock and equipment to meet rather demanding standards imposed by U.S. Customs and Agriculture Department inspectors. It took about six to eight hours to disassemble, pressure wash, steam clean, then reassemble each vehicle, and we had over 200 to clean in our battalion. Once our vehicles passed inspection, we convoyed them back to the port at Ad Dammam, then spent two to three days getting personal equipment and uniforms cleaned up before flying home out of Dhahran, the same airbase we had entered eight months earlier.

I left Dhahran early on 2 April, two days after Easter and also the middle of Ramadan on the Islamic calendar. Everybody cheered on our Lockheed 1011 TriStar (complete with stewardesses — *no veils!*) when we lifted off. But our jubilation was premature. An hour later we prepared to crash land at Riyadh — what a way to leave a war! Turned out that the problem was only a faulty cockpit light, but in the process of troubleshooting on the ground, the aircraft blew out a hydraulic pump. So we deplaned and sat on the ramp for 10 hours, in 96-degree heat no less. We finally took off again about dusk.

I returned home to two little boys that weren't so little anymore, a daughter I remembered as a tomboy but who had suddenly acquired her first boyfriend, and a wife who lost almost as much weight as I did. Judy and I traveled up and down the East Coast for 10

days while on leave and I got to see the incredible outpouring of visible support from the nation. We all had a sensing for your support from the mail in the desert but this was my first chance to actually see it — truly awesome! I will especially remember the hundreds of letters and posters from children in churches and schools across the nation that were plastered on the walls of our mess hall at Champion Main. One seven-year-old boy had written: "Thanks for doing something that you would probably rather not do."

* * *

TRAINING AND SURVIVING IN COMBAT

by CPT Richard K. Orth, USA

Cdr, Co A, 2nd Bn, 34th Armor, 1st ID (Mech)

Setting the Stage. Company A, 2nd Battalion, 34th Armor, prepared for possible combat in Europe at Ft. Riley, Kansas. Frequent rotations to the National Training Center familiarized soldiers with desert operations.

On 8 November 1990 the battalion received notification that it would deploy to Southwest Asia. This came as no surprise, since the brigade began preparing for deployment by taking prudent steps at the end of August. At company level the commander's and first sergeant's wives initiated a family support group focusing on the eventuality of going to war. The unit focused on desert fighting and the Iraqi as the enemy. Leaders talked realistically and candidly to their men about casualties and death. Soldiers honed their NBC (nuclear-biological-chemical) skills.

As Christmas approached soldiers expected to spend the holidays in Saudi Arabia. The division advance party departed prior to Christmas, as did other battalions, but the battalion did not begin flying until 30 December 1990. The battalion commander allowed soldiers with accrued leave and sufficient money a short leave, in addition to the one already taken at the beginning of December. All soldiers returned for deployment, no soldier deserted. Morale was high.

Life in a Combat Environment. The company arrived in the port of Dammam, Saudi Arabia on 1 January 1991. After a 24-hour period to overcome jet lag from the 22-hour trip, the unit began training, since the battalion's equipment had not arrived. The battalion's mission was to draw its equipment, turn in M1 tanks, draw M1A1s, and then move to the tactical assembly area (TAA).

Although the company had not received its combat mission yet, it did know that it would cross attach to the 5th Battalion, 16th Infantry. The commander continued to emphasize breaching operations and battle drills. The unit used micro armor and a schematic of an Iraqi complex obstacle, drawn on target cloth by one of the platoon sergeants, to chalk talk the breach. Soldiers had the opportunity to input their ideas. Everyone understood the mission's difficulty and the probability of high casualties. The mine plow platoon began to develop possible breaching techniques, medical evacuation and support was covered, and the platoons trained first aid.

The battalion stressed the combat lifesaver program to augment the medics. Each crew had at least one trained combat lifesaver. Although the thought of death and injury weighed on everyone's mind, talking about it was beneficial in easing the stress. It also reinforced the real concern leaders had for their soldiers' welfare.

Within five days of arrival in port the battalion's equipment reached Dammam. The company picked up its M1s, turned them in, and drew M1A1s. The crews prepared their vehicles for combat. As soon as the company corrected maintenance problems on the M1A1s it prepared to deploy to the desert. The tanks moved by commercial heavy equipment transport system (HETS) and the soldiers rode on school buses.

Desert Operations. The company arrived in the TAA in a torrential downpour. Contrary to popular belief, it rains in the desert. In fact during January it rained two-thirds of the time.

The initial mission consisted of building combat power and establishing a base of operations. The tanks had to upload main gun ammunition and mount mine plow and roller equipment on the mine plow

platoon tanks. During the first night in the TAA the battalion received an alert to be prepared to stop an Iraqi attack down the Wadi Al Batin. The executive officer prepared the company, which only had 12 tanks with 10 main gun rounds apiece. The commander policed up lost HETS for the battalion. Meanwhile the rain persisted.

Early on 17 January the company received word that the air war had begun. The horizon was aflame with tracers and missile signatures. The soldiers knew that the quickest way home was through Iraq. Many uncertainties existed: When would the ground war begin? Who would become a casualty? What would combat be like? Anxiety increased. When daylight came the company moved to a range to confirm the zero on the main guns. The soldiers diligently performed their duties, since their lives depended on perfection.

On 19 January the company cross attached to 5th Battalion, 16th Infantry (5-16). It was time to establish a new base. The 5-16, now a task force (TF), defended a line covering the Tap Line road about 10 kilometers east of Al Qaysumah, thus preventing a possible Iraqi penetration toward Logbase ALPHA. The company occupied a defensive line three kilometers long on the task force's northern flank. The men did not know how long they would defend this position.

The tankers quickly rediscovered the lost art of field craft, which they perfected throughout the deployment. The intense heat from the M1A1's engine exhaust would dry clothes in ten minutes and it could also heat food and water. An Australian shower hung from the main gun made an excellent shower.

Platoon level training occurred in the morning, while company level training took place in the afternoon. Company training consisted of mounted rehearsals or chalk talks down to tank commander and squad leader level. Every third day was laundry, shower and intensive maintenance day. Sunday afternoon was athletics and recreation, which reduced tension and stress. Religious services depended on when the chaplain arrived, usually Tuesdays.

The team received its mission: The task force would open four breach lanes for VII Corps' assault. The team would advance through the far left lane to establish a support by fire position three kilometers beyond the initial enemy defenses to destroy enemy counterattacks against the breach site. The team's subsequent mission would be to serve as the task force advance guard. The team developed battle drills to execute these missions. The rehearsals and chalk talks served as forums to refine the drills and ensured that everyone knew his role and that of the team.

By the time the team moved on 15 February into the neutral zone between Saudi Arabia and Iraq, each soldier knew his battle drills and specific mission. This simplified orders in combat. The team left behind creature comforts such as bedouin tents, wooden latrines and the team shower. The vehicles were combat loaded and what the unit needed to survive it had to carry organically, so only the essentials went.

Combat. The division moved about 120 kilometers to its forward assembly area. Once there, Team A established a defensive position in accordance with its battle drill.

Three days later the task force occupied a battle position three kilometers behind the berm that divided the de facto border between Saudi Arabia and Iraq. The Saudis had built a three-meter-high berm with an antitank ditch behind the berm to prevent Iraqi incursions into Saudi Arabia. The task force assumed a screen/security mission from the cavalry along five kilometers of the berm from 18 February until 24 February 1991. The task force rotated teams nightly while the scout platoon executed the mission during the day. Another team served as a rapid reaction force. The units on the berm were augmented by a ground surveillance radar section and a psychological operations team.

The team executed the security mission on 18 and 23 February. Both nights it engaged Iraqi patrols, although the action on the 18th was more extensive than on the 23rd. The experience broke the ice and proved a "baptism of fire." The unit had seen the elephant. The Iraqis never returned fire, yet the soldiers experienced the emotions associated with engaging the enemy.

On the night of 23 February the task force occupied positions just behind the berm in preparation for its attack into Iraq. Originally the plan called for the brigade on 24 February to clear a zone and occupy attack positions approximately five kilometers in front of the main Iraqi defenses of the 26 Infantry Division. The division spearheaded the VII Corps attack to establish breaches for the follow-on divisions, just as it had led the Allied landing on Omaha Beach on 6 June 1944.

At 0530 the team crossed into Iraq and by 1100 it had occupied its attack position. Enemy resistance was negligible and Iraqi soldiers streamed southward into captivity. The team captured about 60 Iraqis, while other task force units captured about 120. The soldiers displayed confidence, yet remained on their guard, still expecting the worst because of the frontal assault on prepared defensive positions still to come.

Because of this unanticipated success, the main assault began a day early. Overwhelming success had been planned as a possibility, but only after a bitter fight. After an intensive artillery bombardment, the brigade attacked at 1500 hours with two task forces abreast. It accomplished its initial mission within 30 minutes. Again the enemy only offered light resistance. The team established its support by fire position just as rehearsed. It shifted 1,000 meters further north to better terrain and consolidated its position for the night.

Team A would conduct a follow and support mission in the continued attack on the 25th. As it rested for the night, soldier spirits were high, yet they exercised extreme caution. The team displayed extraordinary discipline which saved lives. However, a task force soldier died of wounds resulting when he picked up a mine. The next day came early as the team's mission changed, since it was the closest team to the task force LD/LC (line of departure/line of contact). The team would lead the assault on a battalion position, then pass an infantry heavy team forward which would continue the attack.

Although there was no resistance, the team moved quickly and fired on suspected positions with machine guns and the Bradleys' chain guns. The team captured six soldiers including an Iraqi battalion commander.

The next 48 hours ran together as the deliberate attack rapidly transformed into a pursuit. Orders were quick and the commander had little time for detailed planning. Battle drills executed with precision proved critical in achieving devastating battle-field success. The team led as the task force advance guard and then occupied the base position for subsequent task force movement and operations. Since TF 5-16 was the 1st Brigade reserve and had a follow and support mission, it saw little action. It mainly captured prisoners and destroyed bypassed equipment. Discipline proved critical, since the task force followed friendly forces. Fratricide could occur easily if soldiers did not positively identify targets before engaging. It may have taken longer, but it saved lives. The team returned home with all its soldiers and suffered no casualties.

Only one tank, A66, destroyed enemy armored vehicles. It had been left with the 1SG (first sergeant) and both the team's HMMWVs to repair its track while the task force continued the pursuit. The team commander served as the loader on A31. While trying to link up with the team this small element moved forward of the frontline American units, because the commander could not communicate to the 1SG changes in the team's movement during the highly fluid situation. An Iraqi T-72 tank and BMP (armored personnel carrier) trying to escape back to Iraq encountered this element. The T-72 fired on the 1SG's HMMWV and missed. The tank, with a three-man crew, quickly destroyed both Iraqi vehicles.

The cease-fire came quickly and everyone anticipated a rest as the unit occupied an assembly area in Kuwait. The rest did not come because TF 5-16 became attached to 2nd Brigade to assist in securing Safwan Airfield in Iraq for the cease-fire negotiations. Team A led again as the advance guard and exercised restraint while staring down elements of the Republican Guard brigade that occupied Safwan. The Republican Guard commander realized the futility of remaining in Safwan and soon ordered his soldiers to leave. Once Team A occupied its sector it established a defense. The soldiers executed basic tasks such as field sanitation and maintenance as a matter of habit. Upon completion of the initial cease-fire negotiations, TF 5-16 returned to Kuwait on 6 March 1991.

Post-Combat Operations. Life continued much as it had prior to the ground war. The soldiers were anxious to go home, yet no one knew when that would happen and mission still existed. The possibility of continued combat loomed, so soldiers needed to remain combat ready and vigilant.

The last week of April TF 5-16 began the final stage of redeployment. It moved to Al Khobar to prepare equipment for shipment. The first three days were long and arduous as crews worked around the clock cleaning vehicles to customs standards. Within a week all the company's vehicles and equipment had passed inspection. A Company also returned to 2-34 AR. On 9 May 2-34 AR Battalion returned to Ft. Riley, mission accomplished.

* * *

BACK TO THE DESERT

by Chaplain (CPT) John W. Betlyon, USAR
Ch, 2nd Bn, 69th Armor, 197th Inf Bde,
24th ID (Mech)

I've been to the Middle Eastern desert before — 18 years of archaeological fieldwork in four different countries prepared me for life in the desert. I had already learned what life was like for the Roman and Byzantine soldiers who were garrisoned at the castrum of el-Lejjun. Their lives and the lives of American soldiers in the Gulf were similar in many ways.

I chose to leave academia and enter on active duty in 1989 to experience a different kind of life and ministry. I yearned for some adventure, but I also wanted to work with people who did more than talk about faith. It seemed to me that soldiers, facing battle, had to live their faith, not just talk about it as we did in the academic world.

My experiences in Operation Desert Shield and Desert Storm showed me that I was right.

Life and Ministry in Desert Shield. The 2nd Battalion, 69th Armor (2-69), left Fort Benning with the 197th Infantry Brigade (Mechanized) — deploying as the 3rd Brigade, 24th Infantry Division (Mecha-

nized). Following a week of training and integration into the division at Fort Stewart, Georgia, the brigade deployed to the post of Dammam, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, late in August 1990. The brigade's initial mission was to defend Saudi Arabia from potential attack by Iraqi forces in Kuwait. Consequently, we moved to blocking positions some 95 miles northwest of the Dammam/Dhahran area with the rest of the division.

Those days in September and October were filled with training and acclimatization to the desert and the Saudi oil fields. My ministry involved both my battalion's troops and those cross-attached to 2-69 AR from brigade mechanized infantry units. A regular schedule of preaching services with the Eucharist was set up for the weekends. I celebrated the Eucharist in every worship service because I did not know when my soldiers might be called upon to move or become involved in combat. I wanted each man to have had the opportunity to have communion if he chose to do so.

The Gospel spoke very strongly to us all. Everyone was frightened of the rhetoric emanating from Baghdad, although we did not know what any of this meant. The days of waiting were very difficult. The words of the Gospel and the Psalms gave each soldier the will to carry on and the knowledge that God's love was stronger than any tough situation we might have to endure. So long as our vehicle was operative, the 2-69 AR Unit Ministry Team (UMT) moved from company to company, visiting soldiers in the line companies, in the combat trains and unit maintenance collection point, in the aid station, and in the field trains (supply and maintenance areas, located approximately 17 miles southeast of the assembly area).

Wherever the UMT went, there was time for counseling. This was usually quite informal, visiting soldier where they were training or working just to talk and see how they were doing. Boredom set in and was our worst enemy. "Any Soldier" mail began to arrive, providing some relief. The UMT carried a box of "any soldier" mail wherever we went, sharing letters and packages with all our men.

At the same time, the UMT trained specific field tasks and combat survival skills in which we consid-

ered ourselves weak. We practiced day and night land navigation using maps and compasses. We did physical training to keep our bodies in shape. We practiced NBC (nuclear-biological-chemical) skills until we could do them in the light of day or at night. Our training was coordinated with the S3 (operations and training) section and task being trained in the battalion.

There were some difficult issues which faced the commanders, including the application of emergency leave regulations and providing a chance for some sort of "rest and recreation." Our soldiers were in the desert for longer and longer periods of time and morale needed a lift. Some elements were able to visit Halfmoon Bay on the Gulf for a day off, but most of our men remained on the line. I maintained an advocacy role for the soldiers with the commander, and regularly participated in our daily command and staff meetings. The participation allowed me to put out information regarding the religious program of the commander and to brief the staff and commanders about critical issues when necessary.

Life in the desert was not fun, and adjusting to the Saudi weather brought new surprises every day. The dampness and cold of the Saudi winter came as the biggest surprise of all. True misery took on new meaning as we tried to cope with both the rain and the low temperatures of December and January.

The battalion's morale was generally good. But news of peace efforts and possible rotation plans kept everyone on an emotional roller coaster. One day everyone was excited to think that peace was possible and we might be going home. The next day, another peace plan had failed and more bellicose rhetoric was heard on the American Forces Radio and Television Service news. The men had to settle in and accept the terrible ambiguities of the situation. I tried to communicate a word of hope from God, that with faith anything was possible and God would always take care of each of us.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were assigned by the commander to the S1 (adjutant) and chaplain sections as special points of emphasis. Besides the meals, which were marvelously handled by our mess section, special worship services were planned for Thanksgiv-

ing morning along with some intra-unit sports (football and boxing) and movies. At Christmas time, a special outdoor tree-lighting ceremony was scheduled for 20 December 1990, with the help of some friends from the Arabian-American Oil Company, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. We did not have to worry about offending local religious sensibilities with an outdoor Christmas celebration, because we were far away from any towns or Bedouin camps in the middle of nowhere.

Following a cookout in our recreation center, called "Panther Paradise" — three general purpose-large tents with a weight room, TV/VCR, and mini-PX — we sang carols and heard readings from the traditional story of the season. Just at dark, the commander lit our trees (powered by a portable generator) and we all sang "Silent Night, Holy Night." Santa Claus came to visit — an Aramco employee laden with gifts of toothpaste, writing paper, pens, etc. On 24 December, we had a service of lessons and carols, with the debut of our battalion choir singing two anthems. A service of Holy Communion was held on Christmas Day, followed by the traditional holiday meal. All soldiers were invited to have their picture taken in front of the battalion Christmas tree. Using a Polaroid camera, the Unit Ministry Team photographed nearly 500 soldiers, who sent pictures home showing themselves on Christmas Day — this was a big hit with everybody.

Throughout Desert Shield, the UMT remained collocated with the administration/logistics operations center and the battalion aid station in the combat trains, in keeping with current doctrine. The maneuver companies were configured in a large semi-circle around our position, providing easy access, even on foot when our vehicle was broken down. Our biggest problem was transportation, because our Chevy Blazer did not do well in the desert. It did well driving through the sand and dirt, but the sand destroyed the transmission and transfer case more than once. The Blazer also could not keep up with the HMMWVs and M-1 tanks as they rolled across the featureless terrain. I feared what might happen in wartime if the UMT was expected to move with the maneuver elements across open terrain, because our vehicle was not up to the task. All UMTs must have HMMWVs so they can be where their soldiers are at all times.

The days turned into months, and political considerations made rotation impossible and war more probable. Tensions ran high in early January as the task force awaited the result of the 15 January deadline for withdrawal of Iraqi troops from Kuwait. Somehow my men and I all hoped the withdrawal would happen, but we did not expect it to work out. Several Christian Bible study groups had formed which discussed important scriptures for the development of faith and hope, centering on Advent themes and on stories of ancient Mesopotamia and Babylon's relationship with ancient Israel. We came to understand the current crisis in its historical context and we prepared for war.

Life and Ministry in Desert Storm. A few days before the 15 January deadline, Task Force 2-69 AR and the rest of the 24th Infantry Division moved to tactical assembly areas for movement to attack positions on the Saudi-Iraqi border. Lengthy and deliberate preparations had already gone into a possible plan of action, and as was doctrine, the UMT moved with the battalion aid station. The station was the casualty collection point and was to be located with the combat trains. However, a decision was made to alter the configuration of our trains from combat trains with field trains further to the rear, into simply a unit trains configuration, which would stay as close to the maneuver companies as possible. The aid station and the UMT were centrally located inside the perimeter of the unit trains.

At this point in the deployment, every day was "Sunday." The UMT travelled daily around the task force visiting company and platoon elements. When the UMT arrived, it was "Sunday," and worship services and Bible study sessions were held. These visits were coordinated with the unit chains-of-command and enabled me to see everyone.

On one occasion, after the air war had begun, jets flew overhead and dropped several sticks of bombs on Iraqi positions just over the border, some 15 kilometers to our northeast. It was a sobering experience to be leading the pastoral prayer, while listening to the explosion of ordnance which was killing soldiers much like ourselves and not far away. Our prayers were in earnest: for our families, for our fellow soldiers, for our leaders, for faith in God, and for strength to do our jobs as well as we could.

On another occasion a few days before the ground war started, I visited a platoon sitting only two kilometers from the border as part of our brigade screening mission. Upon arrival, I did not recognize any of these tankers as "regular" attendees at my worship services for their company. We talked for a while, and I asked if anyone wanted to "go to church." Every soldier in the platoon raised his hand. We prepared for the service using the front fender of an M1A1 tank as the altar, and we worshipped God. Following the service, one tank gunner said, "Hey man, I feel great now. Even the chaplain is up here on the border with us. We're gonna be all right!" I felt like a "good luck charm," but knew better than ever what we mean by a "ministry of presence."

On 24 February 1991, the battalion task force crossed the line of departure into southern Iraq as part of the XVIII Airborne Corps' attack into the Euphrates River Valley. The attack was long, arduous, and quick. By the afternoon of 26 February, our tanks were attacking the Iraqi's Tallil Air Force Base south of an-Nassiriya. The base was partially built on the ruins of Ur of the Chaldeans (mentioned in Genesis 12 as the birthplace of the Patriarch Abram). Although construction of an air base near or on a cultural/historical site is expressly forbidden in the Geneva Conventions, the task force had no choice but to attack, destroying a number of MiG-21 or MiG-23 aircraft, a T-55 tank, armored personnel carriers, and tank trucks filled with aviation fuel. To support this attack, part of our aid station "jumped forward" with the tactical command post. This became the casualty evacuation point for "dust off" choppers. The UMT arrived at the aid station after the "jump aid station" had already moved forward. We arrived with the rest of the unit trains, and had come as quickly as possible; but we were unable to join the jump aid station where our casualties were to be treated.

Collocating with the aid station, we participated in the treatment of some Iraqi wounded. Fortunately none of our soldiers were killed or wounded in the Tallil raid. We missed nothing by not being with the jump aid station. Army doctrine placed the UMT at the battalion aid station or casualty collection point. In the case of this attack, however, the jump aid station looked like the better place for the UMT, because that is where our wounded would have been

treated first, and from which they would have been medevaced to hospitals in the rear.

The UMT began the debriefing process in the field; as the cease-fire took hold, we began to process our feelings while we moved back to Saudi Arabia and the United States. The soldiers needed support in the deployment, in the battle, and in preparation for going home. Each man had changed. Each man had prepared himself for death, and now the threat was gone. It was gone so quickly that it would take some time to react to our new predicament and readjust to home, family, friends, and garrison life. We had changed, and our families had grown and changed too. All the usual issues of freedom and increased responsibility for spouses left behind, money, children, and stress came into play.

For more than seven months, we were away from our families in a stressful environment. There were few diversions, other than books, the mail, and "chow." A few of our task force's soldiers were able to visit one of the "R & R" sites in Saudi Arabia, but the vast majority never got to do so. We had done well and had met the objectives of the operation. The UMT had done well, too, although our training for the problems we found in the field was not adequate. The time we had to hone our battlefield and desert survival skills, including land navigation by day and night and the preparation for 24-hour operations with night-vision devices, was critical to our success in keeping up with the task force.

Our experiences in Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm made me wonder if our situation in 1990-1991 was similar to the life which Roman and Byzantine soldiers faced when they were stationed in these remote, hot spots so many years ago.

The issues which faced Roman soldiers in the desert garrison at el-Lejjun in A.D. 320 were the same issues which faced soldiers in Desert Shield for the most part. There was an intangible fear of an unknown enemy and an unfamiliarity with a climate and region foreign to the troops. There were training requirements and logistical problems to be solved. There was also the endless boredom of life "in the slow lane." They were the backwaters of the Empire, soon forgotten by Rome and later by Constantinople.

Soldiers were posted for life, given access to land, and encouraged to settle in for the duration. Their deployment did not end as ours did with the war in January-March 1991.

Ministering in an army affected by the threat of war and by serious financial drawdowns does not seem to have significantly changed in over 1,500 years. The real issues are still family life, war, life, and death. Soldiers in the Roman and Byzantine armies took care of one another like a family, just as the United States Army cares for itself today. Our Chaplain Corps insures that soldier issues will not be forgotten or neglected. Like those who have "soldiered" before us, ours is a lifestyle in which issues of faith and hope are not simply to be discussed. When deployed for war, each of us had to decide what was really important, and to cope with the stresses of not knowing and of combat. Ours is a faith to be lived.

Perhaps there is really little difference under the sun after all, because the lives of soldiers then and now do not seem so different after all. We fight with bigger, more expensive, and more powerful weapons systems. But in the end, it is people from all walks of life, from small towns and big cities, who come together to serve God and their country. For soldiers it is always the same: We would rather deter war and maintain peace, but we will go where we are needed and get the job done ... whether to Arabia in A.D. 300 or to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Iraq in A.D. 1991.

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EAGLE TROOP

by CPT H.R. McMaster, USA
Cdr, E Troop, 2nd Sqdn, 2nd ACR

During the war with Iraq, I had the privilege of commanding Eagle Troop, 2nd Squadron, 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment. The following recounts the troop's experiences during the war and focuses on a portion of the battle that raged along the 2nd Squadron, 2nd Armored Cav front on 26 February 1991.

The troop had a standard organization consisting of approximately 140 soldiers equipped with nine

M1A1 tanks, 12 M3A2 Bradley Fighting Vehicles, two 4.2 inch mortar carriers, an artillery fire support vehicle (FIST-V), several armored personnel carriers, a command post vehicle, and a maintenance recovery vehicle. The troop's Bradley-mounted scouts were divided into two platoons (six Bradleys, 30 soldiers each) and focused their efforts on finding the enemy, calling for artillery fire, and protecting the flanks. The two tank platoons (four tanks, 16 soldiers each) comprised the force to close with and destroy the enemy.

On 23 February the troop crossed the border into Iraq. Many events occurred subsequently, but this description picks up the action on 26 February. Early that morning squadron headquarters sent us a new order. My fears had been justified. We were to change the orientation of our defense to the east with Fox Troop protecting our northern flank and Ghost Troop to our south. I was afraid that we would be cheated of the opportunity to meet the enemy. I relayed our orders to the platoon leaders and told them to remain prepared to continue the attack with only a moment's notice. Later that morning the troop repositioned to the new defensive sector.

I had finished checking the forward scout positions and was talking to the mortar men about their fire plan when SSG Patterson's section reported: "Contact east, three MTLBs." They had been attempting to scout our positions. Ghost Troop's scouts had already destroyed two with their 25 millimeter cannons and the third was taking evasive action. It was important that we stop the last vehicle to prevent it from reporting to its headquarters. I called the section leader on the radio: "Red 4, this is Black 6. Does that MTLB have my name on it?" My gunner laid the tank's sight on the center of the target and a second later it exploded into flames. My tank platoon leaders chided me for not allowing them to come forward and fire. Everyone was hungry for action.

At about 1000 hours the troop's mission changed slightly. We were to move south of Ghost Troop and tie in with the 3rd Squadron. The night's rain had yielded to a thick fog and low clouds. After a difficult move during which our navigation devices temporarily malfunctioned, the troop made contact with its

new flank unit, Iron Troop. I felt that MAJ MacGregor, the squadron operations officer, had moved us south for a reason. The troop had wanted to lead the squadron into Iraq but the mission had fallen to Fox Troop. MacGregor had promised me that, when contact with the Republican Guard was imminent, he would put Eagle Troop in the lead. We were positioned along the 50 easting and received orders to move east ten more kilometers to the 60 easting at noon. MAJ MacGregor directed that the squadron base its movement on Eagle.

It felt great to be moving again but our hopes of continuing to press the attack were soon dashed. At 1300 hours we were ordered to once again establish a defense, and engineers were actually coming to the troop to dig us in. The start and stop character of the operation was causing anxiety in the troop. We were confident in ourselves and in each other and wanted to get on with the attack. The troop made use of this latest stop to refuel. The fog cleared but gave way to high winds and blowing sand.

At 1525 hours, the troop once again received orders to attack. I relayed the order enthusiastically. Although we knew the general locations of large enemy units, we had not received detailed intelligence about the enemy we were to encounter. I had a feeling, however, that this time we would meet the enemy. LT Tim Gauthier, one of my platoon leaders and known for his deadpan sense of humor, asked on the radio, "What kind of contact can we expect?" I replied, "Enemy contact." He said, "Roger, that's the best kind", and the troop rolled forward through the blowing sand.

The sun fought its way through the clouds, but the sandstorm continued to preclude long-range observation. As the troop crested a slight rise, air burst artillery fell on LT Petschek's lead scout platoon and the mortar section. The troop did not break stride. Soldiers closed their hatches and swung to the south around the impact area. I remember feeling proud of how the troop reacted. Falling artillery is something difficult to replicate in training, but the troopers reacted exactly as we had practiced.

At 1556 hours SSG McReynolds of 3rd Platoon reported four enemy soldiers surrendering in a bunker

complex just north of the troop's southern boundary. Without hesitation, McReynolds and his two scout observers dismounted, searched the enemy prisoners, loaded them on the front of the Bradley, and sped toward the first sergeant's track. As McReynolds was departing, SGT Harris' Bradley came under heavy machine gun fire from a village east of the bunker complex.

I decided to hit the enemy position hard and bypass it to the north. We could see gun barrels protruding from windows in the gray cinderblock buildings. Several enemy vehicles with machine guns mounted were parked in the narrow streets. Scouts from 1st and 3rd Platoons fired 25-millimeter chain gun high explosive ammunition into the buildings and across the wall of dirt that the enemy had constructed around the village. I brought all nine tanks on line and gave them a fire command which resulted in the near-simultaneous firing of nine 120 millimeter HEAT (high explosive antitank) rounds into the buildings. Rounds impacted into each of the buildings, blew gaping holes in them, and collapsed several roofs. Subsequently, fires started and the blowing smoke obscured the troop from the enemy. We would take no more fire from the village.

The troop resumed movement eastward. First platoon was moving tentatively and, unknown to me, had just sighted an enemy armored vehicle to the east. I decided to switch the formation to tanks in the lead and instructed the tank platoons to "follow my move." SGT Moody detected two enemy tanks and began firing on them with TOW missiles. Magee yelled, "Tank, we hit a tank!" on the platoon radio net. I had taken the point and the tanks were passing through the scouts in a nine-tank wedge. LT Mike Hamilton's 2nd Platoon was coming up on my left and LT Jeffrey DeStefano's 4th Platoon was on my right.

It was 1618 hours. The sandstorm had not let up. I was issuing final instructions to the troop when my tank crested another, almost imperceptible rise. As we came over the top, SSG Koch yelled, "Tanks direct front!" In an instant, I counted eight tanks in dug-in fighting positions. Large mounds of loose dirt were pushed up in front of the vehicles and they were easily discernible to the naked eye. They had cleverly established their position as a reverse slope defense so

they could surprise us as we came over the rise. We, however, had surprised them. We had destroyed their scouts earlier in the day and, because of the sandstorm, they had neither seen nor heard us.

They were close! Koch hit the button on the laser range finder and the display under the gun sight showed 1,420 meters. I yelled, "Fire, fire Sabot." A HEAT round was loaded but Taylor would load a high velocity kinetic energy round next: a tank defeating depleted uranium dart which travels at about one mile per second. As Koch depressed the trigger, the gun breach recoiled and the HEAT round flew toward the enemy tank. We were still moving forward but the tank's stabilization system kept the gun right on target. The enemy tank exploded in a huge fireball as Koch swung onto another tank. This tank was much closer and was positioned forward of the main defense. It was swinging its turret toward our tank. Taylor actuated the ammunition door. As the door slid open, he grabbed a Sabot round, slammed it in the breach, and screamed, "Up!" Only three seconds had elapsed since we destroyed the first tank. I was talking on the radio as Koch let the round go. The enemy tank's turret separated from its hull in a hail of sparks. The tank hull burst into flames as the penetrator ignited the fuel and ammunition compartments.

PFC Hedenskog slowed the tank down to about 20 kilometers per hour. He spotted an enemy minefield and was weaving between the mines while trying to keep the tank's thick frontal armor toward the most dangerous enemy tank. Hedenskog knew he was setting the course for the troop. He guided the tank to the right so both tank platoons would hit the enemy position. Two T-72s fired on us but their rounds fell short on either side of the tank. Taylor threw in another SABOT round. As Koch destroyed another T-72, our two tank platoons crested the ridge. The seconds of solo fighting had seemed an eternity. All of the troop's tanks were now in the fight. Eight more T-72s erupted into flames as the tanks fired their first rounds. Two more enemy tank rounds fell short of LT DeStefano's and SSG Henry Webster's tanks. Our tanks, however, were not missing and were closing rapidly on the enemy's front line of defense. Enemy antipersonnel mines popped harmlessly under the tracks of the advancing tanks. An antitank mine exploded loudly under MAJ MacGregor's tank but

inflicted only minor damage. The enemy was now in a panic. The few seconds of surprise was all we had needed. Enemy tanks and BMPs (Soviet-made armored personnel carriers) erupted in innumerable fire balls. The troop was cutting a five-kilometer-wide swath of destruction through the enemy's defense.

Radio traffic was relatively calm during the battle. I directed the tanks to keep formation and assault through the enemy position. Third Platoon's Bradleys were arrayed in depth behind fourth platoon's tanks and protected the troop's right flank. They continued to fire into the village and beyond it to the south. Their job was particularly critical because 3rd Squadron, unaware of our contact with the enemy, had halted Iron Troop and the flank was open.

First platoon moved behind the tanks to "scratch their backs" with machine gun fire and clear pockets of enemy dismounted resistance. The enemy had prepared deep bunkers and waist-deep trenches just forward of the tank and BMP positions. The scouts were firing 25 millimeter high explosive and armor piercing ammunition into enemy personnel carriers and these bunkers.

We continued to attack east in this configuration. The enemy had made the town an infantry strongpoint and anticipated that we would bypass it to the north or south. An enemy defense consisting of thirty tanks, fourteen BMPs, and several hundred infantry had awaited us on the east side of the village along the 70 easting. We had done what the enemy anticipated. The surprise we gained and the speed and ferocity of our attack, however, was compensating for the enemy's greater numbers and the inherent advantages of their defense.

It was 1622 hours. Our tanks were now even with the enemy's first line of defense. All of their tanks that were directly forward of the troop were in flames. The enemy's defenses, however, extended farther to the south and DeStefano's tanks and Gauthier's Bradleys were heavily engaged on our right flank. At one point, 3rd Platoon took effective fire from a bunker which housed an enemy 23 millimeter anti-aircraft gun. The platoon launched two TOW missiles simultaneously. The first collapsed the bunker and the second destroyed the AA gun. In a particularly tense moment

LT Gauthier's gunner, SGT Hovermale, swung his Bradley turret onto a T-72 tank just as it fired on him. The enemy tank missed and its explosive round threw dirt into the air. Hovermale returned fire with a TOW missile and destroyed the enemy tank as it was attempting to reload. SGT Digbie's Bradley was also engaging enemy vehicles along the troop's southern flank. His gunner, SGT Cooper, expended both TOW missiles in the launcher and Digbie excitedly yelled over the intercom to PFC Bertubin and SP4 Frazier to reload. The two soldiers in the back of the Bradley couldn't get the hatch open to gain access to the launcher. Bertubin, a college graduate and intercollegiate wrestler from Fort Walton Beach, Florida, frantically kicked at the hatch release and broke it. Frazier tossed off his crewman's helmet and jumped out of the Bradley despite heavy small arms fire. Bertubin handed Frazier two missiles, then climbed on top of the Bradley to slam them into the launcher. Bertubin startled SGT Digbie when he tapped him on the shoulder to tell him that the TOWs were loaded.

As our tanks drove around the destroyed enemy vehicles, secondary explosions threw flames and hunks of metal over our heads. Perhaps to avenge the fate of their comrades in the armored vehicles, enemy infantry fired their assault rifles and machine guns at us. The bullets, of course, had no effect on our tanks and Bradleys. We cut the infantry down with machine gun fire. Some of the enemy tried to lay low in their bunkers or play dead then jump up behind the tanks with their rifles and rocket propelled grenades (RPGs). They fell prey to the Bradleys' 25 millimeter and coaxial machine guns. LT Hamilton decided to leave unmolested an enemy squad of infantry who were not firing on him. He called back to LT Petschek to keep his eyes on them. After Hamilton's tank passed, the enemy raked it with machine gun fire while others prepared to fire a rocket propelled grenade. Petschek's and Patterson's Bradleys dropped them with their machine guns and cannons.

The troop's fire support officer called in artillery forward of the troop's advance. He kept his vulnerable FIST-V right behind the tanks so he could be in position to adjust the artillery. We were closing on the enemy fast and, moments later, I had to tell him to cancel the mission. I didn't want to risk running into our own fires.

LT Gifford called me from the command post to remind me that the 70 easting was the limit of advance. We were already beyond it. I told him, "I can't stop. We're still in contact. Tell them I'm sorry." Gifford explained the situation to the squadron headquarters on the radio. MAJ MacGregor was forward with our tanks and fully understood the situation. If we had stopped, we would have forfeited the shock effect we had inflicted on the enemy. Had we halted, we would have given the enemy farther to the east an opportunity to organize an effort against us while we presented them with stationary targets. We had the advantage and had to finish the battle rapidly. We would press the attack until all of the enemy were destroyed or until they surrendered.

As we drove through the smoke, we detected more tanks and armored vehicles behind the most forward enemy positions. The enemy had positioned some tanks and BMPs in depth and a reserve of seventeen T-72s were parked in a coil two kilometers further to the east. Our assault through the enemy's front line of defense had taken us to our southern limit so I began to steer the troop northeast toward the enemy reserve position. We were using a Global Positioning System on top of the tank to keep us properly oriented. The left side of the troop was hitting the enemy's reserve while Gauthier's 3rd and DeStefano's 4th Platoons were still heavily engaged to the south. The reserve tanks were positioned on a subtle ridge. My tank and 2nd Platoon were firing uphill and, as we gained elevation, more of the enemy came into view. We drove our tanks into the center of the position and destroyed many of the enemy vehicles from the rear.

At 1640 hours I finally found a place where I could halt the troop. It was just short of the 74 easting centered slightly south of where the enemy reserve position had been. Second Platoon halted just east of the burning T-72s that never had the opportunity to deploy out of their assembly area. Dominant terrain is difficult to discern in a relatively featureless desert but this was it. The small ridge allowed observation out to several kilometers in all directions. It was apparently the end of the enemy's defense.

As we halted, I anxiously called each platoon to ensure that all had made it through. I could not see most of the troop because of blowing sand. I was

greatly relieved and thanked God when the platoon leaders and the first sergeant reported that they had taken no casualties. The troop had assaulted through four kilometers of heavily defended ground, and in 23 minutes had reduced the enemy position to a spectacular array of burning vehicles.

The troop consolidated with the two tank platoons in the center and the two scout platoons protecting our flanks and rear. I was concerned that we may have bypassed some infantry who could sneak up behind us. The scouts tossed hand grenades into the bunkers and followed the explosions with several bursts from their M16 rifles. One bunker next to the enemy tank reserve position appeared particularly elaborate. It was larger than most and the walls and floor were covered with rugs. Pillows were neatly arranged on the floor. Next to the bunker were sandbags stacked in a semicircular pattern. This "showpiece" observation post looked west from the ridge over the Iraqi front line defense toward the direction from where we had come. This must have been the Iraqi commander's bunker. Perhaps the enemy commander had watched our advance from that very spot. I wonder what he thought and felt as he watched us assault his position. The bunker was now vacant. Its occupants had apparently fled to the east, away from our advancing tanks and Bradleys.

I jumped on top of my tank to give the crew room to cross-load ammunition while I monitored the radio. I surveyed the fires which surrounded the troop. It seemed as if the action had lasted only seconds. I had felt no significant emotion during the battle. I think I had simply been too busy. I realized that I had not eaten all day. I tore into an MRE (meal, ready to eat) package and devoured a dinner of cold potatoes and ham. I gulped down some water and the quick infusion seemed to slow the flow of adrenaline.

The troop's medics began treating and evacuating enemy wounded. In the back of his tracked ambulance, SGT George Piwetz was treating an enemy soldier with a bullet wound in his leg. As Piwetz reached for an IV bag, the prisoner attempted to stab him with some loose needles. The medic knocked the prisoner unconscious and continued to treat his wounds.

Tanks fired main guns and Bradleys fired TOW missiles at enemy tanks, personnel carriers and trucks forward of the 74 grid line. Violent explosions followed the impact of the aimed and guided fires. All vehicles were suppressing enemy infantry to the front who persisted in firing machine guns and rifles at us. Enemy soldiers were scurrying back and forth between the endless sea of dirt mounds which comprised the enemy position. SSG Taylor's mortar section was well into the action now, firing high explosive variable timed rounds which explode in air and rain shrapnel down on the enemy. We could see through the thermal sights that the mortars were exacting a heavy toll.

I ordered a scout section from 1st Platoon north to make contact with Ghost Troop. Ghost had come into heavy contact in the northern portion of their zone after halting at the 73 easting. Their scouts in the south had been delayed by a minefield and a gap existed between us. We had covered the area between us with observation and fire but we had not physically met. LT Petschek and SSG Lawrence's section moved north out of the troop's defense. Our scouts were guiding the Ghost scouts to a position which would ensure overlapping observation between us, when they encountered three enemy T-72s. My heart sank. Before I could order LT Hamilton's tanks north to support, LT Petschek reported that the Eagle and Ghost scouts had destroyed the enemy tanks at close range with TOW missiles. The troop's northern flank was secure.

The enemy attempted a futile counterattack just before dark. Tanks and BMPs weaved between the endless sea of dirt mounds which comprised the enemy position. The sandstorm continued to severely limit observation. Tanks and Bradleys to the flanks, however, had relatively clear shots and the enemy effort was soon thwarted as, one by one, the enemy vehicles erupted into flames.

The sun had set. Continuous machine gun, 25 millimeter, and mortar fire kept the enemy at bay. Enemy vehicles and bunkers continued to burn. The fires reflected off the heavy, low clouds and engulfed the troop in an eerie reddish glow. Occasionally, an enemy vehicle's ammunition or fuel compartment erupted in a secondary, violent explosion.

TOW missiles pursued and caught truck loads of enemy soldiers fleeing to the east. At 1830 hours scouts reported two MTLBs coming toward us. They had no chance at night. SGT Hovermale picked them up through his thermal sight and destroyed them with 25-millimeter fire. Moments later, he detected an Iraqi attempting to start one of the vehicles. A TOW missile put a stop to that.

At 1855 hours an enemy truck, full of soldiers and apparently unaware of their proximity to the troop's position, approached to within 200 meters of SSG Foy's tank. The troop demonstrated great discipline as I ordered all to hold fire until the enemy's intentions were known. Upon detecting the troop's perimeter, the truck halted and the Iraqis jumped from the truck brandishing assault rifles and RPGs. Foy's machine gun opened up, setting the truck's engine on fire and wounding one enemy soldier. The others quickly dropped their weapons and surrendered. Scouts searched the enemy soldiers, treated the wounded one, and moved them to a collection point.

It was 1930 hours. Other than two armored vehicles that 4th Platoon destroyed, the troop was receiving only sporadic machine gun and rifle fire. First Sergeant Virrill had made his way through friendly units to the rear and brought forward fuel and ammunition trucks. Several vehicles at a time moved back to the resupply point while others maintained security.

The enemy appeared broken. I met MAJ MacGregor behind his tank and he decided to bring forward the HMMWV mounted psychological operations loudspeaker team. At 2030 hours the Kuwaiti interpreter blasted his first surrender appeal forward of the troop's position. What seemed to be countless enemy soldiers came toward us as the Kuwaiti sergeant gave them instructions in Arabic. We could see them silhouetted in the glow of the still burning fires. The lead enemy soldier carried a white bag affixed to a wooden staff. The prisoners fell into single file with their hands up. It was strange watching those who had fired at us come humbly forward. A scout squad guarded the enemy with M16 rifles and began searching them. After the search we directed them to sit in rows, and the troop's medics bandaged their wounds. We returned to them all personal items and provided

them food and water. There were 42 in the first batch, and over 200 more would surrender that night and the next morning.

At 2100 hours we received word that the 1st Infantry Division would pass us to the south to continue the attack east.

It was nearing midnight. The troop's battle was almost over. We could hear the whine of the 1st Infantry Division tank engines and the rattle of their tracks as they moved forward of us. The rest of the night was relatively quiet with only occasional machine gun fire in both directions.

As the sun rose the next morning, the true extent of the damage inflicted on the enemy became apparent. Countless enemy tanks, personnel carriers, trucks, and bunkers were still smoking or in flames. Our Bradleys and tanks destroyed over 30 enemy tanks, approximately 20 personnel carriers and other armored vehicles, and about 30 trucks. The artillery strike had destroyed another 35 enemy trucks, large stocks of fuel, ammunition, and other supplies, and several armored vehicles. Enemy dead littered the battlefield. The day involved taking more prisoners and collecting and treating more enemy wounded.

I suddenly became aware of how filthy I was. I had not bathed in six days. The charcoal lining of the still damp chemical suit had coated my skin. I stood naked on the back deck of my tank and took a crude and largely ineffective bath with a wash cloth. The prisoners, from a culture which imbues them with physical modesty, were visibly shocked at my behavior.

We surprised the enemy on the 26th of February. That surprise and the bold action and teamwork of the troop's soldiers contributed the rout that is now known as the Battle of 73 Easting. In general, the Iraqis were unprepared for the United States Army. Our Army was better trained and equipped. The most decisive factor, however, was the American soldier. Our soldiers were aggressive in battle yet demonstrated great discipline and compassion for their enemy. They were exceptionally well-led by their noncommissioned officers and platoon leaders. Because of strong leadership and confidence gained

through tough, realistic training, the soldiers approached their first combat action without any hesitation or sense of foreboding. I am grateful that I had the opportunity to serve with them in this action.

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RANDOM THOUGHTS FOR MY SONS

by MAJ Mark P. Hertling, USA
Ops Ofcr, 1st Sqdn, 1st Cav, 1st AD

25 December 1990. Christmas is interesting here in Saudi Arabia. Chaplain Steve Thornton wanted to have a nondenominational church service for all the guys in the squadron, so he set up an area near the mess tents. He had been warned earlier by the division chaplain to make sure that religious services were to be held “out of view” of any passing Saudi Arabians, as it might offend them. So Steve put together some tables under a camouflage net and proceeded to hold one of the best services ever. He made the point that this was probably the first time anyone had celebrated Christ’s birthday in this part of the world. A thought-provoking comment.

3 January 1991. We wake up at 0500. Our sleeping bags are covered with a fine, powdery dust which penetrates everything. It’s pretty cold, so I usually wear my Army sweatsuit to bed; I peel that off and shake my BDUs before putting them on. Before putting on my boots, I turn them upside down to ensure there’s nothing inside. After running to the “piss tubes” (those tubes that go into the ground that I described a few days ago), we have an update in the tactical operations center (TOC) with all the troop commanders and staff. For me, breakfast usually consists of a cup of coffee and a couple of MRE crackers.

We have plenty of space to train. The morning belongs to the troop commanders, and they concentrate on first aid, NBC (nuclear-biological-chemical), physical training, and small unit maneuver and maintenance. The afternoon consists of much of the same, but we usually come together for some squadron maneuvers. There’s some time to talk to the soldiers in each troop, and I gotta tell you guys, I really like our soldiers. These are quality guys who are smart and want to do the right thing.

Sometimeduringtheday,IgotothedivisionTOC. My driver, Specialist Harold Palmer from Greensborough, North Carolina, loves to talk about baseball (he’s a Cubs fan, so we argue about whether the Cards or the Cubs are better — no contest) and basketball (he likes NC State; I tell him how Bobby Knight is the best coach who ever lived). We also talk about getting ready for war.

Right after it gets dark, we go to a brigade meeting. We drive without lights on, which is tough, but we’re getting used to using a new device called a loran. This thing plots way points using radio signals. It tells you where you are and how to get to where you’re going ... it’s been a godsend.

I arrive back at the TOC between 2100-2200, have a quick meeting with the night shift, then I’m in bed by midnight. That’s a routine day.

The routine is sometimes broken by different events. Yesterday a camel herd wandered by. Today, the soldiers gave each other haircuts— mine is really cut up now. And tonight, the guys in the S track figured out how to get Voice of America on the aviation AM radio. This is the first up-to-date news we’ve received in over a week. Tomorrow I hope to wash my clothes, and help SGT Dougherty boresight the TOW on our Bradley.

All in all, we’re pretty busy. I only think of you guys and mom every 15 minutes or so.

13 January 1991. For the past several days, we’ve been planning contingency operations to go north from our current locations as part of a 1st Armored Division counterattack. Today we talked to guys from the 101st Airborne Division who are digging defensive positions north of Hafir Al Batin; we would have to pass through them as part of a counterattack. While we were, some tanks from the 1st Cavalry Division were linking up as part of a reinforcement. I would guess they were thankful for that, as they didn’t have much tank killing capability within their units.

We’ll be sweating it out a little tonight as we wait to see what happens. For the past several days we’ve been at 50% security, while still conducting recon missions. The soldiers are getting pretty tired.

17 January 1991. I went to bed at 0015 this morning, and 2LT Rick Tunney, our assistant S2 (intelligence officer), ran into our tent at 0115 and said the U.S. had launched 145 Tomahawk missiles at targets in Iraq. Additionally, the Air Force had put up hundreds of aircraft to strike targets ranging from strategic command and control centers to SCUD missile sites. As I shook myself from sleep and had the stark realization that I was in the middle of a war, my first thoughts centered on the safety of the soldiers that were here with us; then I thought about mom and you guys. I was instantly awake.

All day long the mood was somber — I remember looking into the faces and the eyes of each of the guys as they listened to the reports. I will always remember the concentration on those faces, and the look in each pair of eyes, as if it were burned into my brain with a hot iron.

19 January 1991. The air war continues.

For the last several days, it has been cold, wet, rainy and muddy. In fact, it's been much the same as any field exercise we've had at Grafenwohr or Hohenfels, Germany. Our uniforms are soaked, our boots are covered with mud, there aren't any dry places to stand, sleep or eat, and for the most part, all the soldiers are pretty uncomfortable. There are still the jokes and lightheartedness - signs that this is a very good unit - but we all wish the sun would come out and make this a real desert.

So much for expectations.

17 February 1991. Over the last few days we've been moving from Tactical Assembly Area (TAA) Thompson to Forward Assembly Area Garcia, about 15 kilometers south of the Iraqi border.

The move was very exciting; it was, in effect, a full dress rehearsal for our movement into combat. With the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment (ACR) in the lead, our division and the 3d Armored Division moved over 180 kilometers with over 20,000 tracked and wheeled vehicles — our aircraft was up conducting the movement to contact, and every once in a while we would conduct action drills on a simulated enemy position. Everything was well-coordinated, we were

able to talk to units on our flanks and rear, liaison officers did exactly what they were supposed to do, and the move went very well. All the vehicles spread out across the desert floor were an awesome sight. After viewing the speed and capabilities presented as we rolled across the sands, I certainly am glad I'm not an Iraqi.

1 March 1991. So, you guys might ask as you read this letter, where have you been the last few days? Well, we've all been involved in a most stimulating and frightening event. In four days, our cavalry squadron led the 1st Armored Division over 200 miles, across two countries, against units from five enemy divisions, to the border of Kuwait.

G-Day, 24 February: Our *plan* for 24 February was to lead the division just south of the Saudi Arabian-Iraqi berm. The day before, the 2nd ACR had cut the berm, and we had reported to the division exactly where the 18 cuts were so vehicles could push through. But as we approached our staging areas just south of the berm at about 0930 hours, we received a warning order that we could be crossing earlier than expected — we would not wait until 25 February to cross the line of departure. We waited about 1.5 kilometers from the berm for several hours before being given the go-ahead, then at 1436 hours 1-1 Cavalry entered Iraq. We immediately took three casualties when soldiers from the chemical platoon dismounted from their vehicle and stepped on an unexploded ammunition. We marked that area, medevaced the three soldiers, and continued north.

We followed the 2nd ACR for most of that day until they pulled off to the east. We led the division north until we reached Phase Line Colorado, where the division commander directed a tactical refueling. We were about 25 kilometers in front of the division as we set a stationary screen.

G+1, 25 February: Sixty kilometers into Iraq we were skirting the first division objective, OBJ BEAR. Probing the area, air scouts from C Troop fired a TOW missile and destroyed a BMP (Soviet-made armored personnel carrier); immediately, Iraqi soldiers began pouring out of bunkers. The ground scouts of B Troop pushed forward, cleared the position, and took over 200 prisoners.

Attached PSYOPS (psychological operations) teams with loudspeakers persuaded about 75 more prisoners to surrender, then multiple launch rocket systems (MLRS) pounded the defensive position while the squadron bypassed and continued movement north. In the next five kilometers, scouts in Bradleys and helicopters destroyed several more light skinned vehicles (BMPs and MTLBs) and two T-55 tanks, and captured over 100 additional prisoners. Approaching a new series of trenchworks, a pilot from C Troop fired 20mm cannon from a Cobra and destroyed a BRDM (Soviet-made wheeled vehicle). Upon seeing the accuracy of the system, more Iraqis began to leave their trenches and surrendered.

In a period of just three hours, Blackhawk soldiers disarmed and processed over 500 enemy prisoners of war. Interrogating an English-speaking Iraqi, our squadron S2 (CPT Tom Wilson) determined we were engaging elements of the 26th Infantry Division — this same soldier reported there were no RGFC (Republican Guard Forces Corps) forces in the area. We continued the movement north to the next objective (OBJ PYTHON) near the logistics site of Al Basiyah.

It had been a long day. Between engaging enemy positions, collecting prisoners, destroying weapons and conducting quick maintenance at halts, most of the soldiers didn't have time to eat more than an MRE cracker or candy bar. But they kept on going.

G+2, 26 February: As the brigades attacked into PYTHON, we received the mission to continue the movement to contact to the east. We moved all morning, taking scattered prisoners and destroying individual vehicles on the march. At 1312 hours, a Cobra/Scout team from C Troop, working in the southern sector, identified 30+ T-72 tanks. CW4 Gary Martin worked a Joint Air Attack Team mission with two A-10s and MLRS from the division, and destroyed 27 of those tanks before he experienced a compressor stall and had to set his aircraft down. Both Cobra pilots were safely evacuated by 2LT Dave Desantis and his crew, and the squadron bypassed to the north.

While the ground troops continued to engage and work their sectors, the Long Range Surveillance Detachment collocated with the squadron TOC re-

ported enemy activity in the Squadron's rear area. Both the squadron commander and I headed to the reported location and my gunner, SGT Dougherty, picked up hot spots on his thermals about 400 meters from the TOC. In the next few minutes, he and I engaged and destroyed two tanks and a BMP and took 26 Iraqi prisoners. CPT Shuster, in the TOC, told me that activity took a little over seven minutes — to me it seemed like a lifetime.

G+3, 27 February. Having little time to coordinate that passage with all three brigades, we suggested collapsing the squadron screen to center sector, allowing the 2d and 3d Brigades to move forward in zone, and coordinated passage with the center sector brigade (the 3d Brigade, the one we had led throughout the first three days). This was approved at 0145 hours.

While repositioning, the squadron TOC, administration/logistics operations center and B Troop received incoming artillery fire. All hell broke loose. Canisters began popping overhead and hundreds of small bomblets were falling all over our position. I couldn't get the hatch on my Bradley closed, and every time I reached to close it, another hundred — thousand? — bomblets began going off. It was a roar of sound and senses and light. All I could think of were the soldiers less than 500 meters from me in the wheeled vehicles.

In a matter of two minutes, five wheeled vehicles were destroyed; 13 wheeled vehicles, one Bradley and two M577s were damaged. Additionally, 23 soldiers were injured. Squadron medics and combat lifesavers were everywhere, treating the injuries; PFC Marty Coon and SFC Pat Nonnemacher were marking unexploded bomblets while treating the wounded. Soldiers who had been burned or hit with shrapnel were everywhere, calling for medics.

The forward passage occurred at 0330 hours. While units were passing us, soldiers began piecing damaged vehicles together while taking care of their buddies. Most of us prayed for morning to come.

During the rest of the day, we continually heard tank and artillery fire in the distance as we repositioned the squadron as the division reserve. But there

are a few things about the hours after that passage that I will always remember.

The first has to do with our soldiers. After three days of intense combat and movement, our soldiers were dog-tired. I could see that in their eyes as I walked around the squadron TOC, then when I went to B Troop's location. But they continued to do their mission. Soldiers were working together as teams to repair damaged vehicles (I couldn't believe how fast they worked and the miracles they performed with vehicles that were nearly destroyed). Medics and combat lifesavers were treating the shrapnel wounds of their buddies, making sure there wouldn't be infection later on. Soldiers who weren't hurt or weren't otherwise occupied were checking track tension, boresighting their vehicles, checking oils and air filters, and all the other things that sometimes don't get done in training. Things were different now. These guys were veterans.

The second thing I remember is getting a radio call from the division commander, MG Griffith. I was in the S3 M577 (operations vehicle) at the time, so I answered the call. He asked me how everyone was doing, and then said to pass on to the soldiers what a great job they had done. That call meant the world to everyone who heard it. We quickly passed it to everyone who hadn't.

The final thing I remember is a MLRS battery that fired from about 400 meters behind our position. First of all, it scared the life out of most of the troopers. It also made me realize that I wouldn't ever enjoy fireworks again.

G+4, 28 February: We began moving toward a northern coordination point to screen the division's flank as 1st Cavalry Division moved toward their attack position. While on the move, we received a call at 0230 of an impending cessation of hostilities; we were then given a "be prepared" mission of destroying all abandoned Iraqi equipment in zone. We began that mission at 0800 hours.

During the day, we performed the new mission with a vengeance. We destroyed literally hundreds of cargo trucks, ammo bunkers, motorcycles and "soft" combat vehicles that were left in prepared defensive

positions. I went with A Troop, the squadron commander went with B Troop and for eight hours we put a dent in the Iraqi warfighting capabilities. It was good gunnery practice for our scouts, and good demolition practice for our attached engineers.

We slept well that night, although we still remained vigilant. It appears this action will go down as one of the fastest, most violent and one-sided affairs in the history of warfare. For now, we're all safe.

15 March 1991. This was a long-range war. When tanks and Bradleys met the enemy, they could engage from 2,000-3,500 meters. One Iraqi soldier, when asked when he knew U.S. tanks were approaching, said he knew when the tanks to the left of him then to the right of him, exploded. He didn't even see what hit them.

An interesting twist for those of us who fight. We didn't really see the people we were killing, we only saw equipment blow up. But for me, that has changed over the last few days, and it became very personal today.

While continuing the "destruction mission" which has now continued for more than we initially expected, I saw several more dead Iraqi soldiers — they had been there for a while — near a destroyed tank. I'm sure my crew didn't know what I was doing when I said "pull over," but it just hit me that I hadn't taken any time to really look at the enemy. I got off the Bradley and stared at the faces of that tank crew for a while; I saw different expressions on each face.

All I could think of as I looked at these three Iraqi tank crewmen was what a terrible waste all of this was; how war is an evil thing. These three Iraqi tankers may have sons just like me, but their sons would never see their fathers again. Their wives would mourn their deaths. They would miss all of life's best because a political leader told them to fight for something that centered on power and status, rather than on dignity and freedom.

21 March 1991. Made another move today, to the north and about 100km deeper into Iraq. We are now about 20-30 kilometers south of the Euphrates River, near the towns of An Nasiryah and Basra.

In the past few weeks, I've felt sorry for our soldiers who were wounded, the dead Iraqis who fought for the wrong reason, and now for the innocent who have been touched by this war. And as I was driving toward Greg's checkpoint, I saw a camel that had evidently stepped on a cluster bomb and was limping through the desert, crying in pain. You just can't get away from the pain that is all around us.

13 April 1991. Over the last three days, we've moved back to Saudi Arabia. Again, 1-1 Cav is leading as the division moves 300 kilometers, sustaining a speed of 15 mph over the vast desert we passed only a few weeks ago. But the conditions are radically different; my face is sunburned; my uniform is sweat-soaked, marked with perspiration and filled with dust; the temperature is ranging between 90 and 110 degrees; and I have a thirst that will last for days (a beer would be great right now!).

During the road march, some high adventure. One tank that was towing another tank generated so much heat that the towed tank caught fire — ammo cooked off for hours. An ammunition carrier in an artillery unit also caught fire, with the resulting explosions scaring everyone near it. My HMMWV, again with my good friend SFC Tim Bretl driving, hit another cluster bomb and blew another tire. As the song says, "we gotta get out of this place!"

The most interesting part of the trip occurred when we crossed back into Saudi Arabia. It was getting dark, but we could see the berm as we approached. When we crossed, someone keyed the squadron net and said: "Welcome back to friendly territory, all you courageous Blackhawks." We were all very relieved to have the Iraqi part of our lives behind us.

* * *

AN AVIATION BRIGADE GOES TO WAR

by LTC Marshall T. Hillard, USA
XO, 4th Avn Bde, 1st AD

Many of the soldiers and families of the 4th ("Iron Eagle") Brigade of the 1st Armored Division of Katterbach, Germany, were glued to their televisions

watching the Armed Forces Network on the night of 8 November 1990. In a brief and not altogether surprising press conference, President George Bush, followed by Defense Secretary Richard Cheney and Joint Chiefs Chairman GEN Colin Powell, announced the decision to deploy additional combat, combat support and combat service support units from Europe to Saudi Arabia. USAREUR's two armored divisions, the 1st and the 3rd, would soon be enroute to the Kuwaiti Theater of Operations (KTO) via land, air and sea.

Army aviation was already present in the KTO. The 82nd Airborne, 101st Air Assault, and 24th Infantry (Mechanized) Divisions were on the ground, and the 12th Aviation Brigade from V Corps had also deployed and had begun training in the harsh desert environment. The possibility of joining these formidable units intrigued everyone in the brigade. Consequently, even before the deployment announcement, brigade and battalion level command and staffs took on an operational quality. The intelligence officers became the key briefers each day; the operations officers became quiet and introspective. Certainly everyone thought that should it come to war, Army aviation would be a very critical asset to the allied effort.

Of special interest in many briefings were the piecemeal lessons learned of aviators which filtered back through channels and were finally briefed comprehensively to the brigade by safety center personnel in early December. To those who had never flown in a desert scenario, the descriptions of flight conditions, which included blowing sand, zero-illumination nights and relentlessly monotonous terrain without visible features under night vision goggles, seemed daunting. It was clear from the outset that training would have to be comprehensive and extensive. Only through such experience would we gain the confidence to fly and fight under such alien conditions. The opportunities to train in the AH-64 Apache attack and UH-60 Black Hawk utility helicopter simulators under "desert programs" only began to adequately address the challenges ahead.

Every unit in Saudi Arabia had voiced the warning, "If you want it, bring it with you." It seemed that the KTO was not yet what one might describe as a

“mature” theater. The seemingly endless and illogical local procurement procedures frustrated the desire of every commander in the brigade to stock up on critical items. Just when you thought you had it sorted out, either the rules changed, the purchases were declared illegal, or Division promised it would provide those items once we arrived in theater. “The check’s in the mail” became a common refrain.

Because of the massive amount of equipment, personnel and materiel, planning was critical in getting the brigade’s essential assets to the KTO on time and mission-ready. As it turned out, almost every critical item that the brigade needed was immediately available because our NCOs had the foresight to place it on vehicles. We had been led to anticipate that each soldier would have an allowance of only a rucksack, “A” bag, weapon and chemical protective mask for the flight in. Clearly, we needed to decide what should be sent in what container very carefully. Some of the containers were not located before we crossed the line of departure (LD) at the start of the ground war, but fortunately no sensitive items or critical equipment were in the missing containers.

The preparations for deployment of ground and air assets neared completion and we awaited word as to which European ports we would use. Eventually, it fell out that the aircraft would deploy to Rotterdam, with vehicles roadmarching to both Bremerhaven and Rotterdam. With all of the advance preparation, the moves were amazingly simple. And with the supervision of the convoys totally under the brigade CSM’s control, there were no accidents or incidents despite “black” road conditions.

For many of the members of the brigade, this was their first chance to visit Holland. The Dutch people and soldiers we encountered went out of their way to make us feel welcome, supported and secure. We lived in a gymnasium at Valkenburg, ate our meals in one of their beautiful messes, and flew or bused to the port every day. All of the authorities without exception were extremely helpful, assisting us in what quickly became known as “DEFORGER.”

After the brigade’s departure, the role of family guide and advisor fell upon the various family support groups. These organizations were led by the key

officers and senior NCOs who composed the unit rear detachments. They provided a vital link to all of the family members with their deployed spouses. By providing security and assistance to every family member left in Germany, the support groups allowed the soldiers of the brigade to concentrate on the business at hand.

VII Corps had given the division a large “goose egg” tactical assembly area (TAA) about 20 miles south of the small town of Quaysumah. Occupying TAA Thompson, the advance party prepared the division’s sector. The brigade’s quartering party arrived on 15 December and settled uneasily into a blessedly short stay in the intermediate staging area (ISA). Despite the best efforts of the ISA’s management, it soon became overcrowded and unsanitary. The experiences of the ISA hardened the troops and made them eager to occupy their places in the Saudi desert.

The 4th Brigade’s quartering party arrived at TAA Thompson on 22 December, just in time to settle in for Christmas. The first task to prepare the desert for the main body’s arrival was to secure the sector, dividing the brigade area into sufficient and workable terrain for the aircraft, wheeled, and Bradley Fighting Vehicles, and establish sites for the division’s forward arming and refueling point (FARP) and ammunition holding area.

Perhaps the most challenging aspect of the brigade’s occupation of the desert sector was finding, acquiring and emplacing M-19 aluminum matting. These sections, when pinned together, formed aircraft landing and maintenance pads. The brigade sought a proportionate share of the limited number of sets remaining unclaimed in theater; we received just over 3,000 mats. While these fell well short of providing sufficient pads for all aircraft, they afforded a partial fix. In fact, throughout the duration of our deployment, brigade aircraft were never parked on hardstands or out of the desert. It is a tribute to the crew chiefs and maintenance personnel that our aircraft performed so well under such difficult environmental conditions.

On 21 December the main body of the brigade departed Numburg on civilian chartered aircraft.

Upon arrival at King Fahd Airport outside of Dharhan, the soldiers committed themselves mentally for the challenges ahead.

The AH-64s, UH-60s, OH-58 Kiowa Warriors, AH-1 Cobras and UH-1 "Hueys" of each unit trickled into the ports of Al Jubail and Dammam. The rest of the brigade's equipment arrived, or was enroute on 27 different ships. When the aircraft came off the boats, eager teams from the battalions took possession. These soldiers began the tedious and labor-intensive steps of reassembling the helicopters, taping the rotor blades to protect against the tremendous friction caused by sand particles in the air, and conducting maintenance and tactical training flights.

The men of 1-1 CAV, the "Blackhawk" squadron, quickly regrouped their assets and moved out to TAA Thompson. They became the first combat unit of the division to be ready for battle, and took the lead in securing the sector and initiating training for combat operations.

The brigade commander's intent was to deploy the assets of the brigade to TAA Thompson as soon as possible. To encourage commanders to get into the desert, he authorized units to deploy when sufficient command and control assets were ready to take charge of a company or battalion. The crowded port conditions made it critical to get out to Thompson quickly once a unit's combat power and leadership began to take shape.

By 31 December, the 4th Brigade had moved all of its assets, personnel and equipment to TAA Thompson. Flight training in desert conditions, initially started in small but important steps back at the ports, now got underway in earnest. The pilots of the brigade established schedules for both day and night training, our credo being "crawl, walk, run." This simple concept of training in such a radically different environment proved both wise and effective. Although all of those "lessons learned" by our predecessors in country proved true, there was nothing like experiencing the challenges first hand.

Sand got into everything. Flying at night under goggles and over featureless terrain was especially daunting. The vision systems on the AH-64s and OH-

58Ds proved to be worth their weight in gold, but it still took considerable time before a flight crew or individual pilot became confident in desert abilities.

LTCs John Ward of 2-1 AHB (Attack Helicopter Battalion) and William Hatch of 3-1 AHB used every opportunity to conduct team-, company- and battalion-level day and night battle drills. In addition, the sudden and unexpected availability of Hellfire missiles for aerial gunnery boosted morale and confidence unlike any other scenario except in the simulators back home. Now they had the chance to see what the real missile could do in the exact conditions under which they would be called upon to fight. The Hellfires worked even better than advertised. Christmas came late, but everyone was grateful for such impressive gifts.

Throughout the period leading up to the start of Desert Storm, members of the Iron Eagle brigade flew over 4500 accident-free hours. They fired 52 Hellfire missiles and enough 2.75 inch rockets and 30mm rounds to validate their confidence in the AH-64 Apache and its systems. The Cobra pilots of 1-1 CAV also honed their skills with the live fire of TOW missiles, rockets and 20mm rounds. The 40 Bradley Fighting Vehicle crews zeroed, fired and practiced screening missions as well as area and route recons. The only casualty during the ramp-up up to combat was a soldier who broke his hand in a fall.

About 0200 hours on 17 January, a "guidons" call came over the division command net — the air war had started. Desert Shield was now Desert Storm.

In the intervening period between 17 January and G-Day, 24 February, we continued to train. Finally, word came that the 1st Armored Division, along with the 3rd Armored Division, would conduct a 130-kilometer movement westward from TAA Thompson to a forward assembly area to be called Garcia. This would be a practice for the eventual movement of the VII Corps into Iraq and the largest maneuver of its kind since World War II. The significance of what we were doing was not lost on anyone in the Iron Eagle brigade. By 16 February we had settled into Garcia. In the remaining days before the ground war, we reviewed our available options for everything from tactical scenarios to logistical support.

The brigade would enter Desert Storm without 2-1 AHB (Strike Eagle), which had been placed under operational control (OPCON) of the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment (ACR). LTC John Ward moved his battalion well forward of the division's frontline trace, collocating with the regiment. The Strike Eagles were incorporated into all aspects of the regiment's plans and provided the ACR with the ability to fight Army aviation at night.

The major challenge confronting the brigade was the same for the division: the logistical support required for sustained, mid- to high-intensity combat operations. The importance of the personnel entrusted to provide fuel, ammunition and maintenance cannot be overstated.

The brigade began its active role in Desert Storm on the night of 23 February with the brigade commander, flying with the Night Eagle fighters, leading an armed reconnaissance mission some 50 kilometers into Iraq.

During the mission, the crews encountered no resistance. They overflew some dug-in infantry and scout elements, but these wisely chose not to fire. Crews began to pick up strobes on their radar warning receivers (AN/APR 39s). Enemy artillery started to pop illumination rounds to the north in an obvious but unsuccessful attempt to locate the intruders.

Although the recon mission failed to bring about Iron Eagle's first live-fire engagement, it was a total success in many respects. It provided key intelligence on the division's zone, and it also provided an excellent chance to glimpse across the forward line of troops (FLOT) with sophisticated night vision systems and forward looking infrared radar. These systems would enable the Apaches to control the Iraqi night. What the pilots and gunners of the Night Eagle battalion saw warmed their hearts: The weather and illumination conditions were perfect for hunting armor.

When the division advanced across the LD the next morning, 1-1 CAV was in the lead. As the division cavalry squadron, they were in front of the 1st Brigade of the 3rd Infantry Division. Weather conditions deteriorated and visibility grew steadily worse, but

the division still made rapid progress, encountering little resistance. As so often happened throughout the days of the war, many of the hits on Iraqi tanks were devastating — the turrets were usually blown off, some hundreds of meters away, by either the initial shot or ammunition cooking off inside the disabled tank.

Seeking to exploit the Apache's obvious mobility and firepower, MG Griffith, the 1st Armored Division Commanding General (CG), conferred with the brigade commander to discuss the feasibility of hitting the division's next expected resistance some 44 kilometers forward of the current FLOT. The enemy was in a suspected logistical base at the Iraqi complex of Al Busayyah. In a daylight attack, two companies from 3-1 AVN engaged a few T-55 tanks and BMPs (Soviet-made armored personnel carriers), which were quickly destroyed. The surprising aspect of this operation was that it was the first of many instances in which literally hundreds of Iraqi soldiers ran out of their bunkers to surrender upon sighting the Apaches. Without the means to hold them, the aeroscout pilots hovered over and around the Iraqis, herding them into a tight circle until the lead ground elements of the division came onto the scene and took them prisoner.

One of the success stories for the 4th Brigade during Desert Storm was the validation of the consolidation of our general support and UH-60 Black Hawk companies into Task Force Phoenix (TFP). During the course of the war, TFP took charge of all medium lift missions, special forces extractions, FARP emplacements, and command and control missions. This organization provided the brigade with great flexibility.

During the division's pursuit of the Republican Guards, the CG gave 4th Brigade the mission to "mop up" and clear Al Busayyah. Augmented by an infantry and an engineer company, TFP was given the mission by COL Petrosky. TFP took charge, consolidated on the objective, and began the mission of destroying enemy equipment and ammunition. This freed the brigade headquarters to continue to fight the Apaches 60 kilometers further forward.

On 26 February, while the "Old Ironsides" Division continued its relentless advance into Iraq, the 4th

Brigade received a mission to extract two special forces (SF) teams that had been compromised. Their last known location was across VII Corps' boundary with the XVII Airborne Corps, over 130 kilometers from TFP's UH-60 staging area and about 80 kilometers forward of friendly troops. Two of TFP's Black Hawk crews flew through poor visibility — 1/4 to 1/2 mile — to the location given by higher headquarters. Blowing sand and an unknown enemy disposition added to the difficulty of finding the special forces teams, whose skills at camouflage and concealment had successfully kept them in action right under the noses of Iraqi forces. After a tedious and anxious search, a crew chief suddenly spotted two figures frantically waving an American flag. As the TFP crews were loading the second team into the aircraft, elements of an Iraqi mechanized infantry battalion came into view. Fortunately, both aircraft safely returned to the rear and the two SF teams gratefully acknowledged their good fortune in finding their fate in the hands of two very determined crews.

The Iron Eagle brigade's third battle was perhaps the most critical of the war for our Apaches. The Night Eagle battalion attacked the Medina and Adnan Divisions, as well as other Republican Guard remnants moving north to escape the 3rd Armored Division's advance. The Apaches attacked throughout the night of 26 February in four separate sorties. The results achieved were extremely gratifying.

Most of the Hellfire shots were in the four to six kilometer range; the battalion used both autonomous (lasers self-designating) and remote laser designation from OH-58Ds. In the continuous action, with companies rotating in and out of battle to rearm and refuel, videotapes revealed the awesome lethality of the missiles and rockets against tanks, BMPs and light vehicles. The black of night hid the Apaches in their grisly task, but did little to protect the Iraqis from these "elite" fighting units.

Because of the fast pace and intricacy of this night-long engagement, command and control required special attention. Consequently, the brigade commander fought the battle in a specially configured UH-60, while the battalion commander directed his forces from his own AH-64. The brigade S3 (operations and training officer) found himself alongside the

division's tactical command post in a HMMWV equipped with every radio that he could get his hands on. Night Eagle's S3 was in a UH-60 similar to the one carrying the brigade commander. This dispersion of the key leadership, coupled with their ability to communicate quickly and effectively, resulted in a well-controlled and well-orchestrated battle that witnessed the capability to quickly shift forces and reevaluate the scenario.

The 4th Brigade fought its fourth battle just forward of the division's frontline trace. MG Griffith's orders on the morning of 27 February were loud and clear: "I don't want a single minute to go by without Apaches in front of the division." The CG could smell the imminent destruction of the Republican Guards facing "Old Ironsides."

The battle started at phase line (PL) Spain. From 0830 until 1630 hours that day, the 4th Brigade had Apaches out front and in continuous contact with the enemy. Fortunately, LTC John Ward's Strike Eagles (2-1 AHB) returned to the brigade at 1430 on 27 February from their OPCODE status with the 2nd ACR, relatively fresh and eager to join the battle. Hatch's Night Eagles had been fighting continuously since 2000 hours the previous night. After phasing into the battle, 2-1 took it all the way to PL Monaco.

The brigade's fifth and final battle took place early on the morning of 28 February. With the knowledge that a cease-fire was coming at 0800 hours, MG Griffith wanted to push the division to the Kuwaiti border in the remaining time. Starting with a massive artillery preparation from 0530 until 0615, 2-1's Apaches conducted a coordinated battalion-sized attack in an effort to clear the division's zone of advance all the way to Kuwait.

The division's short but violent attack continued the destruction of enemy forces, reeling from the allied onslaught. By 0730 resistance had been overcome and the division closed on Kuwait's border.

The 4th Brigade, as a fighting force and certified member of the combined arms team, executed its variety of missions with great success. We flew in poor weather, in blowing sand, during the day and, as advertised, effectively at night. The pilots and gun-

ners, whose cool, calm professionalism came with them from Katterbach to the deserts of Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait, proved the value of good, realistic training. Leaders were allowed to lead, and did so, validating the training of our young leaders to cope with any challenge in peace and in war.

* * *

OPERATION PROVIDE COMFORT: THE FINAL CHAPTER

by LTC Virgil L. Packett II, USA
Cdr, 6th Sqdn, 6th Cav, 4th Bde, 3rd ID (Mech)

Amidst the redeployments, parade preparations and jubilation of a great military victory in the desert of the Arabian Peninsula, a battle raged in northern Iraq. It was a battle of survival for 500,000 Kurds forced to exist in remote mountains stretching westward nearly 100 miles from Iran along the Iraqi-Turkish border. Realizing the huge task was in hand to the south, President Bush acknowledged the plight of the Kurds and authorized the United States, on 5 April 1991, to lead a coalition effort initiating relief operations to the starving Kurds. Operation Provide Comfort took shape under the auspices of European Command, sending its strategic reserves immediately into action.

At 1535 hours, Saturday, 20 April 1991, the 6th Squadron, 6th Cavalry, was told to prepare for deployment to Iraq on Wednesday. The mission was to provide security for Operation Provide Comfort. In a remarkable display of cohesiveness the Six Shooters, not yet a year old, combat loaded 65 vehicles, built 80 pallets of Class V and equipment, mounted auxiliary tanks on the 18 AH-64 Apache helicopters and conducted the final personnel preparation in an around-the-clock surge. Culminating in a precombat inspection at their home station in Storck Barracks, Illesheim, Germany, the Six Shooters were staged and ready to begin deployment within 90 hours of notification.

Strategic self-deployment was added to the squadron's lexicon. The herculean unit maintenance effort paid off as all 18 Apaches launched on their historic mission Wednesday, 24 April 1991. The Army's first strategic self-deployment to a theater of

combat operations was under way. This 3,000-mile adventure took four days and covered six nations on two continents. Two support UH-60 Black Hawk helicopters escorted the Apaches. All aircraft arrived combat ready, less one with a maintenance delay in Italy. The squadron's basic Class V load arrived in country 2 May and armed reconnaissance operations began immediately in Iraq. It took two more weeks for the rest of the squadron to join the aircraft, pilots and skeleton maintenance crews, yet during that time over 150 combat sorties were flown in the area of operation. Collectively, the squadron flew over 4,300 flight hours and 2000 sorties into northern Iraq. Most importantly, it was accomplished without serious injury or death. They performed traditional cavalry reconnaissance roles with ground forces against Iraqi forces and Kurdish resistance factions.

One mission in particular that needs recognition is Combat Search and Rescue (CSAR). All services worked closely to implement CSAR procedures and capitalize on each other's experience, expertise and resources. Especially under today's emphasis of limited combat casualties, it was an imperative to implement immediate procedures to identify and recover troopers when they become separated from their unit. CSAR became a new mission-essential operation and allowed the services to adapt complementary packages and to train and rehearse procedures in detail. Application of the same CSAR principals also played a key role in noncombatant evacuation operations missions for isolated nongovernmental personnel and United Nations inspectors. Accepting a CSAR mission and the responsibility to properly resource it cemented our resolve and commitment to protect our most valuable resources, our soldiers.

Maintenance also took on a new impetus. Enormous in output and scope, the unit maintenance effort was set up for production day and night. Harsh environmental factors forced shift work, and demands on the repair parts system began to take their toll in terms of extended periods of delay. Despite lengthy delays for parts in the first three months of the operation, it was not long until an automated system was established and eventually eased the delays. Eleven AH-64 phased inspections and one UH-60 phased inspection were performed in the tactical

environment without interrupting operations. Augmented by civilian maintenance personnel from Augusta, along with factory representatives, the squadron operated from two sites over 350 miles apart. Maintenance personnel erected clamshell hangars, enabling continuous operations in the austere weather conditions. Over three million gallons of jet fuel were pumped during the operation, which included allied aircraft. The unit maintained the ammunition supply point for Joint Task Force Bravo and the Combined Battalion Task Force (CBTF). The wheeled vehicles drove over 250,000 rugged miles while exceeding the DA readiness standards.

Joint staff personnel were injected into the brigade staff as it transitioned to a truly joint/combined operating headquarters known as a Combined Battalion Task Force. Liaison personnel from the coalition were included in the headquarters and the Turkish Government specifically augmented the operation at every level, to include a colonel cocommander at CBTF Headquarters in Silopi. The primary thrust ensured knowledge of local Iraqi and Kurdish activity was disseminated and immediate attention was given to potentially dangerous situations.

A Wave of the Future

Operation Provide Comfort (OPC) demonstrated the agility, flexibility and sense of urgency needed by combat units and support agencies to quell a crisis. Deployability to remote regions of the world is an especially important capability considering the explosive world situation. OPC represented our national interests while shifting focus to meet the changing situation. Furthermore, OPC ensured our values and those of our allies were not disregarded, remaining as a symbol of humanitarian justice for the world to see. Adaptive jointness and coalition solidarity were the watchwords for success. The command and control structure worked well as it proved to be responsive and a conduit for expansion or drawdown of forces. Bold and aggressive forces provided the confidence and the strength to get the job done. Operation Provide Comfort began the final chapter in the Gulf War and led the bow wave for future military application.

* * *

A HAWK IN IRAQ

One day the word went out,
A cry of pain and an anguished shout,
The tales told were so bad,
And made the Night Hawk greatly mad.

A country filled with pain,
Taken by a man quite insane,
Who did then tell the rest,
It was his right, he was the best.

Night Hawk rose in full ire,
He knew that man to be a liar,
He would prove that man wrong,
In enslaving the helpless throng.

Fast he flew to the land,
Where armies fought in hills of sand,
Silent war he did wage,
His great power strengthened with rage.

Fast, now good won the war,
But Night Hawk knew there was one more
Silently he did seek,
The feared oppressor of the weak.

Hidden deep was Hussein,
Protected from the threat of pain,
Still so cocky and sure,
Believing that he was secure.

Hawk found him deep within,
Saddam was saving his own skin.
Wroth, Night Hawk pulled him out,
When from the streets there rose a shout.

Please don't kill him, they said;
Night Hawk, give him to us instead,
We will do as needs be,
For raping that tiny country.

Night Hawk did as they said;
It was their people who had bled.
Satisfied, home he flew,
Knowing justice was swift and true.

One more chapter was wrote,
Of the Night Hawk and who he smote,
Again the legend grew,
It's the truth, if you only knew.

-RLL

Part II

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: THE SUPPORT TROOPS

FORWARD AEROMEDICAL EVACUATION

by CPT Randall G. Anderson, USA
MEDEVAC Pilot, 57th Med Det,
XVIII Abn Corps

Dealing with the emotions of personal suffering and death is never easy. For most soldiers, war is the first time they experience the sights, sounds and smells of wounded comrades. Dealing with this trauma is nothing new for Army aeromedical evacuation (MEDEVAC) crews. However, the situations presented for flight crews deployed to Southwest Asia were like nothing ever experienced before.

The MEDEVAC mission is unique to the Army in many ways. Flight crews must maintain a 24-hour readiness posture, not knowing exactly where or when the next injury will take place. Unlike conventional combat maneuvers that are prior coordinated with plans and rehearsals, this mission does not allow the teams to conduct detailed planning, especially when minutes can mean life or death to an injured soldier. Additionally, MEDEVAC missions are often flown single-ship, without the benefit of another cover aircraft to assist in case of problems. During the ground phase of Operation Desert Storm, air crews from the 34th Medical Battalion (EVAC) were assigned to the 24th Infantry Division, 82nd Airborne Division, 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment and other nondivisional units within the XVIII Airborne Corps area. To minimize the response time in evacuation requests, crews were positioned with the brigade Tactical Operation Centers (TOCs) for the advance across Iraq. From this location, MEDEVAC crews were able to tie into the intelligence updates and maintain a channel of communications for mission requests.

Since the assault across this vast distance was so quick paced, most crews found that there was no need for sleeping provisions beyond the cabin of their aircraft. The MEDEVAC crew consists of two pilots,

a crewchief (aircraft mechanic) and the flight medic. In some cases, extra crewmembers were augmented to an aircraft for additional support. Living in the small confines of the helicopter was austere, but manageable for the few hours of rest that the crews received. In between location moves and actual missions, many crews would setup folding cots outside of the helicopter or rest inside of the helicopter. For crews of UH-60A Black Hawk helicopters with a carousel litter support system, the four litter pans provided an excellent method of sleeping personnel in the cabin.

A crew of four living in a helicopter reaches a point where the necessity for a shower outweighs the discomforts for the cold air and lack of facilities. One crew reached this point on the fifth day in Iraq as they set up a "field shower" in the cold, windy desert. The helicopter blade served as an excellent support for the shower bucket and a cot on end provided just enough privacy to make the experience enjoyable. Water was slightly warmed on a small portable gas stove and each crewmember took a turn filling the bucket for the rest of the crew. Despite the fact that they were covered by blowing sand by the time they dried off, the shower made them feel (and smell) clean.

Although most crews endured the entire ground war by consuming the meals ready to eat (MREs) that they carried in their helicopters, some crews were lucky enough to establish relationships with units from other countries. A French aviation unit that was field sited in central Iraq provided numerous MEDEVAC crews with emergency aircraft fuel and warm hospitality. The American flight crews were supplied with cases of Perrier bottled water and French boxed meals. The meals, "Ration De Combat Individuelle Rechauffable," came in different meal selections and determining the contents of each was an adventure.

Living in the desert at night was a unique experience. After dusk the sky was aglow with ammunition dump explosions — some shooting high in the sky with streamers of colored flames similar to Fourth of July fireworks. The southeast sky would glow red from the burning oil fields. In the darkness, wild dogs and jackals would come to the edge of the camps. Their howling would continue through the night, making the soldiers sleeping outside keep their weapons at close range in case of attack.

Within a minute of receiving a mission request, the crew would have all cots, sleeping bags and other equipment stowed in the limited area of the helicopter compartment. Since it was likely that the TOC would move in the time it took to pick up a patient, evacuate him to a hospital and return, it was necessary to take all of the equipment on every mission. Each crew found the most efficient arrangement to transport their cases of MREs, five-gallon jugs of water and personal belongings. Since space was so limited, most forward deployed crews often lived with only one or two flight suits and washed them when necessary in small basins.

Throughout the duration of a mission, the MEDEVAC crew would have to overfly numerous unit boundaries to a designated grid coordinate in order to provide rapid evacuation to the injured soldier. With units covering great distances and the lack of terrain features to navigate from, many mission requests were transmitted with inaccurate pickup coordinates and resulted in a delay as the MEDEVAC helicopter searched the area to find the patient. It was in this fast moving, constantly changing environment that the majority of the crews found their biggest challenge to maintain a current assessment of the battlefield.

Such was the case on 27 February 1991 when the regimental surgeon for the 3rd Armored Cav Regiment relayed a mission request to the crew of “Dustoff 57” from the 57th Medical Detachment, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. (Dustoff is the callsign used by all Army air ambulances, a tradition carried over from Vietnam.) The mission was to pick up four enemy wounded soldiers at coordinates PU 930610, about 40 kilometers southeast of the triple-runway Jalibah Southeast airport. Since the aircraft did not have secure voice capability with the unit on the ground,

they made their calls coming into the area as, “Dustoff Five Seven in the red.” No one responded, but as they approached the coordinates, the crew overflew a large formation of M1A1 tanks heading to the east. They did not realize that this area might be the middle of a battle area. After spotting two armored personnel carriers (APCs) side-by-side, they decided to land for assistance in locating the patients. This turned out to be the RTAC (regimental tactical command post) — the forward, highly mobile, tactical control point — and the location that the casualties would be picked up from once they were ground evacuated from the front lines.

At the RTAC was the regimental commander, who was directing the battle from that location. He briefed the crew chief and medic while the pilots continued to run the aircraft. The 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment was in the process of fighting a division of the Republican Guards and was pursuing towards Al Basrah. The resistance was strong and the U.S. forces were drawing fire. At 1650 hours, the helicopter crew was still waiting for the patients when they noticed M1A1 tanks and Bradley fighting vehicles appearing from everywhere. They were driving fast and circled the helicopter and APCs — setting up a parameter defense. At that same time, the crew spotted incoming artillery rounds impacting in front of their area, sending up clouds of dust as they hit the ground. Word came from the regimental commander that the enemy was getting closer and that he wouldn't keep the crew there more than five minutes.

At the top of the hour, armored personnel carriers started pulling up in a hurry, kicking sand and dirt up with their tracks. The backs opened and they brought out wounded enemy prisoners of war from all over. One soldier was shot in the legs and was carried in the flight medic's arms to the helicopter. When all were loaded, the medic went to work treating the five casualties. He cut the clothes away from an Iraqi soldier who was severely wounded in the legs and back by gunfire. There was blood everywhere as the soldier lay face-down on the litter. The bleeding soon stopped, but the soldier would still need surgery. The medic tapped the soldier on the shoulder and a slight head movement meant that he was still alive. The flight to the Medical Troop would only take 15 minutes, but just before the crew took off, an officer from the RTAC ran up to the pilots and told them not

to depart straight to the west, the way they had arrived. Friendly artillery rounds would soon be fired at the approaching enemy troops. The crew modified their flight route hoping to miss the incoming rounds, but having no idea where the friendly artillery unit might be. Although this crew was able to safely evacuate the casualties without incident, this demonstrates another real danger to MEDEVAC crews. They are required to fly into developing tactical situations without prior coordination or current intelligence reports for enemy and friendly locations.

Not all helicopters deployed to Southwest Asia had the same luck when encountering the enemy forces. On 28 February 1991, a MEDEVAC crew was called to the site of a UH-60 Black Hawk helicopter crash. The crash site was discovered by AH-1 Cobra helicopters looking for an Iraqi air defense threat in the desert to the northeast. The Cobras provided security while the MEDEVAC crew landed at the devastating site.

There were no survivors in the crash and the MEDEVAC crew had the unfortunate task of recovering ten American bodies. The aircraft had not burned, although there was hardly anything left of it — as if it had totally disintegrated in the air and fell in pieces to the ground. Looking around, the only parts that the crew could identify were the tailboom, the main transmission, one pilot seat and a fuel cell. One pilot remained with the running MEDEVAC aircraft while the other pilot and two crewmembers picked up the bodies. As they walked through the debris, they found numerous dismembered bodies and a pilot without a head, still strapped in his seat. They put the bodies and parts in sleeping bags and ponchos located at the site.

The horror of the event was evident on the faces of the crew as they returned the bodies for casualty processing to the medical treatment facility. Later that day, the crew was informed that the Cobra helicopters had destroyed seven ZSU-23-4s near the crash site that morning. The ZSU-23-4 is a self-propelled anti-aircraft gun system with four barrels; it shoots 23mm bullets at a rate of 800-1,000 per barrel per minute. Its radar can reach out 20 kilometers and the range of the guns is three kilometers. This weapon is one of the helicopter pilot's biggest threats

and can totally disintegrate a helicopter in seconds. If the UH-60 crew had flown into a "nest" of seven of these, they didn't have a chance of surviving.

Although most mission requests were transmitted by radio, a wide variety of methods were used to dispatch the lifesaving crews to injury sites. The "nine-line" MEDEVAC Request was the preferred method of relaying the required information and provided a standardized format for all units throughout the Army. One of the more unique mission requests was delivered to a MEDEVAC crew written on a MRE "Ham Slices" cardboard box. Some MEDEVAC missions were initiated by visual signals from troops on the ground spotting an aircraft with red crosses flying overhead.

One such mission occurred on 1 March 1991 as a MEDEVAC crew was searching for a refueling site. The medic, sitting on the left side of the aircraft, spotted green smoke and a group of soldiers on the ground waving their arms. Lying next to them was a body on a litter. The pilots circled the soldiers and landed a short distance away. The process of using smoke grenades to signal aircraft had many benefits. Not only did this confirm the pickup location, but it also gave the pilots an indication of the wind direction. Since the desert was flat and without concealment, there was not a problem of enemy troops drawing Dustoff aircraft into ambushes like they had in Vietnam. Therefore, there was not a necessity to confirm the color of smoke spotted. Some of the pilots in Operation Desert Storm continued this trick learned in Vietnam, just as a practice of good technique.

The patient was a Bedouin woman in her traditional black coverings. With her was the husband, dressed in camel herding clothes, talking rapidly to the American translator. He had a very concerned look on his sun-aged face and comforted her by holding her hand. The personnel on the ground helped load the litter with the woman, and her husband crawled into the helicopter next to her. The pilots flew the helicopter 50 feet above the ground, at 140 knots (160 miles per hour) towards the 5th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH). The smell in the aircraft was bad, comparable to carrying a flock of sheep. The crew opened the windows and turned on the vent blower.

Prior to departing the pickup site, the flight medic was informed that the Bedouin woman had been shot through the leg, pubic region and the arm. The husband and midwives on the ground were forbidding the male medics from examining the woman's wounds or providing any treatment to her body. All the medic could do was kneel next to the woman and make her comfortable until she reached the hospital. He put his poncho liner under her head and patted her hand with reassurance.

The concept of not providing lifesaving care to an injured person is hard for Americans to understand. The difference in cultures and beliefs was very evident, and the U.S. troops did an excellent job in not intervening. In less than a half hour, this woman and her husband had been relocated by a means of transportation that they had probably never seen before.

By the end of Desert Shield and Desert Storm, the 34th Medical Battalion had evacuated 4,251 patients, 1,062 of which were injured enemy prisoners of war. The 49 air ambulances in the battalion flew over 4,000 hours, to include 1,215 hours at night with use of night vision goggles. Despite the harsh flying conditions and the traumatic scenarios encountered by the MEDEVAC crews in Operation Desert Storm, thousands of lives were saved by the advantages of superior technology and a strong obligation to human compassion.

The following prayer, written by Kent S. Nabarrete, was read on 16 March 1991 at a memorial service for four aeromedical crewmembers who died in the Iraqi desert while evacuating two casualties at night.

DUSTOFF PRAYER

When we are called to duty, Lord,
Wherever wars may rage,
Give us strength to save some life,
Whatever be its age.

Help us save a soldier's life,
Before it is too late,
Or save a wounded citizen,
From horrors of that fate.

Enable us to be alert,
And guide our skills to bear,
Both quickly and efficiently,
Provide the best of care.

The "mission" is our calling,
To give the best we can,
To guard against the pains of war,
When man is killing man.

And if, according to our fate,
We are to lose our lives,
Please bless, with your protecting hand,
Our children and our wives.

* * *

A CHAPLAIN'S JOURNAL

by Chaplain (MAJ) Robert G. Leroe, USA
Ch, 28th CSH, 44th Med Bde, XVIII Abn Corps

1 February. We arrived in Saudi Arabia at 1630 local time. The sun was setting and the view from the runway was breathtaking. We were taken to the 23rd Replacement unit, and then driven (around midnight) to a holding area in Dhahran. I got my first glimpse of an Arab city. Some of the businesses are obvious, like the numerous gas stations; others are less identifiable although most have English translations beside the indecipherable Arabic script. Men are seen in long, flowing robes and Arab headgear. I took it all in. The ride took longer than anticipated, as one of the trucks in our convoy broke down — the one carrying our personal gear (as I am writing this entry, I am hoping I will see my ruck and duffle again). We finally arrived at the Expo, an athletic complex used by aspiring Saudi Olympians. With no sleeping bags and only our hand-held personal gear, we are led to a cavernous sleeping area where we were directed to find cots and "crash." We were awakened two hours later and informed that our delinquent gear has arrived.

2 February. I woke up and dragged my body to the mess hall for some breakfast. The radio was blaring with a familiar anthem of the 1960s, "Give Peace a Chance," and I wrongly assume that this must be an Iraqi propaganda station. It turned out to be the Armed Forces Radio network.

A call to the Army Central Command chaplain's office produced our highly anticipated pinpoint assignments. I learned that I was being attached to the

28th Combat Support Hospital (CSH), 44th Medical Brigade, 1st Corps Support Command, XVIII Airborne Corps. I was delighted to be going to a hospital unit and apply my CPE (clinical pastoral education) training in a real world situation.

3 February. Getting to my unit was no simple matter. My personal gear arrived within minutes of my departure from the Omni. Had I left without it I probably would not have seen it again. After driving for about an hour I arrived at "Cement City," a compound run by the XVIII Airborne Corps. There we were processed in, shown to a general purpose medium tent where we would spend the night, and directed to the mess hall, which was operated by an Arab caterer. The mess tent was brightly colored with geometric designs and I supposed it was of Bedouin design. Our meal was a mixture of rice, vegetables, and "Gulf Coast" shrimp. On the wooded mess hall table where I sat someone had drawn a picture of the Alamo, which caused me to think of home.

The soldiers I spoke with at Cement City seemed to be taking the war as just another field training exercise. They had not yet seen their buddies die, nor had they seen the enemy. I thought to myself as I watched these troops, "This will not prove to be a bloodless war."

5 February. Last night I finally arrived at my unit. Getting to the 28th CSH was like playing a board game, but moving one space per day. After flying in a C-130 to King Khalid Military City, we received yet more processing and were put on busses headed north. I was taken to the 44th Medical Brigade HQ, where I met the Brigade chaplain, Archie Barringer, who arranged for a ride to my final destination. The 28th CSH was located at Logbase Charlie, about six miles from the Iraqi border, next to a French compound which I accidentally went to trying to find the 28th. I was warmly greeted by Chaplain (CPT) Steve Hokana, who showed me to a tent for staff officers with an extra cot. After settling in, I met a doctor, LTC Tom Beam, and we became instant friends. We both marveled at how clear the sky was and how bright the stars looked; it was like being in a planetarium. Tom smiled and said he had just finished talking to God—"Out here when you look up at the sky you can't help but pray." On that positive note I went to my tent and had the first good night's sleep since my arrival.

6 February. Steve and I spent a good portion of the morning relating our philosophies of ministry. Steve had established a well-attended Sunday morning worship service, a Sunday evening liturgical Communion service, a choir group, and several Bible studies. I was delighted to offer my support to his program. Steve was desperate for collegial fellowship and especially for a mentor. I visited his tentmates and quickly learned that they enjoyed classical music, jazz, Garrison Keillor and "Star Trek." When I stated that I had come from Brooke Army Medical Center, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, they immediately regarded me as one of the family. Two of them were Jewish, and asked me to see if I could get a rabbi to conduct Sabbath services. I later met my executive officer (XO), LTC Ball, who was genuinely glad to have me with the 28th. LTC Ball had been the hospital commander, but Army doctrine states that when a CSH goes to war the commander, a Medical Service Corp officer, becomes the XO and is replaced by an MD. Ball was pleased when I told him of my experience with the 3rd Armored Division Support Command (DISCOM), which was commanded by an MSC. I sensed a providential placement, that I was in the right place by the will of God.

When the ground war begins, the 28th CSH will deploy into Iraq in support of the 24th Infantry Division. We are the primary unit of a task force comprised of another CSH from Fort Devens and several smaller units such as a medical holding company, an air ambulance unit, and a group of psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers prepared to handle battle fatigue casualties. I found it darkly amusing that my parents were hoping I would be attached to a medical unit for my safety; I don't think they had this in mind!

7 February. I drove to the 24th Infantry Division DISCOM to acquire Jewish chaplain coverage. We have 14 Jewish doctors in our task force, a *minyan* (quorum) considered a prerequisite for Jewish worship. That evening we had a terrific meal as our mess hall is using up our perishable food items in preparation for our jump into Iraq.

The doctors were getting edgy, and were arguing with each other over petty things. Living together in close quarters for several uncomfortable and idle

months, they were getting on each other's nerves. Steve looked around at his quarreling tentmates and declared, "I sense a lot of love in this tent!" The docs erupted in laughter, and lightened up on each other. Steve was able to defuse his frazzled friends with humor.

15 February. I spent some time studying II Samuel 22, which ought to be required reading for anyone sent to war. "The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer ... He is my shield, my stronghold, my refuge, and my savior ... it is God who arms me with strength and makes my way perfect ... He trains my hands for battle."

23 February. We were informed that unless something changes, the ground war would begin tomorrow. The hospital would not deploy immediately, but would pack up and follow forward combat units of the 24th ID into Iraq to a designated location called Objective Romeo. There we would set up an Advanced Trauma Life Support and a Deployable Medical System (DEPMEDS) hospital, along with a life support area (sleeping tents, mess hall, latrines), and prepare to receive casualties. The doctors will be working 18-hour shifts.

26 February. The ground war began on Sunday, right on schedule. Due to the 24th ID's progress, the hospital timetable was moved up by 24 hours. Near the close of our chapel service a mandatory formation was called on the intercom and after a hasty benediction, we formed up and then began taking down tents and loading gear into 170 vehicles. The area was littered with canvas, poles, and rope, and the area resembled a giant Army yard sale. The hospital personnel worked with such enthusiasm and good-natured fun, an outsider might think we were getting ready for a party instead of a war. Rapidly and efficiently the compound was readied for deployment. These soldiers had been waiting in the desert for something to happen since August 1990. Now that the waiting was ended, the pervading feeling was unanimously that of relief.

Our convoy to Objective Romeo in Iraq took three days and two nights, and was dubbed "the convoy through hell". Though we were located at Logbase Charlie, only six miles from the Iraqi border, we had

to travel about 70 miles east before crossing the border. Our plans for a phased deployment were changed by higher headquarters, and except for the advance party which had already departed, we lined up approximately 150 vehicles for the "mother of all convoys." We drove all night, finally arriving in Iraq at 0900 the following morning. A handmade sign greeted us: "Welcome to Sunny Iraq, gateway to the Euphrates," courtesy of the 24th ID. Once in enemy territory, we began to drive north on roads prepared by the Army Corps of Engineers. I rode atop a five-ton truck with no covering, and we were jammed in so tight that we could barely move. The first night was uncomfortable but tolerable.

As we came nearer the "fertile crescent," it was nice to see patches of healthy-looking grass. In spite of our enjoyment of the scenery, we were ready for trouble. We each wore our helmet, flak jacket, MOPP (mission oriented protection posture) suit, overboots and goggles, and had begun taking our antinerve agent pills.

My first night in Iraq God showed us Who is clearly in control, and Whose power is the greatest. The wind started blowing hard at around 1700, a strong *shemal*. This was followed by a heavy rain. We were first coated in dust which was turned into mud. Due to our cramped condition on the five-ton, I felt aches all over. The *shemal* lasted for several hours, then worsened. A hurricane-force wind began to blow, forcing us to halt for the remainder of the night. Vehicles huddled together to keep from being blown over. That night no one slept. Those who rode in ambulances were protected from the elements but were feeling panicky and claustrophobic. It was unanimous — we all agreed it was the most miserable night of our lives.

27 February. On our third and final day on the road we passed a military police station and saw our first EPWs (enemy prisoners of war). There were about 15 of them in an enclosed area with what seemed minimal security. They did not seem interested in going anywhere. Due to poor visibility we passed Objective Romeo by about 10 miles, an error not easily corrected when in a massive convoy. We finally arrived at 1600. We later learned that because of our shortened deployment time we were the first to

reach Romeo, and therefore we “took” the objective; thankfully there was no enemy resistance. We jokingly began to call ourselves the 28th “Combat Assault Hospital.” I picked up an Iraq rock for a souvenir, slung my ruck on my back, and surveyed the area. The advance party had a few treatment tents erected. The deputy commander for the task force called a formation, apologizing for losing his helmet which fell off his vehicle during the convoy, and we spent the next several hours putting up tents. It soon became dark, and with muted, filtered flashlights due to tactical light discipline, we got the life support area in order.

28 February. The most productive and fulfilling day of my military career. I’d slept like a rock, too tired to even think about the implications of being in enemy territory. The day began with a clear sky and no wind, and the welcome news that we could take off our MOPP suits and flak vests. The hospital DEPMEDES was starting to be put together when we received word of incoming wounded.

At about 0900 the first helicopters arrived. Ambulances drove out to transport the patients. The adrenaline began to flow. One of the first casualties I saw had a shrapnel wound in his left arm. He was agitated, and I listened as he poured out his anger. He had lost a friend in combat and was taking it out on the war. The four unit ministry teams of the task force were in action, talking to patients and assisting the staff. The assistants served as litter bearers. Most of the U.S. soldiers we treated were with the 24th ID, who were engaging the Republican Guard. They were also receiving massive numbers of surrendering enemy troops. One soldier from the 24th told me of an officer whose vehicle got stuck in the sand. An Iraqi armored vehicle pulled him out, then surrendered to him. The BBC reported that Saddam was experiencing the “mother of all defeats.” Enemy soldiers were even surrendering to the media! Hearing the morning news encouraged us, and part of my ministry was sharing the news with our Allied patients, along with the good news of God’s love.

We treated 37 combat casualties the first day, a low figure considering what we anticipated and were prepared for. Two of the initial casualties we received did not survive their evacuation; they were dead on

arrival. I summoned Steve and, standing before the body bags, we conducted a brief memorial service to honor our slain. Our Catholic priest was busy administering last rites. I spent some time sitting with two ambulatory patients who seemed shaken by their battlefield experience. This was a day of trauma, physically and emotionally. I walked into a surgical tent, where a tank crewman was having what was left of his right leg amputated; a grisly sight. Across from him, a medical team was treating a chest wound.

That week we saw over 400 patients. About three-fourths of them were wounded EPWs. They expressed shock over being in Iraq, figuring that they had been taken to Saudi Arabia. That would come later, after treatment. They were amazed to find such a large American military compound in their own country. The wounded Iraqis also expressed gratitude for their humane treatment. They had been told that we would torture them. One of our doctors said to me that when one Iraqi patient understood that he was an American doctor, the Iraqi gave a big smile. I laughed and said, “It’s probably good he didn’t know that you’re Jewish!” We both chuckled, but then agreed that it would be good for these Moslem soldiers to know that Jewish doctors were glad to give them the very finest medical treatment. We were seeing grace in action.

We began to be inundated with EPW and civilian casualties, including a wounded mother and child. Our few interpreters labored around the clock, and we could have easily utilized several more. Our medical personnel were given a sheet of Arabic phrases transliterated into English, phrases used in medical care such as “I am a doctor”, “Where do you hurt?”, and so on.

Around noon the XO, LTC Ball, and I fulfilled a promise. LTC Ball is a native Texan, and I an honorary one, living in San Antonio. A proud Texas, LTC Ball brought with him a large Texas state flag and vowed to plant it on Iraqi soil. We decided that now was the time. We volunteered our dentist to serve as official photographer; on the rocky crest of the hill we set up the flag and stood proudly for several photos. If I could have quickly gotten one to the San Antonio *Express News*, it would likely have made the front page!

9 March. The first Desert Storm troops have returned home, and it is a day of ambivalence for those remaining in Saudi — we felt glad for those soldiers who have been reunited with their loved ones, yet we remained to languish in the desert. As with our Lord Jesus (Luke 4), the desert wilderness is a place of testing and of grace. Solitude enables us to place our existence into perspective as we either accept or struggle with the providence of God. This solitude, not fear of death, is also what led to the majority of conversions. Soldiers had time to reflect on their lives and relationship to God. Many were asking the important questions about life for the first time, and many new voices were being heard in heaven.

I have prepared an after-action report for the task force. My conclusions included the following:

- Chaplain assistants were gainfully utilized as litter bearers, which gave them opportunities to assist in ministry to patients and staff.
- Soldiers were eager to read the Old Testament, due to our location and the significance of Israel's struggle with Babylon. We had enough New Testaments, yet what we needed were more entire Bibles (The American Bible Society had Bibles with desert camouflage covers, but we did not receive any.)
- Family support groups at home stations were valuable in providing information and encouragement to waiting loved ones.

* * *

A SMALL PART OF THE WHOLE ... A LARGE PART OF ME

by LTC Charlotte E. Kimball, USA
Maint Div Chief, 2nd COSCOM, VII Corps

I did not move forward into Iraq or even into Kuwait. I did not see the stretches of burning vehicles nor experience the personal grief of the death of a friend. My role was not glamorous, but was instead one of the many behind-the-scenes pieces which help make operations succeed.

I was the Maintenance Division Chief, 2d Corps Support Command (COSCOM), VII Corps, stationed in Stuttgart, Germany. My husband was the executive officer for the Materiel Management Center of the Corps Support Command (COSCOM). We watched the events of early August 1990 on television and spent a busy weekend when the 12th Combat Aviation Group deployed from Germany.

A handful of units and selected individuals departed for Saudi Arabia from August through October. We noticed an increase of activity in a small planning cell during October and erroneously thought we knew what was going on; the idea that the entire VII Corps would deploy simply did not occur to us.

We did not receive Armed Forces Network in the village where we lived, so we missed the November 8 televised announcement that the VII Corps was going to the Gulf. A friend called us, but we were certain he was in error. Move the whole corps? In 90 days?

We arrived at work around 0715 and read the orders by 0745. The list of organizations was clear; it was not only most of the corps, but dozens of augmentation units as well. Active duty and reserve component units were to link up with us in Saudi Arabia to bring VII Corps to a planned strength of more than 145,000. We immediately shifted into high gear. Central Command (CENTCOM) was adamant that the VII Corps logistics base come in prior to the heavy forces, so the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment and much of the COSCOM was scheduled to be in country within 45 days.

The COSCOM commander decided my husband was the ideal liaison officer, so he kissed me good-bye only three days after our notice to deploy. (My husband kissed me, the general avoided me). While I agreed with my husband's abilities, this meant that in addition to my role in planning the deployment, I also had to take care of getting our son back to the States and arranging all the household matters.

The situation was hectic, but it worked out. I would be remiss if I failed to mention the primary reason it worked out was because several of the wives pitched in to help me with the dozens of tasks such as taking our plants, mailing boxes, and so forth. Hun-

dreds of single parents and dual military couples faced the same task: entrusting our children to relatives not knowing when or if we would see them again.

“Bigger” and “more” were often the watchwords of the war. More personnel, equipment, ammunition and supplies moved further and faster than ever before attempted. The size of nondivisional units was equally staggering; 2nd COSCOM with 26,422 personnel encompassed five corps support groups and a medical brigade, VII Corps Artillery units included four brigades, and 7th Engineer Brigade had more than 8,000 personnel. Every organization swelled with more people, new units and additional equipment. Thousands of items from HMMWVs to M1A1 tanks rolled off ships to be pushed out to the desert.

The maintenance elements of the 2nd COSCOM grew to 24 companies detachments (15 active components, nine reserve components). This did not include those DS (direct support) maintenance assets organic to engineer, signal and military intelligence units.

“Forward” was the key to our structure. There were two rear corps support groups and three forward corps support groups with most of the maintenance companies forward. We took the forward corps support groups and created three tailored, battalion-sized logistical task forces to collocate and move with the supported divisions. With the addition of the 1st Cav to the Corps, another similarly organized forward corps support group was added. We placed maintenance support teams with supported battalions and in our forward log bases. We used every TOE (table of organization and equipment) artillery and engineer support team we had; we formed teams “out of hide” when we ran out and still fell short by a few teams—the base companies were too lean to allow us to pull enough. As it turned out, these forward teams were absolutely critical to our success.

I spent the first three weeks in Dhahran and moved to the desert in late December where I adapted to the austere conditions without a great deal of difficulty. The most disorienting aspect was the lack of conventional points of reference for time. I worked from December 6, 1990 until May 17, 1991 without a day off. We initially had no access to English-speaking broadcasts and we did not begin to receive *Stars and*

Stripes until February. Night and day blended together and fatigue often caused me to lose track of actions I had taken. This was a common reaction for many people.

A significant factor in all plans for Desert Storm was speed. The time to prepare was during Desert Shield. The anticipated speed of the offense and the use of transportation assets for other than repair parts limited the maintenance plan to rapid replacement of major assemblies and line replaceable units, cannibalization and battle damage assessment techniques. It was not the type of plan designed to overjoy maintainers, but reality dictated that whatever could be quickly fixed forward with whatever you could carry in a single lift would be repaired. Everything else would have to wait. It was not to be the first or last time I wished for a fleet of armored maintenance vehicles and updated contact trucks.

Desert Shield gave me a new perspective of the term “hit the ground running.” Time was not a luxury we enjoyed since we were aware of the possibility of a “come as you are” movement order. Maintenance had to be done quickly and under less than ideal circumstances. The objective was to be as close as possible to 100 percent ready in all systems.

The lack of time was a nagging worry to some, merely bothersome to others and simply a challenge to beat the clock to the impatient ones. However, even more important than time was a potential warstopper which increasingly became a matter of general officer concern; a serious lack of ground and aviation parts (Class IX) and supplies. We suffered a significant breakdown in the repair parts distribution systems throughout the theater. There were numerous contributing factors, ranging from systemic to human error.

One of the problems we encountered was the arrival of reserve component units with no authorized stockage list (ASL). Six of the nine maintenance companies had an ASL at home station. Decisions made prior to mobilization resulted in only one unit deploying to Southwest Asia with its repair parts, though four units did bring shop stock and bench stock. This turn of events coupled with the fact that USAREUR units were running a 30-70 percent zero

balance made for a dismal Class IX posture. The most expedient solution for the reserve component units was to requisition a mirror image of like unit ASLs. This surge of requisitions subsequently wreaked havoc with the supply and transportation systems.

In the meantime, many people at every level from the Army Materiel Command to the unit motor pool were taking extraordinary measures to get repair parts into the hands of the wrench turners. Local purchase was used extensively for automotive and engineer items. Host nation companies that could provide component rebuild were located and contracted. The Depot Systems Command's in-country rebuild facility was operating at full capacity. The M1 fielding team worked on the fleet at its disposal in addition to releasing any available stocks. The cannibalization points were an obvious source though limited in assets.

The results of the combined efforts enabled us to complete 7,572 jobs prior to the air campaign and another 4,878 before the ground offensive started. We achieved excellent readiness rates in all ground systems and most aircraft. The drawback was that we continued to have noticeable ASL/PLL (prescribed load list) shortages as we approached the start date. We did see improvement in the flow, but not in time to provide desired stocks forward with the offensive elements.

The most difficult personal issue was lack of communication with our son. I did not have easy access to the telephone system made available by the American telephone companies. I spoke to our ten-year-old son the night before I left for Saudi Arabia and then not until the end of February. The mail was exasperating, though I did receive a few letters. (Happily, this situation greatly improved during my last month.) I know it was much worse in other wars, but it didn't make the ache inside me go away.

I wish I could claim I functioned the way I had always imagined I would, but I didn't. I cannot recall a day when I didn't make a mistake, though I kept most of them on the low end of the scale of criticality. I did learn from each mistake and watched the beginning of the land war professionally comfortable with our extensive preparations for support. As I men-

tioned earlier, I remained in the corps rear, watching and listening as the reports came in.

Aircraft flew, rockets launched, guns fired, dozers cut roads and tankers dispensed fuel. We had expected and planned for speed; we had not dared to hope for the kind of speed we got. We all know how critical it is to exploit success, yet even the most highly skilled mechanic needs a certain amount of time to perform any task.

The maintenance teams worked rapidly, tagging, quick-fixing and rigging for recovery. The heavy expanded, mobility, tactical truck wreckers stood up well; the M88 recovery vehicle showed its age and limitations against the M1. Vehicles which couldn't be repaired or made drivable within 30 minutes were towed until the team could stop. In many instances, the goal was to get the vehicles off the battlefield; proper repair would come later. Mechanics used a combination of school training and field expedients:

- Brakes were burning up, so one solution was to reduce the pressure in the hydrovac, refill with fluid and make it to the nearest maintenance tent.
- A sending unit was leaking so one of the mechanics took it out and remolded it for a tighter fit.
- Wrecked vehicles provided parts maintenance teams hadn't been able to get or carry. At one point, someone noticed an abandoned Iraqi five-ton cargo truck looked like a familiar design — the transfer and axle fit just fine on one of our 800-series cargoes.

SSG Robert Williams, from the 7th Support Group, started his days early. His team trailed behind the rest of the convoy, stopping whenever they saw a disabled vehicle. They fixed what they could, recovered what they could, tagged what had to be left and moved on until time to stop. Once they stopped for the night, they sent a truck back to the vehicles they couldn't drag in and tried to repair them whenever possible. This also gave them a chance to see if the Class IX they requested from the rear elements had arrived in the "log packs" coming from Log Base Echo.

But as the teams worked, they were hampered by a lack of carrying capability, lift and mobility. SFC Nobles, 317th Maintenance Company, found an operational BMP (Soviet-made armored personnel carrier) abandoned close to the road. It wasn't a perfect solution, but at least it could move crosscountry.

Like most of the troops, the maintenance teams lost track of time; they kept going until someone told them it was over. They were able to take a few days to see the results of their efforts: 1,287 jobs completed during the 100 hours of the war. They, like thousands of others, had a right to be proud of what they accomplished. Their next job would be to remove all U.S. equipment out of Iraq.

The handling of prisoners of war, relief support for refugees, retrograde out of Iraq/Kuwait and planning for the redeployment immediately followed the cessation of offensive operations. The 2nd COSCOM was involved in each of those operations.

There were hundreds of tasks to be accomplished, but the mood was noticeably lighter. Mistakes at this stage would result in a butt-chewing, not someone perhaps being killed because the logistical support was screwed up. My workday was reduced to only 15 hours a day and I was able to routinely get six hours' sleep a night.

The decision to move U.S. and coalition forces out of the Persian Gulf as rapidly as possible was obviously well received by us, though it has recently been criticized with the clarity born of hindsight. The redeployment was completed successfully from a people aspect. The problem we encountered with repair parts during Desert Shield/Storm had not greatly improved. An extraordinarily high number of parts were in country somewhere, but could not be made readily available. This breakdown led to significant studies which are still ongoing to reduce such bottlenecks in future operations. Unfortunately, it also resulted in equipment being redeployed which was in seriously poor condition.

I was reunited with my husband the first week of May when we were scheduled to return to Germany with the main body of VII Corps. I was delayed for three weeks in order to complete a refugee support

action and my husband volunteered to stay behind to assist with other projects. (I add this note to demonstrate that acts of true love do still take place.)

At any rate, we helped wrap up the VII Corps commitments, we bid farewell to our compatriots who were to remain until August to run the Port Support Activity and, at midnight, May 21, 1991, we boarded an aircraft for Stuttgart, Germany. I could not see the expanses of desert where I had spent six months, but I didn't need to — I was on my way home.

I can easily say that while my time in Saudi Arabia wasn't particularly pleasant, it was professionally rewarding and valuable. I learned many of the same lessons others have learned and I share those experiences as applicable. I think that perhaps the most important lesson occurred late one morning in January. I had given the commanding general an inappropriately sharp response to a question. Not only was my behavior uncalled for, but I compounded the situation by doing it in front of four colonels.

Naturally enough, the deputy commander, COL Carey Allen, remained after the meeting to inquire about my mental state. We discussed my growing frustration with the reality of wartime logistics and he said, "You know something? I learned back in school that a D was passing."

My immediate answer was, "I'm not accustomed to making Ds."

He patted me on the shoulder and said, "I know that, but maybe you should get used to it. You are just not going to do much better with some of this."

LTG Franks, the Commander, VII Corps (now GEN Franks, Commander, TRADOC), coined the term "brute force logistics" during Desert Shield. He and COL Allen were both right — accomplishing the mission is what really counts and you cannot always do it as neatly or as well as you want to.

I have no wish to go to war again because I steadfastly cling to the hope of a world eventually at peace. But we live in volatile times and if the call comes once more, I will go better prepared.

* * *

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

by LTC Joseph P. Gallagher, USA
EPW Evac Ofcr, VII Corps

It was 2:30 AM, February 25, 1991, the second night of the ground war, when I first saw them, illuminated by the glare of the HMMWV headlights: hundreds of Iraqi prisoners milling about in the desert cold to keep warm. My immediate feeling was one of cautious relief, hopeful that this was an indication of waning Iraqi resolve. Since my assignment to the VII Corps a week before, I had looked for signs of weakening resistance. But they had not materialized. In fact some of the probes by cavalry units had met stiff fighting resulting in U.S. casualties. The week's air and artillery bombardments had not pushed the Iraqis into surrendering and logic had it that this stubbornness to stick it out in the trenches would transform into a willingness to die fighting. But here, at last, was a visible sign that perhaps the Iraqis did not want to fight in the mother of all battles.

The initial sight of the enemy huddled around burning MRE boxes, beating their shoulders with crossed arms to keep warm, or slipping off to the edge of the headlight beams to relieve themselves gave birth to a growing optimism that perhaps we would be successful. Prudence and a knowledge that the major battles were yet to come stifled these feelings. The elite Republican Guards were many hours to the north. The mission demanded that we get these prisoners out of Iraq and back to the holding areas in Saudi quickly. That would not be an easy task.

As is usual in war, events were not developing as planned. Earlier an officer in the 1st Infantry Division had decided to locate this prisoner holding area one kilometer east of the main supply route, thinking that tactical vehicles would have no problem traversing the desert. Unfortunately, trucks were scarce and limited to hauling supplies to the attacking units. To make up for the shortfall, we received Saudi buses to take prisoners to the rear. The desert now was littered with buses stuck in the soft sand, some with transmissions ruined. Five hours earlier, the military police had commandeered 50 trucks, turned them around from their original resupply route south, and brought them north to perform a new mission of hauling prisoners from Iraq into Saudi.

The trucks were too valuable to send all the way back to the rear, since their off-road capabilities would be lost for too long. An intermediate camp was established an hour south of the border, accessible to the buses. This meant that each of the prisoners now went through a minimum of five stations before reaching his final destination at a POW camp in northeast Saudi, five stops of loading and unloading prisoners and corralling them into secure areas, where they waited for transport south.

This system was hastily designed to take prisoners off the hands of the fighting units quickly. Armed and mechanized infantry units attacking across the border were slowed down by the overwhelming task of handling thousands of prisoners. These units needed to get into a blocking position north of the republican guards as rapidly as possible. To assist the combat units, supporting units had two major tasks: take the prisoners off their hands and keep the combat units supplied with fuel.

I watched, with a growing sense of irony. A Massachusetts National Guard military police unit accomplished the first of these tasks, hurriedly coaxing Iraqis onto trucks hoping to empty their holding area before more prisoners arrived from the north. Not since I had left Massachusetts 23 years earlier to join the Army had I met with so many native New Englanders. I could close my eyes and envision that I was crossing Boston Common at noon listening to the familiar dialect that had become distinctive only in its absence. As we went about the work of lining up trucks, I found myself looking at soldiers standing in the path of a truck's headlights for signs of a familiar face, perhaps a relation to a friend at home. Two weeks earlier I had left my unit in Korea to deploy to Southwest Asia feeling that I was going farther from home, yet here in the company of these soldiers I felt that I had come much closer to home.

Thirty hours later I came upon another sign of Iraqi weakening resistance: the now deserted trenches. Everywhere were indications that their leaders had abandoned these soldiers. Their drinking water came from sawed-off 50-gallon drums which were placed throughout the trench complex to collect rainwater. Their rations consisted of dried corn kernels, dates, stale bread which looked like old tortillas, and pota-

toes. I found no stores of canned food or meat. As they left the trenches to surrender, the Iraqis left behind reams of paperwork; there were no signs of attempts to destroy sensitive information. Later analysis of the documents revealed that there were no records of communication with higher headquarters. All signs pointed toward units which were placed in the trenches months before with orders to simply stay put and fight off any advancing enemy.

These isolated sandy slits in the desert gave credence to a popular story which was now making its rounds throughout VII Corps. A captured senior Iraqi officer had been berating in Arabic a perplexed military policeman. The MP finally grabbed a Kuwaiti interpreter and asked what was wrong. The Kuwaiti laughingly replied, "He wants to know why you took so long to attack, he was ready to surrender a month ago."

Our Air Force had done a magnificent job of keeping these units isolated by destroying their resupply routes. The bombing, however, could not get them out of the trenches. Retreat meant several days' walk across a barren desert to a probable firing squad. Surrender also risked reprisal from fellow soldiers, either immediately or later after eventual repatriation home. It was safer to remain in the trenches awaiting developments or until surrender was inevitable for everyone. The sight of Abrams tanks and Bradley Fighting Vehicles attacking across the desert made surrender an unavoidable decision.

But these units were not the elite fighting units; those were farther north and our job remained to keep up with the prisoners. Now that the divisions had pushed across the trenches and the 1st Infantry Division had secured routes through Iraqi obstacles, the task at hand was to push through this "breach" the enormous logistics package needed to support the attack north. For military police, this meant the rapid establishment of a major prisoner collection point collocated with transportation units in the middle of the Iraqi desert. The attack was developing faster than anticipated and demands to keep up and relieve attacking units of prisoners were increasing. Any means of transporting prisoners had to go three hours north of the border immediately.

These developments led to one of many irrational scenes of the conflict. A military police unit had just filled eight buses with 400 prisoners and was lining them up for the long trek south. An order was given to off-load the buses because empty buses were urgently needed north to relieve the bottleneck of prisoners there. An angry lieutenant at first stalled in carrying out the order and then finally watched in anger and disbelief as his hours of hard work were undone and the empty buses headed north. More than a few Iraqi prisoners who participated in this fire drill of loading and unloading prisoners must have been amazed that their American captors were winning the war.

Empty buses and trucks could not arrive north quick enough. The temporary collection point in Iraq, a cold, barren area of bright lights glaring down on thousands of Iraqi prisoners bounded simply by rolls of concertina wire, seemed to be a place awaiting a disaster. Many more prisoners were arriving than were leaving. The expected empty supply trucks returning south were not materializing. Large flatbeds full of ammunition and other supplies were being left by cabs which then headed south to pick up more flatbeds. Visions of empty trucks were an illusion. It took several hours of running from tent to tent to conclude that we would have to cope with the growing number of prisoners and rely primarily on buses which now had a 14-hour round trip south.

Attempting to return to the collection point with this news, I discovered the desert weather had played one of its unexpected tricks. A thick fog had settled in on the desert night, and vehicle headlights only illuminated two feet to the front. Earlier the towered lights of the POW collection point could be seen for miles across the flat desert. Now less than a half mile away, they were invisible. The numerous tire tracks in the sand were no help and led in circles. A sentry pointed in a general direction of the camp, enough to provide an azimuth. After following the compass heading, we had to shut off the HMMWV and walk in the direction of the sound of the camp's generators. The driver and I checked and rechecked the challenge and password, hoping that the camp guards would not be unnerved by the fog. Finally inside the perimeter, we caught a few hours' sleep on the seats of a bus wondering what the next day would bring.

The morning news was the same as the day before: VII Corps' advance was faster than expected, the divisions had too many prisoners. Although we didn't know their location, the mission was to find the prisoners and begin the now much longer process of transporting them to Saudi. Two soldiers and I took off across the desert to the northeast, the general direction of the 1st Division's attack into Kuwait. We followed tank tracks for several hours hoping to catch up to the division's support troops. The first sign of life we saw was a platoon of British soldiers rounding up and guarding over 1,100 Iraqi prisoners. The Brits' 1st Infantry Division had continued on into Kuwait, leaving the platoon behind to hold these prisoners. When I suggested that we could go back and get trucks to take the prisoners off their hands, the Brits quickly agreed. Rations for the allied soldiers were enough for a long stay and they didn't have adequate supplies to feed the prisoners.

After confirming the coordinates of the British location, we returned to the collection point and rounded up 15 trucks. Using a compass and a map we headed back to pick up the prisoners. For the past few days we had been lucky with our orienteering. The majority of units had been issued grid positioning systems, an electronic device much like a pocket calculator which, using signals from satellites, could tell you your exact coordinates. However, we did not have such a system and our luck began to run out. In land navigation you can always check your position by looking for significant terrain features, locating them on the map and, with a compass and a little geometry, verifying your location. The Iraqi desert is like the ocean; there are no discernible rivers, mountains, or valleys to locate on a map. After travelling for 50 miles directed only by a compass heading, small errors in readings began to multiply and we ended up missing our target.

Fortunately, we came upon a British signal site which could verify our position and head us off toward the prisoners. As the British lieutenant in charge of the site was telling me our location, his unit's nerve gas alarm went off. The greatest fear I had coming into the war now seemingly became a reality: we were under a chemical attack. At the beginning of the war we had donned chemical protective suits. We had also ingested pills to aid the effects

of an antidote in case of an attack. All of these steps had simply heightened our anxiety by making the possibility of such an attack more real. But now our reaction was void of fear or panic. We were tired and determined to find the prisoners. The monotonous and repetitive training we had received paid off as we went through the automatic motions of putting on gas mask, gloves and boots and then drove off to locate the prisoners. After travelling several miles I was contemplating the problem of deciding when to unmask, when the soldier beside me took off his mask. As I was yelling at him to put it back on, he pointed to the Iraqis and Brits for whom we had been searching. All were walking around sans masks and none were affected by any chemicals.

The mission now was to load the prisoners quickly and get back to the collection point before dark. I did not relish the thought of driving through the desert in the dark with a handful of military police outnumbered 200 to one by Iraqi prisoners. The British and Iraqi soldiers were more than accommodating. The Brits did not want to stay at this location separated from their unit for another night nor did the Iraqis, knowing that there was not adequate food here. More than 1,100 prisoners crammed into trucks that we originally thought could take at the most 800. We reached the collection point just after sunset, adding these Iraqis to the already growing number awaiting transport south. After receiving an unexpected rebuke for adding British-captured Iraqis to the U.S. transportation problem, the truck drivers and I went to sleep on the seats of the buses which were to be headed south loaded with prisoners in the morning.

The next morning, the fog of war began to lift partially. This time we had the locations of pockets of prisoners left behind by the divisions advancing north. At one of the stops at an air defense battalion headquarters, the commander told me he had received word that a cease-fire had been declared. I asked him what that meant for us and we both agreed not much. We were sure if there were any hostile Iraqis in the area they would not have received news of the cease-fire. I was both relieved and surprised at the news. This was only the fourth day of the attack and we were approaching the Euphrates River. I was certain there were more Iraqi forces further north that we had not yet met.

As we loaded the prisoners for the long drive back, for the first time I began to look at them as a defeated enemy and not simply a logistics problem. These were tired, cold, hungry men who had been left virtually supportless in the desert by Saddam Hussein to face a superior force. Thousands of these soldiers now faced the indignity of imprisonment, being shuffled like cattle from place to place until they would ultimately return home, a defeated army.

In retrospect, I guess it didn't take so long after all.

* * *

INTELLIGENCE CENTER OPERATIONS

by LTC Robert J. Butto, USA
Cdr, 297th MI Bn, 513th MI Bde

The Echelon Above Corps Intelligence Center (174th Military Intelligence Company-EACIC) monitored the Iraqi force buildup with increasing alarm starting in July 1990, as part of its peacetime intelligence mission to Army Central Command (ARCENT) (3rd Army) for monitoring events in Southwest Asia and for maintaining the ground order of battle for designated countries. Analysts working 24 hours a day during the CENTCOM (U.S. Central Command) exercise Internal Look '90 (IL'90), at Eglin AFB, Florida, cautiously followed Iraqi ground force movements, keeping the 3rd Army Command Group abreast of developments. During the exercise, EACIC analysts honed their intelligence and warfighting skills participating in a Southwest Asia regional exercise, which bore remarkable similarities to Saddam's future excursion into Kuwait and the subsequent Allied Coalition response.

In the late evening of August 2, simultaneous notifications were communicated to the 3rd Army Headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia, and the supporting intelligence unit, the 513th Military Intelligence Brigade, at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, that Saddam's forces had crossed the Iraqi-Kuwaiti border.

On August 6, Brigade received an alert for deployment. For the next three weeks the unit prepared for overseas movement. Meanwhile, we continued to

monitor Iraqi force dispositions, answer intelligence requests for information, and meet production requirements for CENTCOM, such as Daily Intelligence Summaries and Target Intelligence Packets for supported Special Operational Forces.

The EACIC was divided into production and collection branches with several supporting teams. During Desert Storm a separate Dissemination Branch evolved from the dissemination team in the Collections Management Branch, to meet the urgent demand of processing and forwarding hardcopy and digital intelligence products to U.S. and allied forces. In addition, a battle damage assessment team and two corps support teams— Team Armor (VII Corps) and Team Airborne (XVIII Airborne Corps) — were added to provide a tactical focus.

In the early morning of September 2, we arrived at Riyadh Air Base, deplaned and moved to the downtown headquarters of the Royal Saudi Land Forces (RSLF), tired but ready to go.

Still lacking essential equipment and an operational facility, intelligence support during the September period did not suffer, as we first feared. On the contrary, it had a major impact on CENTCOM Commander-in-Chief (CINC) GEN Schwarzkopf's planning for the defense of Saudi Arabia and subsequent Desert Storm campaign. While the ARCENT intelligence support elements provided daily and special briefings to the CENTCOM, ARCENT and allied staffs, other analysts routinely shuttled along King Abdul Azziz, the main street linking the RSLF and CENTCOM headquarters, which was located in the Ministry of Defense complex, providing critical intelligence briefings and products to the staffs.

Terrain engineer and estimate team analysts performed enhanced terrain analysis and intelligence preparation of the battlefield (IPB) on the approaches into Saudi Arabia, because our main concern centered on defending Saudi Arabia. In September and early October, GEN Schwarzkopf needed precise intelligence on potential Iraqi military objectives in Saudi Arabia and an analysis of likely approaches. Part of the solution rested with formulating Saddam's calculation of the center of gravity inside Saudi Arabia: Would it be the Kingdom's large oil deposits in the

eastern provinces, destruction of critical desalinization plants, or even the seizure of Riyadh, the political center? With full ARCENT staff support, team personnel walked and flew the terrain from the Kuwaiti boot west to the Wadi Al Batin near Hafa Al Batin. Their analysis reversed predeployment beliefs derived from old maps, geographical studies, and flawed assumptions, including those of the Saudi military, that much of the Saudi desert was impassable to vehicles or tracks—either no or slow go. This study revealed the almost limitless trafficability for operational maneuver inside Saudi Arabia and became the basis for further study for Allied operational maneuver in the Kuwaiti theater of operations. It also raised concerns about the potential of an Iraqi attack into Saudi Arabia along the Wadi Al Batin, an almost featureless wide valley as it descended southwest into Saudi Arabia from Iraq. The wadi afforded a natural division-size avenue of approach. Analysts prepared an accurate estimate of the avenues of approach into Iraq and Kuwait below 32 degrees latitude (commonly called the Kuwaiti Theater of Operations) that gave full consideration to U.S. weapons, transport, and optics. The results, delivered to the CINC and planners, greatly influenced campaign planning and provided best estimates for attack windows and approaches.

Desert Storm: Stressing the Intelligence System. The Desert Shield EACIC organization proved highly effective in meeting Desert Shield intelligence requirements, but it was hindered by its small size and relatively junior grade structure authorized under the brigade Table of Organization and Equipment. The cumulative effects of rapid personnel changes, particularly occurring in branch and team leadership positions, coupled with fast modernization caused some personnel turbulence and challenged leadership. But the approaching battle created huge demands and stresses, justifying the EACIC's organizational expansion, modernization, and integration with the G2 (Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence) staff.

The decision to establish the ARCENT Intelligence Electronic Warfare (IEW) communications system was a watershed for the entire intelligence organization, which allowed the EACIC to fully leverage the intelligence system from national to tactical levels. IEW systems made it possible to

rapidly transmit perishable intelligence anywhere at anytime and to win the information war. The Enhanced Tactical Users Terminal that deployed with the battalion featured multiple processors and monitors for correlating electronic intelligence on Iraqi units via area communications and UHF SUCCESS Radio. With a superb communications suite, it was also the hub for standard communications traffic. It proved highly reliable for Indications and Warning intelligence reporting (SCUD launch notifications) and as a collection management tool for processing new requirements and monitoring results, and for servicing secure electronic messages for the brigade and G2. But its message handling capability was degraded because it was dependent on the AWCS (Army Wide Communications System).

In February 1991, new IEW systems started to have an effect. The Army Space Program office installed secondary imagery dissemination systems (SIDS) with VII Corps units, divisions, Armored Cavalry Regiments and the EACIC. While SIDS never replaced the dependency on courier delivered imagery products, it furnished the G2s and commanders with briefing quality photographs of Iraqi forces and battle positions. Trojan-Spirit SATCOM (satellite communications) and processing system greatly contributed to the IEW system. With secure telephone, facsimile, and computer data transfer, it allowed ARCENT G2 and corps to exchange battlefield reports at near-real time, eliminating the delay and backlog associated with the AWCS. Other IEW systems such as GOLDWING HF and SUCCESS UHF provided more dedicated theater links with corps that enabled the entire intelligence organization to bear down on the Iraqi war machine. Our greatest payoff resulted when gifted systems managers from Army Intelligence Agency enhanced our Trojan-Spirit capability by installing an EACIC local area net with connectivity to Army analysts at the Army Intelligence Agency and Defense Intelligence Agency (DoD Joint Intelligence Center) in Washington, DC. This lashup forged a single Army intelligence team together, using ARCENT G2 as the hub. For the first time in Army history, a seamless intelligence architecture was created for pushing critical intelligence from joint and service intelligence centers to the field Army. Throughout the air campaign and even during the ground war, Army analysts in Washington combined

with EACIC analysts and topographical engineers in Riyadh to produce vital intelligence for the corps. Enemy divisions and fortifications templated on 1:50,000 map sheets, depicting Iraqi divisions, fortifications and weapons locations, exemplify this success story. Digitally sent to Riyadh via the DoD Intelligence Information System on a satellite circuit, these current intelligence templates were plotted in the EACIC, then sent to the 30th Topographical Battalion for large-scale production on Heidelberg printing presses. The completed templates were forwarded to U.S. and allied units, often within hours of collection and analysis.

Imagery: The Theater Work Horse. In a combined setting working with U.S. Air Force, Marines, British, and Canadians, Army imagery specialists concentrated on specific Iraqi ground targets in support of ARCENT. Combined teams rapidly became expert in Iraqi positions and fortifications opposite the U.S. and allied corps. Iraqi division and breach teams quickly became expert in designated areas of concern to U.S. division commanders, becoming adept at discerning slight changes in Iraqi force composition, strengths, and disposition. They prepared annotated photographs of Iraqi defensive positions, battlefield operating systems (tanks, artillery, infantry transports, etc.) and breaches, which were critical to campaign planning and included in baseline packages sent to corps and divisions. These maps were prepared covering specific attack routes and breach positions leading to Iraqi defenses. We furnished copies to the XVIII Corps of the road up to As Salman with Iraqi occupied positions. We also delivered the latest imagery within 48 hours of G-Day of all corps objectives for both U.S. corps.

The imagery system failed to deliver at tactical levels, or when it did, provided too little too late. While it is our view that there was genuine reason for such dissatisfaction at the tactical level, there is also strong evidence that the same imagery system succeeded at the operational and strategic levels of war. Here the imagery system provided a near perfect intelligence picture of Iraqi ground forces and fortifications prior to G-Day in the form of baseline products and written reports that were continuously updated through G-Day and sent to tactical commanders. Unfortunately, the Army's Desert Storm imagery

system from strategic to tactical levels was not geared, with the exception of some SIDS applications, to routinely deliver large volumes of imagery to tactical units.

This lack of a steady flow of imagery through corps and division staffs raised some concern about the level of intelligence support. This concern may have eroded some confidence among tactical commanders in the accuracy of the intelligence picture they had prior to G-Day, but the outcome of the 100-hour ground campaign should end such speculation; however, the Army is shaping new intelligence doctrine and force structure to bolster imagery collection, in addition to Human Intelligence (HUMINT) at the tactical level.

Dynamic Targeting. Dynamic Targeting was invented to fill a critical void in developing and attacking immediate targets that supported the Army campaign strategy, but which were outside the preplanned target selection process. The normal target planning sequence of selecting, validating, and nominating Army targets to the U.S. Air Force Central Command began at least 72 hours in advance of flying the mission. Dynamic targeting also optimized the employment of an entire new generation of real-time reconnaissance platforms, employing synthetic aperture radar and electrical-optical sensors that made the Iraqi battlefield a fishbowl ready for destruction.

Battle Damage Assessment (BDA). At a mid-December briefing held at the EACIC, then MG Buster Glosson, CENTAF Director of Operations, wagered his pension and offered his early retirement to LTC Butto, if he could not make good on reducing the Iraqi war machine by half inside the Kuwaiti Theater of Operations (KTO), within 30 days of commencing the air campaign. The problem fell to ARCENT, however, to discern when Iraqi armor and artillery would be reduced to 50 percent in the ARCENT area of operations (did not include the MARCENT (U.S. Marine Corps Central Command) area of operations). CENTAF argued successfully that the Army should make the call since it would conduct the main attack when that level had been achieved (the acceptable force ratio for a two-corps attack required an attrition of the Iraqi units in the KTO by 50 percent). To meet this challenge, and in

the absence of sufficient service or joint doctrine, we developed a methodology that relied on an evidentiary analysis with some military judgment using imagery and aviation reports. The formula was weighted to allow for rosy pilot reports and inconclusive or partial imagery; for example, we counted one-half of gun camera videos, but only one-third of A-10 pilot reports. We excluded most other pilot reports because operational flight characteristics rendered such reports speculative, at best: either the altitude, weather, or speed precluded an accurate pilot assessment. U-2 airplane imagery was the best source of BDA, and, in the long run, it verified that we were accurate in scoring pilot and gun camera BDA at reduced levels. On a daily basis the ARCENT G2 published and briefed BDA for CENTCOM, using a color graphic scheme depicting the combat effectiveness of Iraqi ground forces. Concurrently, the estimate team separately corroborated the BDA team's findings with a combat effectiveness methodology relying on all-source intelligence analysis. In spite of the confidence we had in our figures, major concerns were raised at CENTCOM and in Washington prior to G-Day.

The chief concern came the week before the ground attack began. CIA challenged the CENTCOM (ARCENT responsibility) forecast that showed Iraqi tanks and artillery would be at 50 percent inside the KTO, including 90 percent destruction of all artillery capable of hitting the breach on G-Day (planning date: February 21). As history demonstrated, CIA's forecast of about 80 percent remaining was flawed because it relied solely on national intelligence reports; it excluded highly accurate theater reconnaissance collection capabilities, which were the strength of the ARCENT analysis. The controversy at CENTCOM centered on its ability to decide which estimate was closest to the truth. At the other extreme, CENTAF believed ARCENT's analysis too conservative. BG Stewart briefed Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney on BDA at the February 9 CENTCOM command briefing in Riyadh, which we believe persuaded him to urge the president to support the CINC's recommendation to launch the ground offensive.

The ARCENT EACIC had to overcome several challenges in preparing for and performing the BDA mission. Competing requirements for imagery and

production resources coupled with associated production and dissemination time costs further complicated our efforts. Iraqi tactics of employing revetments and *maskirovka* shielded some damage from direct observations, making some BDA calls judgment decisions instead of purely evidentiary. Last, modern munitions that achieve less than catastrophic kills created difficulties in discerning the degree of damage on military hardware, further complicating our analysis.

The Persian Gulf War overwhelmingly demonstrated the need for an EACIC in a corps and multicorps environment. EACIC successes greatly contributed to winning the information war that led to the smashing defeat of the Iraqi forces. As the hub of theater ground intelligence collection, production, and dissemination the EACIC functioned at the operational-level of war, but had to maintain a tactical focus, as well, to provide a battlefield intelligence picture to both U.S. corps, which relied heavily on ARCENT for providing intelligence updates and collection management support. Operation Desert Shield created enormous challenges for Task Force 174. Our junior officers, NCOs, and enlisted persons responded magnificently in predeployment and deployment phases. We oriented intelligence early on the defensive mission with emphasis in Indications & Warning intelligence, IPB, and critical intelligence production, such as the TIPs (tactical intelligence products) produced for the 5th SOF (special operations forces). Terrain analysis and IPB were absolutely critical tasks of immediate CINC interest throughout the defensive and offensive campaign planning periods, August through January. These intelligence functions will need early and continuing emphasis in future contingency operations.

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THE GULF CLASSIC: MPs TEE UP FOR THE REAL THING

by CPT Virginia A. Todd, USA
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Saudi Arabia. The name conjures up images of sand dunes silhouetted by a setting sun, foraging camels on leisurely strolls, and sheiks named

Lawrence who sport red dishcloths on their their heads. A land half way around the world which seems like an interesting place to visit, but not a "hot spot" topping the list of preferred deployment sites. Before the last four pages of the 1990 calendar were turned though, many soldiers would learn that there is more to this Middle East sand dune than the photographs in *National Geographic* reveal.

The soldiers of the 16th Military Police Brigade (Airborne) from Fort Bragg, North Carolina are accustomed to packing up their rucksacks and duffle bags and flying to foreign lands in response to worldwide crises. Since its activation in 1966, the green and gold guidon has been planted in sand, soil and mud across the globe, from Vietnam and Seneca Army Depot, to Cuba, Grenada, Honduras, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Panama. Just as soldiers were beginning to think that Spanish Head-Start classes were on the inprocessing check sheet, Saddam Hussein invaded the oil-rich, independent country of Kuwait.

For the airborne, air assault and airsick military police soldiers stationed in Fayetteville, North Carolina, the ensuing "line in the sand" began with lines in dayrooms, classrooms and medical facilities. Soldiers shuffled from issue point to issue point, collecting incongruous stacks of desert uniforms and jungle boots, long underwear and Coppertone, hermetically sealed chemical overgarments and peacetime rules of engagement cards, then rushed to the nearest surplus store to buy large rucks. In briefings, civil affairs country experts preached the evils of using your left hand in public, crossing your legs in the presence of Arabs, coveting black-clad Saudi women, and displaying crosses in a Moslem country where crescents are the dominant religious symbol. Other not-so-holy crescents were revealed as soldiers became pin cushions for large doses of gamma globulin, typhoid and tetanus serum, courtesy of medics armed with needles, cotton balls and words of comfort like "This won't hurt a bit."

After successfully completing each step of the familiar predeployment sequence, the soldiers of the brigade headquarters and the 503d Military Police Battalion waited with mixed emotions for the opportunity to join their comrades in arms to attack with vengeance the sand fleas and flies occupying Saudi

Arabia. Planes packed with Fort Bragg military police (MPs) departed Pope Air Force Base "Green Ramp" throughout August, and paratroopers waited anxiously as the green light was turned on, ready to walk down the portable steps at the Royal Saudi Air Base in Dhahran. Met by blistering heat and the smell of the Kanooz solid waste disposal truck, one question echoed through everyone's mind: "Where does the string on this floppy desert hat go?"

Buses, with isolated compartments in the rear graciously reserved for women, wove back and forth across painted lines and median strips, touched down, and delivered their cargo of sweating bodies to a vacant compound in Al Khobar. Although the advance party had pulled off a coup locating and contracting one of the last "hard stands" (sites with buildings instead of tents in the sand), soldiers complied with Army Regulation #1 by concealing their appreciation by complaining. "The swimming pool is not filled." "The shower curtains are ugly." "The air conditioning is too cold." These sample expressions of joy, voiced by grateful soldiers, resounded through the tiled halls.

Settled in their new home-away-from-home, dubbed Camp Brede for the brigade commander, COL Lawrence Brede, Jr., the 503d MP Battalion, led by LTC Michael L. Sullivan, wasted no time assuming various military police missions. XVIII Airborne Corps main and tactical command post security, security of the corps ammunition supply point, route reconnaissance, and access control at Army Central Command Headquarters were performed by the companies of the 503d Military Police Battalion, while the brigade headquarters provided command, control, and Xerox capabilities. One week later, the MPs added to their support menu convoy escorts, port security and area security in the corps rear area, then established a joint U.S./Saudi MP desk at the Dhahran Central Police Station to facilitate coordination on all incidents involving both nations.

As the plate filled for military policemen, support soldiers contributed to the effort by upgrading the living conditions at the compound. A mess hall was established, laundry service was contracted, and recreational equipment was purchased and emplaced.

Soldiers fired letters home requesting Levi's, high tops, cribbage boards, guitars, and VCR tapes, allowing misguided spouses to believe that their loved ones had actually embarked on an unaccompanied Club Med vacation.

With a vision and focus that transcended the daily grind, COL Brede seized the opportunity to celebrate the 49th anniversary of the establishment of the Military Police Corps on 26 September 1990 with deployed "top cops" of the military police community in Saudi Arabia. Joining the XVIII Airborne commander, LTG Gary E. Luck, on the deck of the empty pool in a cake-cutting ceremony were provost marshals from the various theater level commands, deployed divisions in XVIII Airborne Corps, and even the Saudi Arabian area provost marshal. Soldiers of the brigade accepted the congratulatory remarks and praises that LTG Luck issued, then sampled chunks of the gigantic green and gold sheet cake, which was sliced by an authentic three-foot Arabian sword.

The Headquarters Detachment of the 160th MP Battalion arrived on the scene on 27 September 1990 to earn the distinction of being the first non-Fort Bragg element to augment the brigade. Composed of soldiers with birthdates spanning the twentieth century, this Reserve unit from Tallahassee, Florida was the standard bearer for all "weekend warriors" to follow. Older soldiers contributed maturity, wisdom, and a wealth of active duty and civilian law enforcement experience, while post baby boomers, abruptly pulled out of classes at local universities, added vim, vigor and a youthful perspective on life. The 160th MP Battalion became a tenant in the transient housing area affectionately known as Cement City. Contrary to its title, Cement City was a "soft-site" devoid of niceties, which allowed occupants to wrestle with problems of existence more mundane than their friends at Brigade. Soldiers from the 160th MP Battalion were likely to be heard grumbling that the camel tents had collapsed in the middle of the night and were lying across their faces, sand was trapped in their underwear, and the water in the outside shower was being blown horizontally by the wind, making it difficult to get wet.

Flying in from Pope AFB, North Carolina, the 210th MP Company from Asheville, North Carolina

began arriving on 2 October 1990, followed by the 211th MP Company from Clyde, North Carolina, both of which became temporarily embedded in Cement City's foundation. One week later, these National Guard units were followed by the 519th MP Battalion, an active duty unit from Fort Meade, Maryland commanded by LTC Michael K. Shanahan. Not willing to miss out on a good war story, the Headquarters Detachment, 209th MP Company, 293d MP Company, and the 437th MP Company based out of Fort Belvoir, Virginia moved into a pleasant sandy lot in Cement City, conveniently located just several feet from a row of aromatic wooden latrines.

In the meantime, recreational opportunities abounded. Soldiers were treated to dinner and phone calls at local American houses via the Host-A-Soldier program, allowed to enjoy the indoor/outdoor sports facilities at Half-Moon Bay Coastal Water Park, and participated in horseshoes, volleyball and basketball tournaments during their eight minutes of free time each day. Though not sanctioned by commanders, troops spent many hours exercising their imaginations, wondering what illness could get them to the field hospital in Bahrain and debating whether or not they could get a near-buzz drinking near-beer.

The remaining units continued to arrive in the sand. Recognizable by the omnipresent Taiba water bottles and still spit shined boots, the 810th MP Company from Tampa, Florida, the 351st MP Company from Ocala, Florida, and the 320th MP Company from St. Petersburg, Florida acclimatized themselves and moved out smartly with LTC Robert G. Tippett and the 160th MP Battalion. The 519th MP Battalion welcomed the 805th MP Company from Raleigh, North Carolina, then found a new home, moving them up a grade on the quarters scale from slum to squalor, leaving a vacant lot at Cement City for the lucky folks from the 759th MP Battalion, of Fort Carson, Colorado, to occupy.

Fresh from a four-month rotation in Panama, LTC Mary A. Maier and the soldiers of the Headquarters Detachment and the 984th MP Company barely had time to run down the bunny slopes in their backyards before shipping their equipment and personal belongings to Saudi Arabia. Upon arrival, they met the 132d MP Company, a National Guard unit from Florence,

South Carolina, then traveled north to meet the 210th and 211th MP companies, which had already been attached to the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized).

With the deployment phase of the operation completed on 6 November 1990, the 16th Military Police Brigade (Airborne) became a “real brigade” of almost 2,500 soldiers, a process that moved 20 companies from 12 different locations in three months to Saudi Arabia. The soldiers and leaders then shifted their sites in order to focus on accomplishing the mission integral to the defense phase of Operation Desert Shield — area security and law enforcement.

Military policemen in Humvees and civilian four-wheel drive vehicles donated by the Japanese government surveilled the residential and commercial areas for would-be criminals and wondered how to get the jump seats in the back of the Mitsubishi to fold down.

Law enforcement desks became operational at the M&M Compound, Toxic City, and Guardian City, new domiciles for the 160th MP Battalion, 519th MP Battalion, and 759th MP Battalion. MPs practiced their civilian and military “white hat” skills in the sands, running radar, investigating larcenies, sketching traffic accidents and avoiding large, one-humped animals on the streets. Traversing the roads, military police went miles and miles before they slept, a mission that kept the mechanics in coveralls and grease, as sand managed to find its way into every crack and crevasse of every critical moving part.

Not confined to inanimate objects, the grains of disintegrated rock blew in and around everyone’s boots, faces and hair with wanton disregard for rank, sex or occupational specialty. Those lucky enough to use indoor showers could watch the water drag the sand down the drain like a wave at high tide, while the unfortunate souls with a limited water supply and a wash bucket had the opportunity to get reacquainted with the same granules day after day.

Various forms of entertainment evolved as soldiers settled into routines. Books, card games, bootleg cassette tapes and VCR movies became staples in the recreational diet of cot-potatoes; energetic soldiers immersed themselves in sports activities such as

horseshoes, volleyball, basketball, weight lifting and running in circles around imaginary tracks; and the esoteric sort placed bets on Saddam Hussein’s plans, redeployment possibilities, the number of chicken cacciatore tray rations in country and the date when the pool at Camp Brede would be filled. The 759th MP Battalion even created their own radio show featuring music, commentary, wake-up calls for their neighbors and jokes about the brigade staff, which aired daily on their homemade broadcasting system.

Leaders pondered the intricacies of the deployment day and night. Commanders scrutinized training schedules and maintenance reports, while sergeants major scrutinized police call. Adjutants worried about getting their fair share of cruise ship allocations, intelligence officers mulled over daily weather reports, operations officers concerned themselves with secret war plans, logistics officers debated about the availability of toilet paper, chaplains listened to sad tales of woe, the civil affairs officers practiced Arabic, and the Staff Judge Advocate practiced his jump shots on the court and slam dunks in the court.

Throughout the entire defensive phase of Operation Desert Shield, the officers, noncommissioned officers and enlisted soldiers of the 16th Military Police Brigade (Airborne) rose to every challenge with pride and professionalism. In spite of the fact that this was the third, no-notice extended deployment for many active duty troops, soldiers and families were able to cope extremely well and have grown and matured in the process. Collectively, the Reserve and National Guard soldiers proved that they were able to skillfully perform their part-time mission on a full-time basis, justifying their existence and adding a new dimension to the composition of the brigade.

* * *

THE MRE

Once there was an MRE.,
Purpose being plain to see,
Meal Ready to Eat,
Keeps men on their feet,
Or squatting in misery.

-RLL



Part III

IN AND AROUND THE THEATER OF OPERATIONS

OBSERVATIONS OF A SOLDIER/INTERPRETER

by SFC Mark W. Schulert, USA
CA Med Team, 354th CA Bde

Following my return from the desert in March 1991, after the end of the ground war, I was sent back to Iraq as an interpreter, a last-minute addition to a civil affairs medical team. I arrived in Iraq, in the First Armored Division area, on the 21st of March and stayed until 9 April, a few short weeks but filled with intense experience in constant contact with Iraqi civilians trying to survive in the chaos of Iraq.

Mornings I went out with the medical team. Most of the day would be spent driving the back roads, stopping at farms and villages, dispensing medical treatment and drugs, and sometimes distributing food supplies. If the team was late starting out I would spend the early morning in the aid station, translating for the Iraqi civilians who came for medical treatment.

When I returned in the afternoon, if there were Arabs in the aid station I would help them, translating their ailments and symptoms for the Army medics. If the aid station was quiet I would go up on the highway to assist the military police at the checkpoint. We had a few Kuwaiti and American translators, but there was more work than anyone could handle so I helped out whenever I was free. It wasn't my job, but there was a job to be done and I was there.

At night I slept in the front seat of a truck parked on the highway, ready on call in case of emergency. Later when the flow of refugees slacked off, I could sleep in the tent. But a GI is always on call, never more so than in a war zone. This is what we exist for.

Travelling in the countryside our team saw scenes of terrible deprivation. Medical treatment was simply unavailable to these people. We routinely came upon conditions never seen or even imagined in the United States. Simple ailments became life-threatening for

lack of treatment. Things hadn't changed much in this part of the Middle East since the time Jesus walked the earth healing the sick and performing miracles. We had no miracles, but we did have antibiotics.

At one village on the cease-fire line, we were brought a girl with terrible cysts all up her arm. This had begun weeks before as a single sore on her wrist, a simple problem, easily cured with antibiotics, but antibiotics were not available and the infection had spread uncontrolled. A woman cut the tip of her thumb, a minor injury, but the cut became infected. By the time our medical team found her the flesh had rotted away until the bone was exposed. She had to be taken to our aid station where our surgeons amputated the tip of her thumb. If we hadn't found her, the infection would have continued to spread until she eventually died.

Others were not so fortunate. There were limits to our abilities. One man brought his son to the aid station for treatment. An injury from the Iran-Iraq war had left the son with permanent brain damage. There was nothing we could do for him.

We saw many sick babies and always told the mothers of the importance of giving the children only clean water. But the only clean water available was what we ourselves could provide for them.

Unexploded ordnance was a continuing problem. We passed out handbills urging people to beware of ordnance and report it to civil authorities. But there were no civil authorities. The magnitude of the problems became overwhelming.

It didn't take long for the word to get around that our medics would refill the drug needs of anyone who brought in an old container. We were soon doing a booming business in drug refills. Based on the empty containers, our doctors noticed that a few exotic drugs were in unusually high demand. Finally one of our medics wrote her initials on an empty medicine box. The same box was brought in six times by six different

people that day. The same empty containers were being passed around among the Iraqis in order to stockpile medicine. It was free so they were taking all they could get. We felt annoyed to be taken advantage of, but I cannot say that I blame them. They had to stock up on medicine while they could. If I were in their position I would do the same thing.

At the checkpoint it was a continuous stream of refugees. When I arrived, heavy fighting was going on to the north. Remnants of the defeated Iraqi army had joined the opposition, taking their weapons with them. They were put down mercilessly. From the stories I heard from the refugees fleeing the fighting, the Iraqi army tactic was to surround a city with artillery and bombard the people, sometimes for days, then advance with tanks and helicopters, to destroy any resistance, and finally to move in with infantry troops to kill anything remaining alive.

I could read the license plates each night and tell where the fighting was heaviest as the Iraqi army moved to take back the cities one by one. Najaf, Nasariya, and finally Samawa. Samawa was the last big battle. It lasted about five days. Every night I would be on the highway listening to the stories from the refugees and asking how the battle was going. Each night I heard the same story. The rebels were being pushed further back but the city of Samawa was holding out. But eventually the city fell. I heard that in the end the rebels ran out of ammunition. Refugees came by the thousands with so many stories, all the same. So many people telling of seeing family members killed. You could stay on the highway for hours listening to continuous stories of tragedy. Usually all we had to offer was sympathy, then we tried to get them to move on so we could listen to the next story.

In the area of Iraq where I worked in March-April there was no support for Saddam but great fear of him. This was a strong contrast to the opinions I found among the Iraqi prisoners I saw in the desert in February. I had tried to probe the attitudes of the Iraqi soldiers when I worked in the prisoner of war cages during the ground war. Those I talked to showed little support for Saddam. Their army had vast quantities of new weapons and equipment, but many of the soldiers had no shoes — in February! They had no

illusions about where they fit in Saddam's grand design. Is it any surprise that they fought with less than total enthusiasm? But when the cease-fire was announced on 28 February, the prisoners all knew about it immediately and their first question to me was "When is the prisoner exchange?" I asked the soldiers if they were not afraid to return to Iraq after having surrendered so quickly. They said no, they were just tired and wanted to go home.

Now a month later in southern Iraq the mood was entirely different. The people had dared to challenge the power of Saddam and were now to suffer the consequences. Mass murder was taking place in the cities. I heard repeated stories from people who had just witnessed family members shot dead in the street. Now there was fear.

For a few days we had an Iraqi refugee sharing our tent. He was in his late 20s or 30s and had his small children with him. I don't know who made the decision to let him stay with us, but maybe the fact that he had children influenced the decision. We made a bed for the children in the tent crate and he hung around the camp with apparently nothing to do. One night we were up near the military police checkpoint when three young men came walking up the highway. They introduced themselves as university students wondering what to do with themselves. Speaking in Arabic, our Iraqi visitor discussed with them their options. If they wanted to join the rebels he could tell them about the procedure. He described the recruitment process, organization, weapons issues and accountability, etc. I never learned who he was, but our refugee proved to be quite knowledgeable about rebel operations.

I don't know what the students decided or where they went. It was a scene that happens the world over: adolescents growing up in a time of crisis, finding themselves caught up into a world beyond their control. They could not change the situation, they could not escape, their only choice was in how they would react, bit players in a great epic they were not authors of. It could have been the United States in the late 1960s; students late at night and far from home discussing the national crisis with a stranger they had just met. You had to be there.

There were times when I felt as if I were sitting in Rick's Cafe in "Casablanca," watching all the refugees passing through, each with their own tale of horror, all knowing that it is just a matter of time before the enemy arrives, and all trying desperately to find an escape.

The Iraqis I met welcomed the U.S. presence. The fact that their occupiers were foreign was not significant compared to the dangers they were facing from their own government. In fact one man told me he wouldn't care if Yitzhak Shamir were occupying the country, it couldn't possibly be any worse.

For the Iraqis, the sight of U.S. Army vehicles along a highway was a welcome sign that the highway was safe to travel. There was apprehension among the people over U.S. plans to withdraw. Occasionally the peasants would ask me about U.S. intentions and invite us to stay in Iraq as long as we liked — as though it were my decision to make. They received no benefit from the Iraqi government, they were glad to be rid of it. We brought relief from government terrorism.

From the refugees from the north, the pleas were more insistent. Many had just come from seeing their family members killed. We had to help them, they told me. The people were begging for weapons to protect their families from slaughter by the forces of Saddam. One young man asked my why we needed two M1 tanks guarding our checkpoint; couldn't he borrow just one to rescue his family? Whether his pleas were convincing or not, I had to tell him the tanks were not mine to give.

In early April a number of Iraqi families began camping out at a rest stop on the highway just north of our checkpoint. I did not see them arrive and don't know how they got there. There were just a few cement picnic tables set up in a fairly barren area of low grass, with nothing there to live on, but the people apparently felt that if they were within sight of our M1 tanks they were safe. They were still camped there when I left Iraq on 9 April. All U.S. forces pulled out a few days later.

I don't know what happened to the people we left behind. I never heard any more from any of them.

Most I never even knew their names. It was just a series of brief encounters that will be remembered forever.

* * *

FIRST IN, LAST OUT: A YEAR IN DAMMAM

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Pier Ops Ofcr, 24th Trans Bn, 7th Trans Gp,
22nd Spt Cmd

We were watching CNN when word of Saddam Hussein's invasion first got out. It didn't seem to be a major story, and the newscaster moved on to something else. Then came the news that forces of the United States were going to Saudi Arabia.

At Fort Eustis, Virginia, the home of the Transportation Corps and the 7th Transportation Group, discussion among the officers was mostly idle speculation about how long this one would take. Another Grenada, "Just Cause" again? No one suspected that a large force of transporters would be going; we never had before.

We were alerted on the morning of August 8th. Still not really concerned, the pace of the emergency deployment readiness exercise was somewhat casual. Then the rumor mill went into high gear. "We're going, the planes are inbound." "Supply says they're authorized to fill or kill, for real." Our supply officer began ordering everything imaginable, like .50 cal's for the boats. "Fifty cal's? Those things are expensive, this must be real!" Then began the waiting game. Rumors flew about "changing priorities," "we're on indefinite hold."

Finally, on the 14th of August, I boarded a C-5 out of Langley, Virginia and it all came down to an subdued calm. The plane stopped in Rota, Spain, and I dropped a card to my parents and mailed them my housekey.

When we got to Saudi, there were folks from other companies in the 7th Group on the ground, acting as aerial port of debarkation control. We were soon in the port of Dammam and meeting the Saudis, Filipi-

nos, Bangladeshis and other Third World people who ran the port. The first of the preposition ships from Diego Garcia were already in port and unloading was underway. My job turned out to be night OIC (officer in charge) of berths 14 and 15, unloading munitions from the Santa Victoria, a WWII era cargo ship of ancient design.

Our entire force in the port consisted of about 20 officers and around 100 enlisted. At first, accommodations were somewhat spartan, and our rations consisted of MRE, MRE and MRE. After a few weeks, the S4 (supply officer) made arrangements to get "augmented" rations from contractors in the port. Our first augmented rations came in brown lunchbags. We opened them eagerly to find a hotdog bun with a fingernail sized sliver of "meat," an apple and a fruit drink. The rations later improved. Some of us used the "meat" as bait to mess with the thousands of silver-dollar sized roaches that inhabited the piers.

We were billeted in a former workers' camp just outside the port gates. Our Saudi hosts were interesting, funny and mystifying all at once. Their favorite saying seemed to be "no problem," and the answer to questions of "when" was always, "*Inshalla*" (when God wills it).

News was always patchy, the pace was urgent and the temperature was in the hundreds even at night. We would climb down into the ships, and the holds were so humid that "rain" dripped from every overhead. We sweated through our uniforms, and the sweat that pooled in our boots could be poured to fill a canteen cup. Stop sweating, you gulp a bottle of "Saudi-water" and start sweating again. Twice a night I would slip into the ship's crew spaces and put my DCUs (desert camouflage uniform) in the dryer.

As the ammo began to stack up in port, we worried that a hit from an enemy weapon would take the whole place out. Our warehouses filled up with crates of litters, thousands of body bags, bandages and surgical supplies. It was scary and thrilling at the same time to stand in the midst of the accouterments of war, in quantities of surreal proportion, and think, "This is serious, I can't believe it."

We were soon unloading combat vehicles, the armor from the 24th Mech Inf was coming in and the already hectic pace was doubled and doubled again. More and more pier space was devoted to our effort, and more and more of us were arriving every day. We started getting news around the same time.

I remember a commentator saying, "The first forces to arrive in the port arrived combat loaded and ready to go," as they showed scenes of tanks rolling down the ramps of the fast sealift ships (FSSs). I had to laugh, because the true "first forces" (us) arrived long before the treadheads did.

We were working up to a pretty good system in port and even began sending teams to the different ports in the region to unload supplies for other coalition nations. In September, I took a team of two documentors and a warrant officer from the documentation section to the State of Qatar. We met the same ship from Dammam, the "Santa Victoria" and began unloading munitions. "Our" ship discharged there for three weeks using host-nation labor, trucks, contracts and facilities. While in Qatar the team was invited to the American Embassy for a reception. The ambassador said at the time that I (a second lieutenant) was the senior Army officer in the country.

Back at Dammam, we found that our operation had grown to include the entire East Pier, and was about to grow to include the West Pier. We were working up to 16 ships at the same time. 24th Battalion, the port operators, had grown to over ten companies and over 2,000 soldiers. That, plus an enterprising Saudi had opened a "chicken shack" and was serving fried bird and local dishes. Suddenly we needed money again.

I helped to open the West Pier, and soon had two FSSs and four other ships discharging. As the pier operations officer, I got to coordinate between customers looking for their equipment, the terminal service platoons doing the actual unloading and the port support folks, who were mostly customer soldiers detailed to drive, stage and prep the thousands of tracked and wheeled vehicles arriving daily.

By then we were living on a barge that had been used to house oil rig workers in the Persian Gulf. We

heard that over \$2 million had gone into renovations, which was hard to believe as we endured almost daily showers of sewage from burst lines throughout the lattices of the barge.

Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas passed, and the work stayed nonstop. The daily flow of vehicles and supplies was unbelievable. We worked seven days a week for the first six months.

Christmas was particularly memorable, as one of my first support parcels from home had arrived and I got together with a few close friends to enjoy the "cheer" my father had sent. The package was padded with "Weekly World News," so we were informed that Saddam was actually Hitler and was back from outer space.

The other neat thing that happened around Christmas time was the arrival of a formerly East German cargo ship. The crew were a little awed by their cargo of military hardware and of course, having us tromp around on their decks festooned with radios, NBC (nuclear-biological-chemical) gear and such made them, "a little nervous."

It was January 16th, the deadline had passed and the air war finally started. Almost at the very moment we saw that Peter Arnett was foolishly not keeping his head down, came the wail of Damman's air raid sirens. "SCUD warning!" said the radio and we scrambled to get into mission oriented protection posture (MOPP).

I gathered with the rest of the off-shift soldiers in a nearby warehouse, and then realized that due to the heat, and my almost constant sweating over the last few months, I had lost enough weight that my mask didn't fit anymore. Air bubbled through the sweat pooled in the chin cup of my mask. Trying in the best traditions of the Officer Corps to stay calm, because, "panic is contagious," I tried to set the example while I desperately held the chin of my mask firmly against my face and sat with the soldiers.

I also tried to remember first aid for NBC casualties. "O.K., its atropine for blood agent, no, wait, first the little one, then the big one, no ... shit." I remember thinking, "This isn't how I thought I'd get it." That

SCUD supposedly whistled overhead for a not-even-near miss in the gulf, and the sirens sounded the all-clear.

Later, after our "fifty-leventh" SCUD warning we got a bit nonchalant about the whole thing. When the siren went off, we would run to the railing of the barge to watch the fireworks. I was standing on the rail on the night the SCUD hit the warehouse where those reservists were killed. We saw it drop, saw a flash and heard the boom. We told each other it probably fell in the sand, and didn't hear till the next day of the scope of the casualties. Before that the closest we had come was a few fragments coming down on the living area at Batar compound, which housed some of our personnel.

The customer types were getting frantic to get their equipment and get out to the desert. By then it was primarily elements of the VII Corps' Third Armor and the commanders wanted everything "yesterday." They had around 20,000 troops living in warehouses on East Pier, with us as the port operators fielding the myriad requests for port-o-lets, comfort items, (at one point we had to lock up and guard the port's supply of toilet paper), information, a phone that would reach the States, and anything else you could imagine.

The work went on nonstop, right through the SCUD warnings. One day the Patriot battery at the end of the port causeway launched several missiles and someone came on the radio demanding to know who was lighting off parachute flares. Every now and then you'd hear something that made you stop and stare at the handset. That was one of those moments.

Some of the ships reacted to the SCUD warnings by hitting every fire hose on the ship and "showering" themselves to "wash off" the chemical agents they feared. To us it was funny, the siren blew, and the ships disappeared behind a curtain of water. Not that we weren't afraid, but what do you do?

The end of the war took us a little by surprise. Of course we all heaved a sigh of relief, and we even took a few days off as the higher-ups sorted things out. Shifting "the largest deployment of people and materials in recent history" into reverse wasn't without its occasional bumps either. At one point, in order to

correctly load cargo for the new destinations, we were driving vehicles off one ship, down the pier and onto another for the trip home.

Months into the backload, the first of the combat folks came back to the port. War stories made the rounds, and we were impressed. Tales of destruction, coupled with the piles of captured goodies, brought home to us the reality of what our customers had done with the equipment we had broken our backs to deliver to them. Soon after that, people were trading Iraqi equipment and just all manner of outlandish stuff brought back from the battlefield. One outfit brought in a French-built Panhard M3 armored car. They couldn't get the paperwork done in time to take it home with them, so I inherited the car and often drove it around the port in the evenings.

March, April, May, June and July were memorable for the monotony of constant ship loading, and battling the unending stream of people trying to infiltrate the port so they could go home sooner. Seemed that everyone had the same idea: "Once our equipment is back in port, we're outta here." We constantly found trucks parked in ones and twos, no one around and no idea where they were to be sent. We were running out of room. Eventually we had to devise a system of passes and control points to curtail the flow into the port.

July also saw the rumor mill go into overdrive as speculation on when we would go home became the prime topic of conversation. As more and more of the combat types went, we would remember out loud seeing them come in-country, and now here they were going home already. Some of the more cynical officers shrugged and said they "knew the job was dangerous when they took it."

Throughout my year in Southwest Asia I met an unending stream of characters. It really took all types to get the job done. One of my favorites was the harbormaster, a Texas IRR (Individual Ready Reserve) type with a great line of BS, and a real flare for "finding" things that came in handy. He could sing, play the guitar, and get invited to the most outlandish

parties. It was after the "war" that we began getting invited to the expatriates' compounds for after-hours activities. A friend of mine recently married a young lady he met during a foray into the Arabian-American Oil Company Compound.

Some other guests in the port were not as amusing as the harbormaster. There was one outfit of customs inspectors who showed up and began to get into everyone's way from the git-go. There we'd been knocking out at least a ship a day, and now these clowns were trying to take over. They'd try to stop a vehicle from going onboard until we cleaned the dust from the floorboards. Not once but a hundred times I'd get called to shipside to distract these ardent but misguided diligents so the loading could go on.

One of the really nice things to happen while we were in Saudi was the arrival of civilian vehicles for use in liaison and administrative chores. We couldn't believe we were getting four-wheel-drive, air-conditioned Jeep Cherokees to drive around in. Life was good.

In addition to my duties on the pier, for about a month I was detailed to run a paintshop where we shot a coat of green Chemical Activity Resistant Compound paint on our equipment that had begun to look a little down-in-the-jowls after nearly a year of being beaten to death in port. The soldiers nicknamed me "Earl Scheib" when I said I'd paint any vehicle any color as long as it's green. That even became my radio call sign on the admin net.

Finally, in August of 1991, it was our turn. The advance party left, and shortly after, we boarded the civilian jetliner which would bring us back home. One helluva year. I'd seen ports, piers, Saudi, Kuwait, Iraq, Qatar, Bahrain and the Love Boat, some dead guys, tons of captured "bad-guy" vehicles, and every type of soldier and leader imaginable.

Now that we're back it seems like the visible signs are going away. Just the "combat patch" and a few new ribbons to show I was really there. But I think I did O.K. I suppose if you helped more than you hindered the mission then that's all you can ask.

* * *

IRAQI MISERY: ANOTHER DREARY DAY IN SAFWAN

by MAJ John R. Randt, INARNG
Dep Cdr, AR Video Team

Safwan, OCCUPIED IRAQ - The sign is simple. It reads "Farewell."

It is the last visual image traveling north on the road from Kuwait into occupied Iraq. The sign was installed on the Kuwait roadway in an earlier time—in a friendlier time.

The contrast at the border crossing is stark. Even after months of occupation and the movement of opposing armies, Kuwait has substantial buildings and a population already dashing about on modern expressways in American and Japanese import cars.

Iraq appears a bleak house in comparison.

Safwan is a small village from the last century. The buildings are of brick and masonry. They are built simply and appear shabbily maintained.

Dust is everywhere. The people are dressed in dark and greasy clothing. They flow back and forth on the roadway, many pushing primitive carts. There is no commerce visible in the small village. The business of Safwan these days is survival — at least until tomorrow.

The remains of the repulsed Iraqi Army are visible here as in Kuwait. The broken and battered vehicles and tanks of the Iraqi forces are scattered as if flotsam left by a high beach tide. Squat Soviet-built T-55 tanks are as common abandoned here as on the roadway up from Kuwait City. Everywhere are scattered the defeated army's transport trucks and tiny jeep-like command vehicles. Often the vehicles are overturned — all lack their tires.

Our mechanics tell us that maintenance as we know it in our country is virtually unknown in the Iraqi Army. Vehicles and tanks are run until they stop moving. From that point on, they serve as a repository of parts for vehicles that are still functioning. Now and then there are exceptions. Some tanks have been

found abandoned in superb mechanical condition, but the norm is a worn and creased look and a limited working capability.

Keeping Safwan functioning and the people in a tolerable condition is the job of a group of Army Reserve soldiers with the 404th Civil Affairs Company of Trenton, New Jersey.

There are 49 reservists. They are the government. Their constituents include a temporary refugee site of some 7,000 persons. Several thousand more people remain in the town.

The problems they handle on a daily basis exceed the imagination.

The American Army is responsible for the care of these people. In the sparse desert this includes providing food, water and security. There are no supplies in the town; everything must be trucked in and distributed.

"It's tough — no doubt about it," said LTC Bruce Masey, who serves as executive officer with the 404th.

"But, to show the progress we've made — you should have seen the place before."

Masey's soldiers are spread throughout the town and refugee site. It is a thin thread but it is highly functional. Schools are open again and the 404th is providing a daily school lunch program. That program is now functioning in a town where virtually every other function of commerce and administration had stopped running.

The biggest job facing the reservists is the need to provide the Iraq's with survival. That comes in the form of water, food and security.

The distribution of food is made at two locations daily in Safwan. The reservists try to impose order but the situation is chaotic. A crowd presses right to the edge of the supply point.

Long flatbed trucks are unloaded and the distribution begins. Unused Army ration supplements of

tinned food and plastic canisters of drinking water are being distributed.

Eager hands clutch at the offerings and try to beg more. Small children, looking like miniature tramps in their tattered clothing, dart out with their food containers. After leaving it with elders, they rejoin the line again.

Other children do not wait their turn. Small boys and even young girls in dirty dresses slip through the rolled concertina wire to get a share of the offering. Many are barefoot.

Some succeed and toss containers to relatives over the barbed wire. Others are chased away by 3rd Armored Division soldiers who are providing security.

The clothing of several kids catches in the barbed wire. American soldiers wade into the sharp coils and lift them out and to safety.

Meanwhile, the press of people on the Americans is more severe. There is no precedent in Iraq for an orderly line. Iraqis simply crowd without order or sequence.

Again, today, SGT Donna Whitaker is helping out.

Whitaker, of Stamford, Connecticut, an M16 rifle slung on her shoulder, directs the food distribution.

“I can’t predict their future,” said Whitaker, a single mother with two children. “But, I hope it’s bright again.”

Whitaker looks longingly at the women with small infants ... at the young children ... at the turmoil.

The civil affairs soldiers say the distribution is much improved. It was riotous, they say, in the first days of the distribution.

“I’ll take this experience and go back home and not take my life for granted,” said Whitaker, an auction house secretary.

Meanwhile, a short distance away in the village, water is being distributed from the town well.

When American troops arrived in the village, the pump was broken. Villagers hauled the slightly brackish water up by the rope and bucket.

After improvising a new drive shaft for the pump, ingenious American troops hooked up a filtering system to remove the salt.

Now the water point is flooding buckets and containers of all kinds throughout the day. One man appears with a frying pan.

The water point is being operated by a group of North Dakota National Guardsmen from the 132nd Quartermaster Detachment, of Cando, N.D.

“We’re putting out about 30,000 gallons of water a day,” said Spec. Thomas Nelson, a shop mechanic from Cando.

Guardsmen with the 132nd have seen the whole Gulf War: a war that ran as much on water as oil.

Initially stationed in Saudi Arabia, the Guardsmen moved into Iraq in the initial Allied thrust. Subsequently working in Kuwait, the Guardsmen were later sent back to occupied Iraq to do what they do best: produce water.

Again, there is no line. These people press toward a lone Guardsman manning a large hose. He pivots in a circle attempting to even the equality of distribution. He fills every type of container, big and small, metal and plastic. And, always, there are more containers.

Safwan is perhaps a mile and a half back from the forward line of American troops. Up ahead is Checkpoint Charlie, and beyond are the remnants of the Iraqi Army. The 3rd Armored troops say that refugees and former soldiers continue to come in every day. Thousands of people have passed through.

A temporary refugee site is maintained just outside Safwan. It started with 43 people, says Masey. Today, there are approximately 6,000.

Third Armored troops form a protective ring of security. Soldiers stare out from under canopies over their Bradley Fighting Vehicles. In the compound is a meandering line, seemingly unending, of people waiting for provisions.

Smoke from a series of fires drifts across the powder-dry encampments.

"They sleep two and three families in some of these tent," says Masey. "They might have 20 or 30 people in there."

Wood frames are being built to form even more tents.

This is part of one day — yet it is representative of every day for the Army soldiers who administer and secure Safwan.

Evening approaches — night falls rapidly in the desert.

Reservists with the 404th return to their dusty camp outside Safwan. After dinner, a fire blazes merrily. The soldiers prepare a treat — cooking ready-made pizza sent from America over the flames. For a moment, they forget the dusty camps and the pressing crowds of the distressed and the displaced.

Stars stand out bright in the black sky. Conversation is gay. Lit by the firelight, faces can be seen engaged in conversations that are comical, and banal, and introspective.

Slightly detached is Whitaker. A tear is balanced gracefully on her cheek. After seeing kids all day — she thinks of her own being cared for at her mother's home in faraway Stamford, Connecticut.

"I'm glad my kids were born in America because they have much opportunity," said Whitaker.

In real time, they are eight hours away. But, for all practical purposes, Stamford is a century removed from Safwan.

Night has fallen. In the darkness, no more can be seen of Safwan this day.

* * *

KUWAIT EMERGENCY RECOVERY OPERATIONS

by LTC Larry W. Jinkins, USA
Mil Engr Rep, Kuwait Emergency Recovery Office

During the evening of March 4, 1991, a large convoy passed from Saudi Arabia into Kuwait. This convoy, under control of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, consisted of the advance party of a new organization — the Kuwait Emergency Recovery Office (KERO), members of the government of Kuwait and representatives from several international construction contractors.

Kuwait was a devastated land of smoke, unexploded ordnance and burned out vehicles and buildings. During their retreat the Iraqis had made every effort to destroy the nation's life support, government and economic infrastructure. Members of the convoy would later describe the night drive into Kuwait as driving into "Dante's Inferno" or H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds."

Destroyed military vehicles and stripped cars choked the roads. Downed power lines spider-webbed across the darkened country. Night passed with little notice in the succeeding days as black smoke blocked the sun. Streets were empty except for an occasional vehicle or pedestrian and Kuwaiti resistance fighters manning checkpoints.

A month earlier, the Kuwait Emergency Recovery Office was only a concept. Yet, within the next 300 days, this team, which averaged 140 Americans and 60 Kuwaiti volunteers, would design and place more than \$350 million in repair work through contracts with major American and foreign construction firms. In so doing, a nation would be restored.

On January 14, 1991, as the air attack began and plans for the ground attack to liberate Kuwait were being finalized, the governments of Kuwait and the United States signed an agreement for the Corps of Engineers to assist in the restoration of Kuwait. A planning group was immediately formed. One of the group's first actions was a review of past emergency recovery actions. Unfortunately, only a limited amount of detailed historical information was available.

Four criteria were used in developing the KERO organization: self-sufficiency, flexibility, cost effectiveness, and ability to be readily understood by volunteers.

The engineer district organization was selected as the model most likely to meet the four criteria, especially the criteria of being readily understood by Corps volunteers. Two variations of the district model were used: the damage assessment organization and the reconstruction organization.

The damage assessment organization functioned reasonably well during the first 45 days. Of particular importance was the manner in which the project managers and damage assessment groups were aligned with Kuwait ministries. This greatly facilitated coordination with each ministry and led to many ministries assigning their engineers to work within KERO until the ministries were capable of reestablishing their own operations.

The damage assessment organization had some inherent weaknesses, however. The most important were:

- A large number of sub-organizations reported directly to the commander, who had limited time for routine activities due to requirements placed on his time by the government of Kuwait, the U.S. military, the U.S. ambassador, and the international news media.
- The deputy for support had limited time to devote to most of his organizations due to the unusual logistics requirements of the recovery. More than 4,000 line items of equipment and supplies had to be purchased and transported into Kuwait, and KERO logistics had feeding, billeting, laundry and long distance resupply operations which a normal district does not have.
- The world had a voracious appetite for information. Heavy demands were placed on damage assessment group chiefs for continuous information updates while they were trying to conduct assessment operations.

The reconstruction organization corrected the weaknesses of the damage assessment organization by providing a stronger mid-level management structure, and by better aligning those functions having the same information requirements with each other. It also provided, with its use of three deputies, greater speed of operation than could be found in a standard district. In particular:

- Project management and emergency operations have related reporting requirements. The information collected by emergency operations from the damage assessment groups is the same information used by the project managers. Placing these functions under one deputy substantially improved the management of that information.
- The damage assessment groups were reassigned as project offices under four resident offices. This provided the mid-level structure needed to respond to the world's information requirements while maintaining focus on assessments and reconstruction.
- The additional deputy position reduced the span of control problems experienced by the commander and deputy for support.
- Contracting, contract administration, legal and audit are all involved in processing contract changeorders. Since most of the reconstruction work was added as changes to existing contracts, the processing of changeorders became vitally important to the speed of reconstruction. Placing these functions under one deputy expedited this process.

Many of the staffing levels were different from those found in a standard district. The use of changeorders to award most of the work and the cost reimbursable nature of the work required a greater number of construction representatives, contract specialists, and contract administrators than would normally be found in a district. Relatively fewer engineer designers were needed due to the extensive use of performance oriented specifications and design-build contracts.

Creating an organization is one action, deploying it into a disaster area is another. The correct decision was made to deploy the organization in small groups, versus deploying the entire organization at one time, due to a number of considerations:

- concern that insufficient living and working facilities would be readily available for a large group;
- concern about exposing large numbers of people to danger while the military and political situations were stabilizing;
- loss of cost effectiveness due to the inability to immediately employ large numbers of people.

In conclusion, there are three overall organization and staffing recommendations to be gained from the KERO operation:

- Utilize an organization similar to the reconstruction organization from the start.
- Adjust the staffing levels as noted above.
- Deploy the organization in small groups.

Training. KERO members were predominantly volunteers from throughout the Corps of Engineers. As Corps members, they had been imbued with the Corps' values of service and teamwork and were technically qualified in their professional specialties. Many of them, especially the leaders, had previous experience in disaster recovery operations.

Even so, considerable care was taken in preparing individuals for this particular mission. The preparation occurred in three phases. First, a packet of information was sent to the individual's home. This packet contained a description of the history, culture, climate, and topography of Kuwait, a description of the KERO mission, recommendations as to preparation of wills and proxies, and a list of items to bring.

Upon arrival at KERO's base station in Winchester, Virginia, the individual was issued individual equipment, received inoculations, and received training on the KERO organization, basic first aid, politi-

cal and cultural sensitivities, conduct of damage assessment operations, and protective measures from nuclear, biological, and chemical attack. Similar training was provided to the Kuwaiti volunteers at KERO's intermediate staging site in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. The third phase of preparation occurred when the individual arrived in Kuwait. A day was spent providing a sense of belonging to the individual while imparting critical training. The commander presented his vision of KERO's mission and its historical importance. The political and military situation were discussed in detail. The individual was given a briefing on the overall reconstruction effort and where he/she would fit into the operation. And finally, critical safety information was imparted, especially safety information pertaining to the massive amounts of unexploded ordnance that existed throughout Kuwait.

Altogether, an individual received four days' training and integration into the organization. This process was critical to developing morale, teamwork, and an effective recovery operation.

The gratitude and friendliness of the Kuwaiti people was a particularly strong counter to the stress of the operation. Signs such as "Yankee Do Not Go Home" and "Thank you U.S. Army Corps of Engineers" will always be remembered.

Internal Coordination. An effective organization needs a purpose, structure, trained and motivated members, and a set of procedures. Being new, KERO had to establish its procedures. We thought this would be a relatively easy process since most of KERO's members came from similar Corps organizations. However, we soon realized just how different Corps procedures could be between organizations of similar structure.

The most immediate need was for a method to manage the tremendous amount of data being collected by the damage assessment groups. A means was needed to present this data to Kuwait representatives in a manner which would enable them to understand the nature and magnitude of damages and make decisions on the priority, timing and scope of repairs. This method had to include a budget tracking component.

Working feverishly against time and on laptop computers operating on generator power, KERO engineers developed a computerized project data base capable of interfacing with the damage assessment reporting system. A substantial achievement, this data base gave managers the ability to manipulate the data as required to rapidly prepare budget documents, reports and recommendations.

The next critical need was for a standardized system of managing contract changeorders and unpriced change agreements. Contracting was conducted in accordance with the Federal Acquisition Regulations (FAR). Though everyone was familiar with the FAR, they had varying implementation concepts. This was due to home districts varying in which of their sub-organizations prepared each particular document and what elements of information were required in each document.

A standardized contracting system was developed and recorded in two documents. The first document was a work flow diagram of the changeorder/unpriced change agreement system with work assignments for each step. The second was a procedures book which showed an example of and provided a checklist for each required document.

The damage assessment information management system, the standardized contracting system, and other systems were directly responsible for KERO's ability to place \$2 million worth of construction per day while changing most of its work force every 90 days. The fast pace of emergency operations requires internal procedures that are readily understood and tailored for the unique aspects of disaster response.

Kuwait is much different place today than it was on that night of March 4, 1991. Water, electricity, and sanitation systems work. People and supplies move through the ports and airport and over the highways. Schools are open and the government is operating. The physical debris of war is, for the most part, gone.

Natural disasters will continue to happen. Disaster caused by war are avoidable. Pray and work for peace.

* * *

TROOP REPLACEMENT OPERATIONS

by CPT Kenneth J. Heaney, USA
Cdr, 82nd Replacement Det, 82nd Abn Div

"All the way paratroopers! Welcome to the 82nd Airborne Division in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Where are my eleven bravos?" A cheer rises from the troopers crammed onto the narrow benches inside a general purpose large tent, somewhere near the Iraqi border. "It's your mission to close with and destroy the Republican Guard. Where are my thirteen bravos?" Another cheer. "It's your mission to put steel on target so the eleven bravos can do their mission. Where are the rest of my troopers?" Still another cheer. "It's your mission to support the elevens and thirteens so they can perform their missions."

This scene is indicative of the in-country briefs I conducted for countless troopers processing through my command, the 82nd Replacement Detachment, during Desert Storm. It's a demanding mission to receive, in process, equip, and care for replacements under ideal conditions, but under combat it took some creative resourcing to get the job done.

The MTOE (Modification Table of Organization and Equipment) does not authorize any tactical equipment, such as vehicles, radios, and the like. Current MTOEs fall short of meeting the required personnel and equipment resources critical for the G1/AG (personnel/adjutant general) to conduct successful replacement operations. So what does the G1/AG need to get the job done? Here's how we did it in the 82nd Replacement Detachment during Operation Desert Storm, which is a good template for how to do it in the future.

During the troop buildup for Desert Shield, U.S. Total Army Personnel Command did not turn the replacement pipeline to Saudi until December 1990. Until that time, replacements continued to report to their CONUS (continental United States) duty stations as usual. In fact, even after the replacement pipeline turned to Saudi, replacements continued to report to the rear 82nd Replacement Detachment, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, throughout the conflict. Hence the need for a replacement detachment forward in the theater of operations, and one in the rear at the home station.

In the rear detachment, my senior NCO was responsible for the overall command and control of the organization, reporting to the rear G1/AG, and coordinating assignments with the rear strength manager. The rear division headquarters and headquarters company commander provided the UCMJ (Uniform Code of Military Justice) authority, but it was never used.

The platoon sergeants were responsible for the daily routine of receiving, inprocessing, and shipping replacement who trickled in to the 82nd. Much of their time was spent moving troops to their inprocessing sites and assisting in resolving their personal problems before shipping.

The operations sergeant and PAC (Personnel and Administration Center) clerk managed the detachment's daily operations and administration, like scheduling inprocessing; completing SIDPERS (Standard Installation/Division Personnel System) transactions and coordinating transportation.

The parachute rigger who was attached to the unit performed sewing operations. Replacements could have their 82nd shoulder sleeve insignia sewn on their uniforms free of charge. This was a big morale booster for our replacements.

It may at first glance seem imprudent for me to have left the supply sergeant in the rear, but this move paid huge dividends in the long run. Since most of the detachment's property is station property, I wanted to leave someone behind who was competent in supply accountability and maintenance. The supply sergeant did a superb job in taking care of the barracks and replacements' supply needs despite an austere budget. Since the barracks were relatively unoccupied, he also established a furniture repair and barracks maintenance plan that substantially improved living conditions when we returned from Saudi. Supply accountability was a success story. Despite the detachment deploying around the world, we still conducted a survey-free change of command inventory in July 1991.

The 82nd Replacement Detachment's deployment and performance during Desert Storm is another success story.

As the commander, I spent most of my time planning for the short and long term, fighting for resources, like transportation and equipment, and coordinating with the division staff and division support command. Transportation was as troublesome for replacement operations as it was for postal operations. We had a couple of busses and M-35 trucks with trailers on a permanent basis, but the busses were unreliable and struggled to traverse the demanding desert terrain around the brigade support areas. Therefore, I spent the majority of the day coordinating to get replacements transported on "anything smoking." Adjutants who came back to the division support area always departed with a vehicle full of replacements. We transported replacements on C-130s, CH-47s, UH-60s, busses, trucks and anything else that would roll or fly.

When I wasn't fighting for transportation I was fighting for CTA-50 (clothing and individual equipment) to make up replacements' equipment shortfalls and refit return-to-duty troopers. Soldiers routinely showed up at the detachment missing important items of equipment like DCUs (desert camouflage uniforms), canteens, wet weather gear, and the list goes on. The "party-line answer" from the logisticians was that there was no CTA-50 in theater. Units would have to retrograde equipment for replacements that were short equipment. Each day I had to decide if certain replacements would not be sent forward because they were missing critical equipment. Then I'd coordinate with the gaining unit to come up with the equipment. As with transporting and equipping, anticipation and innovation were the keys to success.

I spent the remainder of the day coordinating with the division staff to provide representatives for their portions of the replacement's in-country brief. During this brief I welcomed them to the 82nd and the desert. I showed them where they were on the map and the disposition of friendly and enemy forces. They were reassured that they were in a safe area to help ease some of their concerns. I gave them an overview of Saudi Arabia, its people and customs as well as off-limits places and activities, like mosques and the consumption of alcohol, respectively. They received a briefing by the first sergeant on SOPs. An SJA (Staff Judge Advocate) representative briefed law of land warfare and rules of engagement. A G2 (assis-

tant chief of staff, intelligence) representative briefed an operational overview. The chaplain, G5 (assistant chief of staff, civil affairs) representative, and a Red Cross member also briefed. Additionally, the commanding general (or assistant division commander for support) and division command sergeant major also welcomed each replacement before he shipped to his gaining unit. The command group reaffirmed that we would decisively win on the battlefield. The replacements appreciated all the briefings, especially the command group's. It set the right command climate up front. Troopers knew they would be cared for and could win on the battlefield.

The platoon sergeants were responsible for the inprocessing, welfare, and transporting of replacements to forward units. Though not trained in personnel systems, all three were successful due to their leadership skills. I've found that former drill instructors and platoon sergeants excel with the replacements. Additionally, having a wide range of skills among the replacement detachment cadre served as a combat multiplier, particularly when it came to self sustainment.

The operations NCO, personnel NCO and operations clerk were responsible for the daily administration of the detachment. They prepared daily rosters, performed SIDPERS transactions, coordinated routine actions, and manned the command post. These folks were indispensable, particularly when the first sergeant, platoon sergeants, and I were out of the net making replacement runs.

The forward supply specialist's responsibilities spanned unit supply, accountability, maintenance, morale and welfare. He procured equipment and ammunition for replacements, coordinated for chow, procured sundry packs, and scrounged additional equipment for the detachment such as tentage, water blivets, and heaters.

The 82nd Replacement Detachment's organization, both forward and rear, was absolutely critical for mission accomplishment. Without the platoon sergeants, replacements would have lacked supervision. Without the commander, planning would have fallen short. Without the first sergeant, troops would have suffered.

Operation Desert Storm called for the first wartime deployment of the 82nd Replacement Detachment since World War II. Leadership, improvisation, and trooper dedication carried the day when doctrine and MTOE missed the mark. As personnelists, we must proactively address doctrine and resourcing issues in the replacement arena now to prepare for the next contingency operation.

* * *

REC SERVICES IN THE DESERT

by Joe M. Harlan
MWR Chief, Saudi Arabia

Processing: A message was received by Army installations from Washington seeking Morale, Welfare, Recreation (MWR) volunteers for 120 days of temporary duty in Saudi Arabia.

I volunteered for that assignment.

We were allowed two bags of luggage for the 120-day tour. One of these was for the military clothing and equipment we were required to take.

We flew out of our respective airports on 21 April 1991 in route to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, where we drew our military clothing and equipment. We received a few hours of training to include a trip to the gas chamber. (They smoked us good, as bad as if we were in the military or worse.)

We flew into Dhahran, Saudi Arabia and were billeted at Khobar Towers for 4-5 days.

Four days after arriving in this area, our 24-person troop was assigned duties throughout Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. Four people flew 360 miles north to King Khalid Military City (KKMC). KKMC lies just 80 miles south of the Iraqi border and 50 miles south of the town of Hafiar Al Batin. KKMC is located in an extremely hostile desert environment called "God's anvil." The desert is the largest in the world.

KKMC cost in excess of a billion dollars to construct. It's a combination of West Point and Camp

David. This city is octagon-shaped and was designed by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. It was built by Koreans of prefab concrete. The city consists of offices, fountains, a hospital, warehouses, troop billets, completely furnished classrooms, library, recreation centers, Olympic-size indoor pool, two large gyms, etc. The complex is amazing in its size and design.

Two morale, welfare, and recreational personnel were assigned to Doha, Kuwait. This troop area needed a recreation program as it was the most forward of all U.S. troop centers and was tactical in nature. This area consisted of a recreation complex and several fields and courts. This high security area was considered to be a danger area. The recreation personnel at this site were subjected not only to a confined area but also to the smoke of the oil fields and the humidity of the gulf. This is only the second live fire base in the world. Iraqis know that a certain area of their country can be hit at any time by live fire from Doha.

Our mission as morale, welfare and recreation personnel was to provide recreation activities and opportunities for the soldiers. Most facilities provided: Sodas, popcorn, snacks, care packages, gift packages, "any soldier" mail, videotape loan, free books, video viewing, bands, board games, weight equipment, volleyball courts, ping pong tables, pool tables, chilled water bottles, free newspapers and recreation equipment issue to include everything from VCRs and popcorn poppers to radio/cassette players.

Aside from the individual services provided, the big chore was to distribute donated items, "any soldier" mail, care packages, etc. This proved to be a massive undertaking as patriotism was high in the United States. Donations by the plane- and ship-load arrived daily during the initial war effort.

Service to the troops often fell into the category of menial work such as loading cases of sodas or sweeping concrete floors. Often these services were taken for granted but in other instances we were approached and told that they couldn't believe that we were there trying to make life more tolerable for the troops. Many soldiers did express their appreciation for our efforts. Overall the job was very fulfilling, and given

the same circumstances, I would attempt to provide the same service again.

* * *

REAR ECHELON BATTLES

by CPT Andrew G. Entwistle, USA
Cdr, 45th Ord Co, XVIII Abn Corps

This is the story of 45th Ordnance Company, deployed in Saudi Arabia from December 1990 to May 1991. Though they never fired nor heard fired a single round, its soldiers waged a very real war against fear, loneliness and uncertainty. This is the story of how they achieved victory.

I assumed command on the afternoon of 6 January 1991, a cold and windy day, dark and threatening. When we finally decided that the support group commander was not going to show up, the first sergeant was given his signal. Five minutes later I stood in front of 220 soldiers as their company commander, both their leader and protector. I at last had what I had always wanted, in fact, what I had begged for prior to the deployment. I had expected to be excited. I had never imagined that I would be so very afraid.

As frightened as I was, the soldiers were more so, not having access as I did to the intelligence and information on the likelihood of attack. I made it a point to walk my entire mile-long perimeter nightly, speaking to each soldier on duty and staying as long as it took to allay their fears. It was usually after midnight when I returned to my tent. Nothing is as frightening as the unknown. Every night I found violations of the general order to keep all weapons unloaded. As hard as I tried to instill confidence, my words were never as encouraging as the rasp of a magazine locking home. After the SCUDs, my greatest fear was for an accidental shooting. Each morning at the stand-to my NCOs carefully inspected each soldier for loaded weapons, and due to their care, there were no accidents.

I spent the first two weeks meeting each soldier and really trying to learn about them, wondering which ones we could count on when the balloon went up. All

of us were scared, but some were deathly afraid. Sure, they had known this could happen; they weren't stupid, but they had never planned on it. It had seemed so simple; two years of honest work and then off to college and bigger things. Now all of that ranked behind just getting home in one piece. The fear was in their eyes and in their movements. I could hear it when they spoke. "You gotta understand, Sir, SGT Uthe and I go way back, to AIT, and if anything happens to him ... well, I don't know. I don't think I could take it." So many had the same story: a new wife, or a new baby. I don't remember now what I told each of them, surely a textbook pep talk that neither of us took too seriously. Those early, unsure days were the darkest for us and, try as I might, we all knew that I didn't have the answers.

We turned in on the night of 16 January wondering why the deadline had been allowed to pass. Perhaps naively, we had sat through the midnight hour waiting for the guns at one second past. One of my lieutenants had come out from port after dark and joined me in my tent. He brought the less than surprising news that things were tense in the port and, like us, they expected the SCUDs momentarily.

When it finally came, the message that awakened me was all that I'd expected. "It's started. Have your guys take their pills, get into MOPP and be ready to go to the bunkers." Turning on the portable radio we listened with the rest of the world as Bernard Shaw of CNN witnessed what we could not. I paused in dressing, thinking aloud to LT McPeak: "This is history, happening right now. You just tore open a brand-new protective suit because you really might need it. We're taking these PB tablets for the first time ever in the field. None of this stuff has ever happened before and we don't know tonight how it will end, or even if either of us will ever see it end." Our eyes met, and we finished dressing in silence.

The SCUDs did not come, and at dawn we held stand-to, marvelling at the streams of aircraft filling the sky. There was cheering as we were overtaken with a sense of pride and patriotism, but with it came a chill, because we knew full well that not every plane we saw winging north would be returning.

We were absolutely positive that we existed on somebody's target list. We knew that the missiles would come and so I was not surprised to be awakened before dawn on the third day by the field phone. "SCUD launchers are up, some pointing this way. Take the pills and head for the holes." With dawn breaking, we held stand-to on the perimeter, more of us watching the sky than the ground. Each soldier carried a chemical suit tightly rewrapped since its first exposure. We'd now been told that this could preserve it, but we'd never heard that before and few of us believed it, especially later, as the number of "reusable" days was increased almost daily.

Inside the commo shack, panic broke out with the whooping of an M8 alarm set on the perimeter. I could hear it as they screamed to me over the commercial walkie-talkie, and I thought about those letters I dreaded. It never occurred to any of us at that moment that we hadn't seen any type of delivery system, or that no one else's alarm was sounding. We were not going to die! Screaming at the top of my lungs, I raced around the perimeter. The company exploded into action, heading for MOPP level 4 in record times that will never be broken. A soldier without his gear bolted for his tent barely touching the ground. Someone yelled that I had not yet masked, that they'd carry the word around. Precious seconds burned away as I desperately tried to force a bootie on backwards, but I got it on there somehow. Masked and ready, we waited.

And waited. Around the perimeter, soldiers reviewed their lessons: "One sign of being gassed is sweating ... I'm sweating!" Through sheer willpower mouths dried out, heads pounded and the twitching began. The pills made many nauseous, but if they couldn't be sick in the mask, and if they couldn't take the mask off

A soldier fainted and panic nearly overtook us. There's no telling what our self-inflicted body count would have been had not the sun finally topped the horizon, revealing the tents of the chemical platoon, 50 yards away. Wandering to the four-holers in their t-shirts and flip-flops, they couldn't imagine what that idiot commanding 45th Ord was doing practicing NBC in the dark. I stared at them, waiting for the first to writhe and fall. None did. Suddenly, things were

very clear to me. I had read about, and scoffed at, the self-perpetuating panic of Orson Welles' *War of the Worlds*. Now I scoffed no longer, and was deeply ashamed that I had been so easily stampeded. I decided to prolong the charade just a bit longer, for not to practice the M256 detector kits now would have been to admit utter defeat. We had 220 volunteers for the unmasking procedure, and a few minutes later retaped our chemical suits for what would be the last time of the war.

We made no apologies. We were not tough killers trained for combat. We were highly skilled, very nervous missile maintenance technicians. I had not a single combat vet in the company. Even after the lesson of the chemical alarm that cried wolf, the soldiers were paranoid and jumpy.

Such was our first week of the war. Slowly we came to understand that we were not Saddam Hussein's primary target and with that realization it became easier to convince the soldiers on guard not to lock and load on every lieutenant that ran his HMMWV in to our barbed wire after midnight. Eventually, comparative calm descended and I could turn to other battles that needed fighting.

The darkest days of my command were those on which I delivered Red messages to unsuspecting soldiers. I can remember each of them. Never did I feel more alone. Here was a duty that could never be delegated and one that you couldn't be trained for. The first came during my first week of command. Luckily, for the first and only time, a chaplain was available, and he pretty much did it for me, while I tried to remember each word and gesture that he used. In all I did five, including three infants, and it never got any easier.

Picture the poor soldier, away from home two months now, knowing that his wife is due any day. He has no fear at the call to come see the commander, he knows what this is. He wishes the cigars Dad is sending had gotten here, but that's war. He sees his chain of command outside, they're all friends, this will be a moment to tell about forever. His commander is very quiet, and sounds so very tired. "Sit down, Private."

"I think I can guess what you're going to tell me, Sir." His grin can't stay hidden and he can hardly sit still.

"No, you can't." The commander looks sick and the private is confused. The commander sighs and continues. "I'm very sorry to inform you that your son has been stillborn." The commander is holding him now, and still trying to tell him something, but he barely hears it. "Your wife will be fine, but she needs you right now and I hope to have you out of here before dark. If there's anything else we can do"

But really, what else was there to do in the middle of the desert, a hundred miles from anything? I may have been the company commander, the great leader and protector, but sitting there, holding him, I was helpless and humbled. The letters that I dreaded so could not have been much worse.

Bad news travelled both ways, we learned. In the beginning, when he first fell into his fighting position, it appeared that PFC Laurin had given us a little comic relief. He hadn't been expecting it to be quite where he found it on that pitch black, predawn stand-to. The result was a sprain that would keep him on crutches for a while, and we thought little of it. That is, until I got the call to report to the battalion and handle a Congressional Inquiry, specifically explaining to PFC Laurin's father how his son lost his leg, and why didn't anybody know about it. I was stunned; it would be tough explaining something I didn't even know about. Eventually we pieced it together. PFC Laurin had phoned his German wife to tell her of his mishap. She, of limited English, had phoned his father, and somewhere in the translation the story lost, or rather gained, a little something. Poor Dad hung up understandably distraught, believing that his son was now an amputee. Fortunately, another fast trip to the phone tent solved this problem.

We knew that the ground offensive was coming. One of our maintenance teams left us to go forward with a multiple launch rocket system battalion. They would go through the breach. I met with them before they departed, looking at men I knew I might not see again. They spoke quietly but bravely, without bravado. They knew the deal, and they would do what had to be done.

Each morning a new open spot told us of another unit moving forward. I watched my former battalion headquarters pack to leave without me. The friends I had deployed with were leaving, and I wanted to run over and explain that I would choose to be with them if I could, but it would not have mattered, and they had no time for that now. The ultimate test of their military education awaited. I felt left out and confused, and very envious. This would be over someday, and I wanted to have "been there."

I wasn't alone. Every soldier in the company knew someone who would go through the breach, in many cases relatives and husbands. They listened as their friends passed through, hiding their fear behind loud jokes and reminding us of the dangers that we would not face with them. Some of my soldiers were not bothered. They had homes to return to and lives to lead, and they cheerfully told their friends, "Better you than me." But for everyone that did, another felt cheated, deprived of the ritual that so many fathers and grandfathers had endured. We felt so many different ways those days, and no one could tell us which was right.

On the morning that the radio told us of the successful breach we did not know how to act. It didn't make it easier to be the only unit in sight not caught up in the action. We enforced our routine to combat depression and found the routine itself depressing.

With the tremendous success of the ground war assured, we began to dread the warriors' return. We were willing, but not anxious, to hear the war stories and touch the souvenirs, constantly reminded of how we spent the war. Having spent the World Series on the bench, we were welcome to drink the champagne, but for us it would always taste flat.

In March and April, as the radio told us of jubilant homecoming parades at Fort Bragg and around the country, the soldiers of 45th Ordnance Company waited and sweated as their leaders looked for ways to keep them happy.

I spoke to the leaders. There was much that we could do. This would be our battle to win and we would fight it with every weapon that we had. The

officers and NCOs responded brilliantly. We "acquired" more tentage and erected a screened-in mess tent with picnic tables, and a recreation tent with a TV and VCR, and a huge library of books sent to "any soldier." We began daily trips to King Khalid Military City, site of the nearest PX and non-Army food. A few lucky soldiers won a spot on the "Love Boat" anchored off Bahrain for four days of fun in the sun and, reportedly, under the sheets. On Easter Sunday, owning the highest ground in the Log Base, we sponsored the chaplain's sunrise service, a breathtaking ceremony that drew guests from miles around.

We made our credo "What can we do for the soldiers today?" and the results were good. SGT Perisee coordinated our first boxing smoker, which was a huge success. Some of the bouts, especially those in which the boxers had experience, looked great and had the crowd going. I served as ring announcer and our reliable NBC warning triangle did duty as the bell. We held chess and horseshoe tournaments in and out of the company and reassembled the previous year's winning softball team, which swept every unit in the battalion. We set up a basketball hoop and volleyball nets, all "borrowed" from the community gym prior to deployment. With what was then incredible optimism, now called foresight, one NCO had brought his entire barbell set in a conex. Set up in the shade of a camouflage net, our new weight room was very popular.

Some soldiers made their own diversions, which I learned when I was told that we now had a mother-to-be in the company. Visions of ensuing violence ran through my head until I could get an answer to the vital question: "Who did it?" I prayed that it was the right guy. Fortunately, the prospective father was indeed the female soldier's long-standing fiancé, which reduced my problem to just that of getting her home, a comparative piece of cake.

Perhaps most important of all, we had the flag. When I learned upon taking command that none had been brought from Germany, one of my earliest acts was to write my mother's congressman, Rep. Joe Moakley. I explained to him what it would mean to the soldiers and requested that he do what he could to help us. In an amazingly short time, a box arrived which

I opened like a little boy at Christmas. It was all that I had asked for and more. "This flag," read the beautiful certificate, "has been flown above the United States Capitol in the name of the 45th Ordnance Company." A moving and encouraging letter was enclosed.

SGT Heath, my outstanding carpenter, immediately raised a flag pole of eight camouflage support sections, anchored by carefully piled sandbags. Somehow, (and I never asked "how" when he was on the job), SGT Heath rigged a terrific pulley and a tie-off, for raising and lowering the flag, which I did every morning and evening for the next four months. The certificates and letter went under acetate on a board and were mounted on the pole. Hours after its arrival, Old Glory waved proudly above the company area, forever to be the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. Set upon the highest ground in the area, it was visible for over a mile and quickly became the reference point for directions to any unit in the vicinity. Nearly every soldier in the company posed at its base for a picture. It flew for the entire war, and the two proudest reenlistments of my command were accomplished as it waved overhead.

Five months after fearfully and tearfully kissing our loved ones goodbye, we stormed from the buses to kiss them hello. We were veterans of battle that will never appear in any history of the conflict, victors over the boredom and uncertainty that had proven to be our most dangerous enemies. That which had not killed us had made us stronger.

* * *

THE PEACE TALKS CONVOY

by CPT Daniel M. Georgi, USA
Dep Trans Ops Ofcr, 22nd Spt Cmd

I'll call this my info paper on what crazy things have been going on from my end since the war commenced. As I write this the war is still ongoing, there has been no cease-fire as of 7 March. Guys are still dying, although not at the pace they were when this thing went to a cease-fire. We lost two guys playing with an unexploded cluster bomb while souvenir hunting in a T-72 tank. While I have checked out

those tanks lost in battle, I have touched no ammo or "fresh" kills.

I just returned from Kuwait after a long week up there. Took the "Peace Talks" convoy into Southern Iraq that was held last Sunday morning. We uploaded all day Friday and got a late start that night. We entered Kuwait at the Main Supply Route where Saudi, Kuwait and Iraq meet. The road was patrolled by military police but it was still an eerie feeling driving on Kuwait territory controlled by the Iraqis just 48 hours prior. We drove on a two-lane road that was physically cut into sections every kilometer to slow the advance of tanks. We're talking huge five-foot sections that made our drive with trucks hazardous and a heck of a roller coaster ride. Off to both sides of the road were an innumerable amount of land mines, some taped off by the engineers and others not yet discovered. Our guidance was to remain on the hardstand and not to venture into the sand at any time.

You have to understand we were not only battling the road conditions but anxious Kuwaitis trying to use the same road network to return to their native homeland. We saw the humongous oil moats created to engulf advancing tanks in fire. It turned out that we flanked them through Iraq and never fell victim to their elaborate mines and oil traps. As we approached Kuwait International Airport it was pitch black as the electricity was out everywhere. The only light to be seen was from the 700 oil wells aflame in the desert. It was a breathtaking sight to see, albeit sad. The flames shot 250 feet into the air and illuminated the black sky with a gorgeous yellow, red silhouette. They say it will take one to three years to put out all the wells. The sky was dark black and caused it to look like midnight at two in the afternoon.

My lungs are full of the black soot, I'm sure. I still haven't completely recovered from the cold and congestion I've had since I've been in country. My only injuries to speak of are a swollen left eye, cause unknown, and a cavity I found yesterday, my first ever. Washing my teeth in the unpotable water here had something to do with it, I'm sure. From now on I'm using the bottled water they provide us to wash my mouth out.

Anyway, to get back to our arrival into Kuwait International, it was an unbelievable sight. The Iraqis

went out of their way to bum, break and destroy anything they could before fleeing. In the center of the airfield were the smoldering remnants of what was a Kuwaiti Airways 747, completely gutted. To its side was a destroyed 737. Just the tail was left and some steel frames that once supported the massive aircraft. They had been through everything in seven months. There were several hundred suitcases thrown about with zillions of discarded clothes all about. Several newspaper dated 3 August lay strewn about and what buildings weren't burned were ripped apart.

As soon as we arrived, we were given the word to get up to the peace talk site as soon as possible. They were set to begin the next morning. We never would have made it up there on time if they had not delayed it 24 hours because the Iraqis needed more time. But we did not know it at the time. There were only two routes to get into Iraq and I decided to scout them out with my driver in our civilian Pajero jeep. The entire route north was littered with destroyed enemy vehicles to include stolen Kuwaiti vehicles and T-72 tanks, armor personnel carriers, and tractors. They were in the middle of the road, off to the side, everywhere. No clearing by the engineers had taken place.

We drove approximately 40 kilometers until we reached what has come to be known as "Death Mountain." That is where approximately 5,000 Iraqi vehicles of all makes and models were holed in by bomb blasts from the front and rear by F-15s and effectively stopping the convoy of cars, trucks, tanks, etc. Then the Apaches came in and tore them all up. It was a killing zone. Bodies were everywhere. My driver picked up a pistol belt, a French gas mask, a couple of helmets and some shrapnel. I gathered up a couple of souvenirs which I'll be mailing home soon.

We couldn't get around this mass destruction and ended up back tracking to the other route to the east. This road was four lanes, in terrible condition. The same barriers as before, only more so. We knew we had to get the convoy through and so we pressed on. I didn't want to get too far away from where I left the convoy but I had to find a clear route to Iraq.

By now it was getting toward dusk and we were about 65 kilometers from the airport. It was then that

we came upon sheer chaos. We arrived as the British were mopping up what has been a scattering of 32 Republican Guards they had cornered. As the Republican Guards ran, they were heading for a mine field to their immediate front. The Brits followed in four armored personnel carriers with mounted .50 cal machine guns. They were warning the Iraqis of their error when the Iraqis turned and opened fire on their pursuers. That was all the Brits needed and they literally blew away all 32 Iraqis.

I came on the scene no more than four minutes after the firing ceased. The Brit commander asked where the heck we came from and I explained our situation. He warned us to be careful but we had enough at that point. I wasn't going to fail the mission but concluded that we best get back to the convoy.

When we arrived back, we learned the initial roadway of "Death Mountain" had been somewhat cleared by the engineers. So we took off, convoy in tow. The border was only about 100 kilometers up the road but it took until 6:00 the next morning to get the tractor trailers through all the debris. There were numerous flats from all the shrapnel in the roadway but we made it without my wrecker, which had four blowouts enroute and couldn't continue. The peace talks were set to start at 12 noon that day (Sunday) and there were guys provided to put up the light sets, tents, latrines and chairs we were carrying. We got a little shuteye until the bigwigs started arriving.

The talks went rather quickly and several of the guys got their photos taken with "The Bear," GEN Schwarzkopf. He didn't really feel like chatting with the officers but he did get out and meet as many of the enlisted soldiers as he could, which I thought was nice.

After they all departed, we started tearing down until we got the word that 1,000 Kuwaiti refugees were to be housed by us for the night until they could return to their homeland the next day. So up went the tents again and all the support systems. We soon ran out of food and water which was OK by me which meant we could leave and return to Kuwait.

Unfortunately, a full bull colonel and a high ranking DA civilian decided to ride with us and proceeded to tell us how to get back into Kuwait. My driver and

I were not too keen on taking directions from this guy but we did. They ended up leading us to within 15 miles of Iraq's second largest city, Basra, you know the one, with all the strife and turmoil going on. The only way we figured we were going north instead of south were the countless Iraqi soldiers who were coming off the streets and trying to give themselves up. It was unbelievable. The MP escorts we had with us told them to walk on to the 24th ID to surrender. We were actually forward of the front. We eventually got ourselves out of the area and my driver got us south. Should never have let that colonel take charge of my convoy. Politics at work again.

We got back into Kuwait and offloaded what was left from the peace talks. I went up in the air to recover our wrecker operator crew. We flew over the battle field and "Death Mountain." It was even more impressive from the air. We flew within feet of burning oil wells and could feel the heat against the CH-47 Chinook. Got lots of photos of everything which I'll develop and pass on. Even shots of me on captured T-72 tanks.

I'm working at the theater level and that included evacuation of the KIAs (not many) and the WIAs (not much more) and the return of the incredible number of enemy prisoners of war into Iraq for processing. They were so happy to be eating something and warm that they were giving up by the thousands. No one thought there would be such a large retreat or that it would end so quickly. I really thought the whole thing would take two or three months.

We're now all looking forward to the end of this thing. Our main objective is redeployment from here on out. Bringing everyone home safe. "Desert Storm" becomes "Desert Calm" and then "Desert Farewell."

* * *

NOT ONE MORE LIFE

by Rosalene E. Graham
Safety Mgr, VII Corps

On November 8, 1990, President Bush announced he was increasing the number of troops deployed to

Southwest Asia (SWA) to support Operation Desert Shield. VII Corps from Stuttgart, Germany, was included. Immediately after the president's announcement, the VII Corps commanding general sent a message to subordinate commanders reminding them that safety preserves the force, and now — more than ever — risk management was key to minimizing accidental loss.

Safety planning for deployment began immediately. VII Corps had to move quickly to SWA without endangering the local populace, soldiers or equipment.

Only half of the professional safety staff was deployed. Those who did go received increased workloads. Corps personnel worked 12 or more hours a day, seven days a week, for the six months the corps was in SWA.

Accident investigation and reporting consumed much time, and investigators simply could not reach all units. Instead, the corps relied on passing safety information through various media. Part-time unit military safety personnel performed well, though other job duties competed for their time.

One problem encountered was carbon monoxide buildup in ships. Not all Saudi Arabian flag carrier ships met the same ventilation standards as U.S. carriers. When drivers started all the vehicles at once to queue up, the ship's ventilation system could not handle the excessive exhaust. After advising PSA (physical security assessment) supervisors of the hazard, they ensured that drivers started a vehicle only when it was next to exit the ship.

Personnel quickly learned that driving in Saudi Arabia gave new meaning to "defensive driving." The Saudis used the entire roadway in either direction for their mission, which appeared to be to pass every vehicle in sight and arrive at the destination in the shortest possible time. Soldiers became adept at accident avoidance techniques. While written driving rules in Saudi Arabia are similar to U.S. driving rules, they are extremely different in practice. While in SWA, VII Corps units reported more than 200 vehicle accidents. Of these, more than 65 percent occurred on highways and streets.

Soldiers often adopted the “Saudi” driving mentality and began passing on the right, on the left and on the sand beside the road. Driver use of safety gear declined as Walkmans replaced helmets and seat belts. Lack of traffic law enforcement on the road contributed to this problem. Military police had other, more pressing, tasks to perform and placed traffic rule enforcement and troop discipline responsibility on unit commanders.

As the ground war approached, the need for light discipline directly conflicted with safety. Off all primary roads, vehicles ran with lights off, using only blackouts drive lights. Night-vision goggles were not available to all drivers, and night movement was a risky activity for many.

In anticipation of hostilities, some commanders had windshields removed or covered. Soldier covered lights and reflectors with tape to prevent the glint of sun on reflective surfaces from revealing positions to the enemy. Most commanders did not share this perceived threat risk, however, so most vehicles had all window and light surfaces visible. The hazard in removing windshields was that drivers often covered the openings with canvas or other obstructions to keep sand out of the seating compartment; this practice limited driver visibility.

Another transportation safety problem involved driver training. Many units upgraded vehicles in the month prior to the ground war. One swapout involved the Commercial Utility Cargo Vehicle (CUCV, the military version of the GMC Blazer) and High Mobility Multi-Purpose Wheeled Vehicle (HMMWV). One combat support brigade noticed an adverse trend — six accidents in rapid succession — almost immediately after swapout. As a result, the brigade commander directed battalion commanders to personally approve only mission-essential dispatches until driver training was complete.

Locally obtained equipment: Army equipment nonavailability forced soldiers to use equipment provided by the host nation or purchased on the local market. Locally purchased commercial heaters were inadequate by safety standards. Although field ordering officers received safety guidance on heater purchase, substandard heaters abounded. Vapor emis-

sions and fire hazards exposed soldiers to risks; carelessness in nonstandard heater use caused most tent fires.

Safety tasks: During this phase, the corps adapted to the safety support role which carried through deployment. Personnel conducted accident investigations and risk analyses, identified hazards, performed problem solving and fostered safety awareness.

Movement from Tactical Assembly Area to Forward Assembly Areas and Sectors. Safety tasks: The Army was about to enter the ground war without established wartime safety procedures. Unexpected challenges continually confronted corps personnel due to insufficient guidance. Safety personnel defined the scope of wartime safety duties — how to conduct risk analysis and accident investigations, how to promote safety awareness, and how to assess compliance with regulatory guidance.

The frequency of serious accidents increased. At one point, the corps experienced an aviation accident each day for four consecutive days. Fortunately, more serious accidents were anticipated than actually occurred during this and the next phase. The goal in investigating accidents: to gather information quickly, while units performed mission oriented activities preparing for battle.

The sense of urgency to finish missions before the ground war contributed to several accidents. Everyone knew that ground war was imminent. Among the hardest working soldiers were the long-haul truckers who moved supplies 500 to 600 kilometers one way and then returned for another load. Despite high- and medium-risk exposures, one truck company drove 300,000 miles monthly without a recordable traffic accident.

The Ground War. During the ground war, communication with units by tactical phone was not possible; they moved too quickly. Units did not rapidly pass on accident information during this phase. Safety did not conduct a true investigation of any serious accident that occurred during the 100-hour ground war. Safety personnel reconstructed accident information for reporting purposes after the ground war ended. The aviation safety technician proved invaluable in this

process; he went to each downed aircraft, determined whether it was an accident or battle loss, and moved on.

Casualty reports also arrived late due to communication problems, and initial information was often inaccurate. Still, the one noticeable trend was the mounting number of soldiers injured or killed from submunitions. VII Corps immediately sent information via E-mail and other means to warn troops of this danger.

Commanders made instant determinations of battle and nonbattle deaths. When more information about how the soldier died became known, those determinations often changed. Accidents were not black and white anymore. Was it our land mine or theirs? Was it friendly or enemy fire? Did the soldier pick up the ordnance or step on it unknowingly? Definitions were not clear and perhaps never will be.

U.S. ground troops faced an enormous unexploded ordnance hazard. The preferred artillery munitions at the beginning of the ground war contained Dual Purpose Improved Conventional Munitions (DPICM), a submunition. While highly effective against enemy targets, DPICM and Air Force-dropped submunitions littered the battlefield, causing ongoing safety problems to troops. This submunition litter also caused delays in moving through the battlefield.

Battle casualties were relatively few. Risk management techniques carried over onto the battlefield. Because casualty numbers were low, definite correlations about the number of battle-related casualties and the use of risk management techniques could be made. The Army must conduct further study to support any conclusions.

Aviation safety: Aviation crews faced grueling schedules during this phase. Different aircraft require different crew endurance standards. During peacetime, crew endurance is based on total number of duty hours; this standard does not apply when factoring in combat stress. Crews flying combat helicopters require more concentration because of task complexity as compared to utility helicopter pilots.

The last night of the ground war brought smoke from the burning Kuwaiti oil wells over the rear corps area. Fog mixed with the smoke to cause almost zero visibility. The loss of two aircraft from combat missions exposed a safety vulnerability. The corps always relies upon civilian and military fixed Instrument Landing Systems in peacetime exercises to land aircraft in zero visibility weather. Wartime corps airfields have only tactical ground control approaches, good to 200 feet from the runway, which is not adequate. The corps must be able to land aircraft under severe conditions in wartime when peacetime systems are not available.

This theater showed that, "If you don't bring the capability with you, it doesn't exist." Units could not bring enough replacement aviation life support equipment, organizational clothing and individual equipment to meet needs while in SWA. Sand quickly wears out this gear.

Shortages of critical safety items also existed. Tank crew members were issued only one set of NOMEX combat vehicle uniforms before the ground war, and received another if the size was available. This meant crew members could not change clothes immediately before, during or after the battle but were only issued one pair. Not all aviation crew members had survival radios — a must for downed crew members.

Defense of Northern Kuwait. Following the ground war and defeat of the Republican Guard forces, corps units consolidated and transitioned to a hasty defense.

Command emphasis: GEN Schwarzkopf published an eloquent message concerning safety. His motto, "Not One More Life," became the theater watchword. The number of accidents occurring immediately after the ground war ended was intolerable. In the 14 days following the ground war, VII Corps had one-sixth of its reported accidents in SWA, including eight soldier deaths. The corps also experienced 18 unexploded ordnance accidents and 10 accidental weapon discharges.

This period of safety indiscipline prompted the corps commander to place stringent safety measures on soldiers. As a result, in addition to accident

investigations and other safety tasks, safety staff also began safety evaluations. The commander directed the Inspector General to conduct surveys, told military police to enforce traffic laws, and instructed the corps' Safety and Standardization Board to evaluate aviation units. In addition, the corps had a safety standdown, during which time each subordinate unit discussed soldier safety.

These stringent measures and the theater's "Not One More Life" campaign had a calming effect. Driver discipline and traffic safety improved. Everyone was talking safety. Soldiers stenciled "Not One More Life" on vehicles, signs and rocks. Armed Forces Radio stations broadcast "Not One More Life" safety awareness spots.

Reunion. Safety did not complete its job upon redeployment—troops deprived of alcohol and family experienced some problems of redeployment. The safety team at home station worked with other agencies to make the reunion successful. They sent predeployment briefing information on safety and other issues to SWA. VII Corps experienced minimal DWI (driving while intoxicated) and accidental death problems when returning home.

Long-term occupational health effects: Do potential long-term health risks exist? From Desert Shield's beginning, commanders worried about an "Agent Orange" situation developing. Since most activities in SWA were not unique, this author believes no "Agent Orange" illnesses are likely. If any occur, health experts are not currently aware of the health risk. One example is smoke from Kuwaiti oil wells; initial sampling showed no problem, but health experts may not fully understand the effects of prolonged smoke exposure.

In managing a wartime safety program, VII Corps Safety met challenges faced by few other safety professionals. Desert Storm was a battlefield success. That success is due, in part, to Army leadership adopting a risk management philosophy and making safety a critical element in force preservation.

* * *

WHY HERE?

I look at myself in full MOPP gear,
And wonder, what I am doing here?
A possible gas attack on this place,
Waiting with gas mask upon my face.

Not so long ago did I roam
Through the country around my home,
And working hard to pay my bills,
Helping heal other men's ills.

But now I'm in a foreign land,
A place of rocks and dust and sand,
Getting ready to join the war,
Not quite sure what we're fighting for.

And so it goes, night after day,
With each attack I stop to pray
For this conflict to quickly cease,
So I may go and live in peace.

-RLI

TREKKING NORTH

Hour on hour on hour we drive,
From seven a.m. to way past five,
Bouncing along over ruts and bumps,
Over weeds and sand, not rocks or stumps.

It is to the far north we wind,
Saddam's Guard we need to find,
Soon them or us will meet our fate,
In our effort to free tiny Kuwait.

Four days we've rode through dust and rain,
The jarring fills our bodies with pain,
And sleeping in our trucks at night,
To be gone again with dawn's first light.

After dark each night we watch the show,
Of missiles streaking and the bombs' glow,
The wise among us admit we are scared,
A truth that is not so easily shared.

And yet a fifth we still wander on,
Wonder where the enemy now has gone,
Constantly pushing as we sally forth,
Tired and weary, we keep trekking north.

-RLI

Part IV

STATESIDE OPERATIONS

RETIREEES JOIN THE FIGHT

by LTC David M. Watt, AUS Ret.
Staff Ofcr, ARPERCEN

In early January of 1991 I had just started working at a new position. I was just getting acquainted with the new faces, the new challenges, and the new procedures of designing an educational component for an alternative sentencing program for juvenile offenders. One evening when I arrived home my daughter told me that someone from the Army had been trying to get in touch with me. The next morning I called the number that had been left and was told by a member of the Army Reserve Personnel Center (ARPERCEN) that orders were on the way and where should they be sent. It was a double thrill, recall to active duty and the receipt of my first-ever FAX! I wondered if life could get any better.

The orders were received on the 25th of January with a reporting date of the 28th. I don't know why, but for some reason I think that I had the impression that I was the only one on the way to 9700 Page. The morning I reported quickly erased that vain thought. The hallway leading into the new ARPERCEN building was full of "us," all obviously retirees. How and why obvious? I don't think that I can actually put words to the feeling and impression that was made but it wasn't hard to separate the habitual inhabitants from the newly arrived. Of course they could spot us retirees, too. One of the first utterances I heard was directed at me. It came from an officer who chided me for wearing my field jacket. I had been "away" for so long that I had completely missed some new items of clothing issue such as the tanker-style black jacket with the liner. My less than polite reply was to request some "slack" due to a hiatus of six and one-half years since last being suited up.

Soon, I found myself among many of my fellow retirees, or more properly ex-retirees. Actually, over the next six months the question of just what sort of appellation we should properly carry was a matter of

concern and constant conversation. After the first three weeks went by those of us in the "ex" group would just produce our green identification cards and suggest that a phrase encompassing our rank and last name would be more than sufficient. The in-processing dance of documentation went swiftly. I was sure that it had to do with picking a site where our official records were housed.

For the most part, those of us called up were certain that St. Louis was just a geographically convenient waystation. It would be the point of our departure for some other installation. Of course we all harbored expectations of being sent to a unit. Many were dead certain they were destined for overseas deployment. That soft siren song calling for service over there was destined to fade. More slowly for some than others. I was constantly amazed at the contacts tried, the parlays attempted, and the chips called in, all, however, to no avail. In the end it was realized that we were where we would be and there was a valuable service to perform.

The service to be performed had a sound akin to a siren's song. In this song, however, was the echo of phones that had rung constantly for days blended with the harsh real-time ringing of almost every set inside ARPERCEN. It was far from a symphony, it was even too harsh, shrill and constant to qualify as cacophony. It was just "the sound"! We saw, even from the first day at ARPERCEN, people literally going from the basement phone banks up to their usual desks to answer calls they had referred to themselves. Those phone calls heralded the reason a group of retirees had been summoned to St. Louis. We were to assist in one of the most comprehensive mobilization actions that has ever been conducted by our nation. The final outcome was more than sufficient to validate the presence of each of us that volunteered and accepted orders for duty during Desert Shield/Desert Storm.

I would like to set forth some general observations as they apply to the retiree group that I worked with

at ARPERCEN during the period 28 January 1991 to 3 July 1991. We represented one of the most impressive collections of experience that I have ever had the opportunity to work with. It was a group that represented decades of service under every conceivable situation and in almost every spot in the world. The badges, ribbons, and regimental crests spoke with a quiet eloquence of dedication, experience, and ability. I feel that I was able to isolate three primary reasons why they were present at that place and time.

The first reason has to be the unshakable pride each person had in their individual ability to make a positive contribution. It was a matter of ego, no more and no less, but a quiet and well controlled ego.

A second reason seemed to be deeply rooted in a strong desire not to miss this "war" because it was the right thing to do. All of us present drew into ourselves the strong positive feelings that the general public were making manifest over the armed forces. Indeed, who could not? It was so different from our collective experience of an earlier era. It was more than just all right to be a soldier — it was a matter of very personal and longstanding patriotism.

A third reason, not as well articulated but nonetheless present and viable, was a realistic awareness of the lack of staffing in some portions of the Army. While these shortfalls of personnel could be tolerated in a peacetime situation, they were not to be countenanced during a war. To ensure that assets matched the needs, each of the retirees had made some type of sacrifice to be present. This individual sacrifice came out of a personal and associative loyalty to mission to be accomplished.

Observation One. Whatever screening process existed (assuming there was one) proved its validity. If, however, there was not some screening process and most of those that volunteered were accepted on a first come, first ordered basis I think that the laws of probability were skewed in favor of the good guys for once. Only one retiree was released within the first two weeks and that more for reasons of compassion based on a situation at home. I do not mean to indicate that all who volunteered were without fault, far from it. There was a wide range of capabilities present but everyone demonstrated an unusual focus and sense of

purpose and everyone's contribution advanced the move toward the goal of mobilization.

Observation Two. Very few of the retirees had even been assigned to such an organization as represented by ARPERCEN. In truth, working with the reserve components is a unique experience. The environment is initially strange to the uninitiated. Most of the noncommissioned officers were more experienced with field units than with a high-rise headquarters. In spite of a potential mismatch of face with space each retiree expressed in word and deed the conviction that they could do something. There was a nonroutine and ad hoc aspect to operations caused by demands brought on as the Gulf War went on. This aspect was certainly present at ARPERCEN, too. This flexible operational aspect gave retirees an opportunity to gravitate to a duty section that had a need consistent with their ability and where they all rendered yeoman duty.

Observation Three. The retirees were a quick study group. Their long-term memory served them well. There may have been new dates on the regulations, but the content was very much the same as when last read. When there was current documentation in existence it was quickly assimilated and acted on. In cases where documentation or policy was sketchy, rapid analysis of the situation and quick application of logical measures was the order of the day. Where the retirees were placed in an already existing workgroup they provided a depth of experience along with new viewpoints. These viewpoints, by and large, were focused on the enormity of the situation and based on previous actual experiences. This leavening brought to the groups and operational sections by the retirees produced solutions that otherwise would have cost much valuable time to have been worked out. When retirees took over new tasks and functions made necessary by the war and consequent mobilization activity, they were able to function without excessive oversight. This saved a good deal of manhours throughout the entire organization.

Operating the 1-800 hot line was a primary function. Each caller was a new experience and the saving grace was that each call was handled by someone that had the ability to do something positive. There was such a range of calls that is hard to imagine. One call

might be from a distraught mother who had not heard from her son for several days, another from a wife that had only a copy of her husband's orders, a sick baby and plenty of questions about what should she do. A young soldier wanted to know how to pack. Late night calls always included one or two from veterans that after a period of time, usually at a local watering hole, wanted to get on the list and go do their duty. These could in no way be laughed off but demanded a serious and sensitive handling. It may be vanity or pride at work but I am willing to wager that only the retiree group fielding those calls could have so quickly developed the resource list that grew daily as each call was documented.

One incident occurred that, for me, set the tone for the example that the retiree group set. One day during the second week of duty I was walking back to the hotline area from the cafeteria after a coffee call. My pace was soon matched by a company grade AGR (active guard/reserve) officer who worked there in ARPERCEN. In making conversation he asked me about my being so glad that the "old" group had been brought together again. I asked him what he meant by that statement and he indicated that because of the way all of the retirees worked together so well he had assumed we once had been in single unit sometime on active duty. He was absolutely astonished to find out that with very few exceptions the only thing we all had in common was AG-44 (army green, shade 44) uniforms and retired status identification cards. Such a perception speaks to the value of seasoning, experience, and all of the other positive attributes that a retiree group represents.

* * *

FAMILY ASSISTANCE

by LTC Robert N. Farkas, USAR Ret.
Family Assistance Ofcr, 369th Trans Bn,
NY ARNG

Several weeks after my retirement, Iraq invaded Kuwait and I wanted to know what I could do to help out. When a land war seemed imminent I put myself on a retired volunteer list. My wife had recently spoken to a retired general who said he would even mop floors if he could only get involved. Surely there

was something I could do, having been retired by mandatory age limit, a total discrimination in itself. I was physically fit, certainly there had to be a job for me.

The ground war came and went quickly; however, it appeared that our units would still be there for some time. I got a call from LTC Bradley Burnside, whom I had served under 10 years before. He told me of the formation of a group of Family Assistance Centers by FORSCOM (U.S. Army Forces Command), and I was asked to participate. I never realized at the time how sometimes frustrating, but always joyfully rewarding, this assignment would be.

Staffed entirely by retired Guard and Reserve officers and assisted by mostly senior NCOs, the Family Assistance Program was established under a Forces Command mobilization and deployment standard long in advance of the Gulf War. The active army had always organized family support groups on posts where the spouses, children and other family members could meet and engage in mutual encouragement and peer counseling. Since the reserve components had hardly been mobilized since Korea, the family support program was never really officially implemented.

In late March 1991, months after most National Guard units from New York were deployed, I was assigned to the New York Area Command at Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn. My orders further directed me to report to Headquarters Troop Command in the armory on Fourteenth Street.

My mission was to be Family Assistance Coordinator for the 369th Transportation Battalion, a unit whose members are predominantly from the black communities of New York City. The unit has a proud heritage going back to Korea, World War II and World War I where they earned the designation "Hellfighters of Harlem." I was later to spend many personal breaks walking the Corridor of Black History in this fine old armory, looking up at GEN Benjamin O. Davis, Sr.; CPT Bert Williams, a Ziegfeld star who fought with his men in France alongside the Senegalese in a segregated U.S. Army; and other former members of the 369th. One of the photos on the wall depicts a young coastal artillery soldier

named Robert Pegues, who is now a retired sergeant major and custodian of the armory. SGM Pegues and I were to spend much time together as he made me feel at home and was something of a mentor to a fellow retiree like me.

I walked into that armory with no training in Family Assistance except for my feeling for the soldier and those left behind. With me that gray spring day was my assistant, MSG Al Vanger, a retired MP and food service instructor who was soon to retire from his civilian job as a New York City police officer and one-time renowned detective. We walked into a situation that was not unknown elsewhere where soldiers left wives, husbands, parents and children without really being prepared for the quick separation.

The 369th had an extensive network of family support volunteers who hardly knew each other previously, had little knowledge of Army methods and were pressed with deep concern for their wives, husbands and children.

The entire battalion was a credit to the United States Army and the community from which they were activated. Their reputation in the Persian Gulf was one of a bunch of great soldiers who did their job in a superior manner. In addition to the millions of miles they drove, their trucks carried millions of tons of supplies and equipment to the front. The troops of the 369th were very much admired by the other service people they supported.

While these "Hellfighters" were away there was a lot to be done. The New York National Guard did a good job in preparing, but the hasty mobilization left a lot undone: enrollments for some of the families in the Defense Medical Care System was not accomplished, and a bunch of dependent ID cards never got issued. If the unit payroll was not activated soon enough, checking accounts at home could close for lack of a minimum balance. Then when the military pay appeared the following month, the direct deposit had no place to go. There were problems with children; there was a lot of generous help, too. Our mission was to coordinate everything available.

The Family Support Team, in addition to MSG Al Vanger and myself, initially consisted of SSG Barbia "Bee" Lowery, who had returned from Saudi Arabia on a personal emergency. Since it was too late to send her back before all of the troops would return, she was assigned to my section. Another valuable asset was a gentleman, whom I immediately warmed to, named SSG John Cook. Cook was not part of the mobilization because of a minor medical situation. So instead of sulking because his buddies were activated without him, the sergeant stayed on as a family support volunteer, bolstering the family members of his deployed comrades. I couldn't figure out who this guy was. He did everything: drove the van, helped with the cleaning, took phone calls and did the shopping. I soon took care of his status by placing him on the DA civilian payroll as soon as this was authorized. At 55 years old, John is currently a drilling member in good standing in his unit, and has well earned his status. I learned that it is not unusual for senior NCOs to be in this age group in the National Guard. Their maturity and dedication overcome any hint of age limitations. Finally, our team was rounded out, really "rounded," by a rotund staff sergeant named David Brown, a New York City police officer who chose to spend his vacation on active duty to do what he could do to help.

Complementing our full-time staff of family assistance soldiers was a group of volunteers which included three wives who did not know each other previously. One of these ladies was a skilled word processor. There was also a mother-in-law who was a retired English teacher. Between the skills of these two, a well edited and printed newsletter was in effect. A major problem was in keeping these volunteer services after we showed up. After all, these spouses started from the ground up, with no advice or support, and with a preconceived notion that the Army was no friend to them at all.

"Where were you six months ago?" I was asked. My answer was that the program was not in effect six months ago although it should have been, and that I was here now with Army money and clout, and why refuse a million dollar gift because it was a little late? Of course egos were hurt, concern for husbands was still at its peak and it was questioned whether we could do the job. These were obstacles to overcome and win the confidence of these family members.

Discussions at Family Support Group meetings often became heated.

“BRING MY HUSBAND HOME!”

“If I can bring your husband home, will you give back all the National Guard paychecks he got all these years?” Silence. I was too harsh, but too strong in feeling that a commitment to the Guard, the Reserve, the Army and the country presumed the sadness of separation that these women were going through. They were irate when asked if the wives would represent the husbands who were not yet back from the Gulf in marching in the big “Operation Welcome Home” New York City parade.

We did in fact bring a few people home a little earlier. One soldier’s fiancée had arranged and paid for a wedding prior to his departure and was dismayed that they might lose the wedding, the deposit and the affair that the invited guests would have to reschedule. A little influence helped in obtaining a somewhat earlier release from active duty.

In another less joyful case, hardship was determined through the intervention of the American Red Cross. A soldier was brought home to deal with a situation of children becoming unmanageable in the house and disruptive in school. The Red Cross offered assistance in many areas and renewed the respect I had for them as a young enlisted marine in the hospital in Camp Lejeune.

The Red Cross provided a full-time caseworker, Mary Allen, on the premises at the armory, for whatever family assistance might be required. Next through a very great lady, Lisa Holzkenner, who volunteered, individual cases were referred, as well as group family reunion counseling at the family support meetings. The program of family reunion counseling received great emphasis from the Army and the New York National Guard. Thanks to the Red Cross, most of these sessions were provided.

Many aspects of family reunion were covered. Spouses become more independent after a long separation. People learn how to balance checkbooks, where they never wrote a check before. Resumption

of marital relations is awkward. Children feel strange. I witnessed babies meeting their daddies for the first time.

At the Family Support Group meetings, the Red Cross was always there with coffee, milk, doughnuts, snacks for the kids. Clyde Riggins and his Red Cross team merely required a phone call prior to a “welcome home” ceremony and there was the big “disaster service” van with the refreshments.

And there were all kinds of other help. The USO had established a “food locker,” courtesy of Brooklyn Union Gas Company. We would often pull the Army van up to Brooklyn Union and fill it up with prepacked bags of sugar, peanut butter, tomato sauce and other grocery staples. Once a trailer backed up at Fort Totten where my Army Reserve Family Assistance counterparts were located. “Do you need any detergent?” asked the driver. Now there was a carload of detergent available to share among the Guard and Reserve families. We shared donations with them as well, such as circus tickets which came from a local radio station.

Through the USO, we were also treated to such events as a special performance of the Jackie Mason Show. Mr. Mason, in special gratitude to the armed forces, gave a free USO performance. This show was given on his own, on a Monday night, which is off-night on Broadway. Any service member was invited. Jackie gave another performance for the warriors back from the Persian Gulf the night after the big parade.

In addition to the Red Cross, USO, Army Emergency Relief and many other community organizations, the New York Guard provided assistance on many occasions. In addition to fulfilling their mission of state armory security and providing crowd and traffic control at our ceremonies, many generous services were given.

BG Edwin Kassoff, who is a New York State Supreme Court judge, headed an effort to provide free legal assistance to all returning unit members. I was never aware of the number of New York Guard officers who are prominent attorneys and elected officials. They were always there, each in their own

specialization, with fine legal support in landlord-tenant problems, marital situations, reemployment concerns and other circumstances confronting the returning soldier. Good legal counsel even helped me keep a soldier's car from being repossessed, through a misunderstanding of active duty call-up on the part of a finance company.

I attended several homecoming ceremonies, not only at the Fifth Avenue Armory headquarters of the 369th, but also at the Marcy Avenue Armory of the New York National Guard in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Here, where the neighborhood is both Hispanic and Hasidic Jewish, the turnout was memorable. There was actually a festival in the streets at one of the homecomings, with guest speakers and refreshments provided by the community. At another, the Grand Rabbi turned out on a reviewing stand to bless the arriving soldiers, while all of the children from the local religious school waved flags in greeting.

Whatever the returning unit, the local generosity was overwhelming. It took a call or two to a listing in the Yellow Pages for a balloon dealer and the drill floor would be decorated. Neighbors would come in to the armory to help prepare. Neighborhood school children would paint posters. Local merchant Dawn Daguilar of Blue Mountain donated a table sagging with West Indian treats. And of course, COL Emory Seymore of the New York Guard would provide a real New York hot dog wagon. The Fifth Avenue Armory, having a strong veterans' association, contributed mightily to all events under the direction of retired Warrant Officer Gladstone Dale.

A unique memory was the honor of being in uniform in New York City on 10 June 1991. On this, the day of "Operation Welcome Home," the city belonged to the service member. They would not let us pay our fare on the subway. Children were coming over and asking for our autographs. As I indicated to the troops at a homecoming ceremony, "We in the green uniforms are very proud of our comrades in desert tan." And we truly were that day.

The whole assignment was a distinction and an experience to treasure. When I retired a year earlier, I never dreamed that I would again be addressing a

unit formation at 0700. Here I was young again for the second time. If there is a third time, I have some recommendations or, as a retired C&GS instructor, let's look at some "lessons learned."

Commanders, keep your goddam unit alert rosters up to date. You may not need them when you're in the desert, or the jungles of Central America, or Bosnia, or Somalia. But, the people who will look out for your people need them. So let's have a nice list of home addresses to send newsletters to and phone numbers to call to ask if anyone needs help. Phone numbers are nice to have to invite all your loved ones to family support group meetings and really great when we want to tell them when your gang is coming home. Why don't you have more functions where your own families can get together and get to know each other before they need to in an emergency?

FORSCOM, God bless you for implementing and authorizing and mobilizing a family assistance program. But the next time, please, do it on time so they won't be asking where we were six months ago. And if there's funding available, let us have it, so we don't have to conduct our assignment from a pay phone in the lobby.

When National Guard members are federalized, they are no longer state assets. It is constitutional that they be returned to their home state in the same condition as they left. If they are injured on active duty, they must be retained on active duty, for medical attention. Yet several soldiers were sent home with injuries which were not adequately taken care of. Whether or not this was part of Family Assistance, we helped get them back on active duty. This caused a pile of paper and telephone time for both the Guard and Active Army. So, medical personnel, at outprocessing, please make sure you're sending back only those who are healthy enough to come back. Take good care of the rest. They deserve it.

State Adjutants General, why not let us meet in advance the people we'll be working with. So we won't walk in as total strangers. Sure we're bound to meet old friends when we get there, but wouldn't it be nice to know most of the folks beforehand? I'm sure that knowing the kind of stuff all of us retirees are made of, we'd be glad to attend a drill now and then

with a Guard or Reserve unit to explain our future mission. This way, we can gain their support and confidence before they need us.

An after-action regret is that I did not meet LTC Kairson until his return to CONUS. Mrs. Kairson was a delight and a frequent counsel. But we should have been in constant communication throughout the Gulf crisis. This would have facilitated our support mission and would have provided much closer coordination. When some soldiers returned, they hugged me for taking care of their families and we all fought back macho tears. If there is a next time, I hope they hug me when they leave, so we can all do a more effective job.

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PROJECT REMOTE: DESERT STORM ROBOTICS

by CPT John M. Koetz, Jr., USA,
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The U.S. Army Tank-Automotive Command (TACOM) Research, Development and Engineering Center, responding to an urgent U.S. Army-Marine Corps request, developed and assembled 20 M60A1/A3 Main Battle Tank (MBT) remote control kits. This Operation Desert Storm development and acquisition took an unprecedented 17 days.

Intelligence reports indicating multiple obstacle belts in the Iraqi defense of Kuwait spurred a Department of Defense-wide analysis of obstacle breaching capabilities. The Army and Marines Corps urgently sought proposals for survivable breaching systems. Among the early ideas, TACOM proposed using remote control vehicles to transport counter-obstacle equipment.

The unprecedented air superiority in the Kuwaiti Theater of Operations (KTO) allowed detailed planning and preparations for a deliberate breach. The survivability of the combat vehicles transporting the countermine equipment and personnel are superior to the manual breach. However, the vehicle crews are

exposed to enemy direct and indirect fire. Remote operation removes the crew from the vehicle and reduces the hazards.

After extensive review, the Army and Marine Corps approved the remote tank approach for further development. Concurrently, testing of countermine equipment at the National Training Center determined that a Track Width Mine Plow (TWMP) was more effective against the Iraqi threat. The combination of both remote vehicle and TWMP provides an extremely effective system for breaching operations. The tank crew is not exposed to either minefield or enemy fires. In addition, the TWMP provides near 100 percent lane clearance. The breach can be conducted with much of the speed and vigor of the manned breach and thus maintain the momentum of the advance, with increased survivability.

When a task force deploys into attack formation, the crew dismounts the breach element's soon-to-be remotetank. They then convert the tank to unmanned operation. The conversion requires less than three minutes. One tank of the task force is the control tank. Its commander uses main gun optics, including the Thermal Imaging Sight, to remotely operate the unmanned tank up to 5km to his front. The control vehicle contains both an operator's control unit and a radio transmitter to communicate with the remote vehicle. Upon completion of the breach, the crew removes and stores the control transmitter in the control vehicle's bustle rack. This takes about two minutes. The assault element proceeds through the breach lane, and the overwatch drops the displaced crew back at their awaiting vehicle on the far side of the minefield.

The unusual urgency of Operation Desert Storm precluded any standard development program, or dedicated vehicle chassis. The ability to quickly retrofit vehicles already deployed to forward battle positions imposed "kit" requirements on the remote system. Each kit had to be self-contained and provide all necessary equipment to retrofit the remote vehicle. It had to provide control hardware for either M1 MBT (U.S. Army) or M60 MBT (USMC). In addition, transport limitations from the United States to the theater mandated minimal package size. Time mandated that actual installation must be simple enough

for organizational mechanics to perform in less than a day, with minimal special training.

These requirements provided technological challenges that we met and overcame. Due to the urgency of the request, we chose the most expedient approach which would successfully breach the obstacles. This approach was to modify existing M60 remote systems. The Army used these as target tanks at ranges and test facilities across the United States.

TACOM engineers gathered the target tank systems from the test facilities and returned them to the original manufacturer, Kaman Sciences Corporation. Kaman technicians refurbished the systems while TACOM engineers worked with a Kaman Science representative at TACOM to modify the M60 target tank system to mount on an M60A3 MBT.

In addition to modifying the remote systems, TACOM engineered and produced a remote interface to the TWMP and the necessary mounting hardware for the kits. TACOM also added redundant components to increase the survivability of the communication system in the face of artillery and direct fire on the battlefield.

Next, Kaman engineers modified the system software to add a battlefield mode to the safety system. In the event the remote vehicle is damaged or loses communications the vehicle continues moving in the last commanded manner, with TWMP deployed. This modification ensures success of breach. It also provides a psychological advantage for U.S. forces. The very sight of a tank that is repeatedly hit with direct/indirect fire, yet continues to advance, is extremely unnerving to even the best trained soldiers.

TACOM's overall program was successful, largely because it started with an innovative technical solution. However, the success was made possible by an extremely well coordinated plan and hard work from dedicated team members.

Twenty kits were packaged at Kaman Sciences facilities and shipped overnight express to Cherry Point Marine Corps Air Station in North Carolina. The fielding team was made up of the authors and

three volunteer technicians (Mr. Ricky Law, Mr. Dave Crosby, and Mr. Terry Patton) from Kaman Sciences Corporation.

The team departed the Cherry Point Marines Corps Air Station bound for forward deployed 1st Marine Division (1MARDIV) perched on the border of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. The 3rd Tank Battalion of Task Force Ripper was the heart of the task force's breach force, and was to receive the first kit. After several hundred miles of desert travel through the sandstorms, rain and oil well smoke, the kits arrived intact.

The commander of the 3d Tank Battalion enthusiastically received the team and equipment. His battalion was poised to assault the Iraqi front lines in just under 60 hours from the team's arrival. He was one of the early supporters of the remote breach vehicle concept. At the end of January, a training exercise, Operation Camel Sands, extensively rehearsed the entire breaching operation. The confidence level within the battalion was at an all-time high following this exercise. However, most commanders felt they had too much "engineer" equipment and not enough main battle tank firepower remaining for post-breach fighting. The division commander chose not to install any remote systems.

The following morning, as the fielding team prepared equipment for return transport, Task Force Ripper crossed the Kuwait border and attacked through the Iraqi defenses without major casualties. Later that day, they closed in on Kuwait City. As the fielding team moved rearward, Task Force Ripper fought one of the most intense tank battles of the ground war at the Kuwait City Airport. Only 2-1/2 days after crossing the border, they had secured their objectives within Kuwait City.

The preparation time, rehearsals, lack of enemy covering fires, and overwhelming air superiority in the KTO allowed attacking forces to breach the minefields without significant losses. However, both Marine and Army commanders agree that remote breaching is necessary when the battlefield is more hazardous. The fielding team returned to the United States on the morning that the Iraqis accepted Allied demands and fighting ceased.

Operation Desert Storm, specifically the heavy concentration of obstacle belts along the Kuwait border, presented a unique challenge to the military materiel development community. TACOM accepted and met the challenge in an unprecedented 17-day program. The program was executed with an extreme amount of innovation and coordination, and resulted in the fielding of 20 remote control kits for the M60A1/A3 with Track Width Mine Plow to the Kuwait Theater of Operations. Although the USMC chose not to install the kits, the program was a success, in that it represented the first successful execution of a fieldable ground vehicle robotics program, and illustrates the tremendous combat multiplication and potential of ground vehicle robotics on the battlefield.

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W.I.N. AND WAR

by CPT Ross V. Romeo, USA
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War has begun. On 2 August 1990, Iraqi T-64 and T-72 tanks rumble south into Kuwait. By midmorning, Kuwait City, the capital, succumbs to the onslaught and falls into enemy hands.

Ten thousand miles away, an interservice computerized sleeping giant stirs as automated message traffic rapidly flows through its communications lines to all the worldwide U.S. commands. Within 48 hours, the computerized giant awakens as network utilization called "throughput" rips into record territory. In the Pentagon, the iridescent blue-green glow from video monitors fills the cramped Network Operation Center as it watches and waits to detect the first signs of a host breakdown, a PSN (packet switch node) malfunction, or a line interruption as the throughput doubles and then triples above previous records in response to Operation Desert Shield.

This global computer system and network have never been used in war. Conceived in the late sixties and implemented in the mid-seventies, the global Worldwide Military Command and Control System (WWMCCS) Intercomputer Network (WIN) played a crucial part in the Persian Gulf War. Without WIN,

America would not have been able to swiftly move the troops and material from throughout the world to Southwest Asia. WIN enabled the National Command Authorities and the Joint Chief of Staff to coordinate and control their war fighting resources at real-time levels.

The breakdown never occurs. Instead, something incredible happens: for the first time, reliability increases, setting another record at the same time. In the past, when network use increased, reliability often decreased. For 1991, WIN host reliability increased to 99 percent, while throughput exceeded two billion characters a day.

Flickers of light dot the monitors in the NOC, representing the thousands of users interacting in their coordination of allied land, air, and naval forces in the Saudi sand and tepid Persian Gulf. A Honeywell and BBN mainframe computer several floors down in the deepest basement regions of the Pentagon tie into the 32 main global hosts checking and reporting on their status every 52 seconds. The record level throughput flows uninterrupted via numerous Defense Satellite Communications System (DSCS) satellites and microwave terrestrial links, as well as the undersea and land cables and fiberoptic trunks. The PSNs and trunks commonly referred to as the WIN Communications Subsystem (WINCS) or Defense System Network (DSNET2) provided an amazing 99.93 percent reliability to the WIN hosts for 1991.

The record level host and communication reliability under record utilization during Desert Shield and Desert Storm are a testimony to the quality of service provided by the thousands of technicians, operators, and programmers worldwide who maintain the WIN.

A greying 50-year-old computer programmer who worked on the WIN for over 15 years out of the Operational Support Facility in Sterling, Virginia, was overjoyed upon hearing how successful the WIN was performing during Desert Storm. He was too old to fill a foxhole, but to him, the success of the WIN after years of programming made him extremely proud that as an American he was able to contribute to the war effort, which was the next best thing to being there.

The Persian Gulf War was a watershed for the WIN. This interservice command and control system went from the murky backwaters of little usage to being the system of choice within 48 hours of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. Its importance grew even more at the beginning on Operation Desert Storm and its air war campaign as other networks became quickly saturated and were imposed with a worldwide "minimize" by the Joint Staff in order to avoid a communications gridlock. The WIN hosts and its DSNET2 connections never flinched and met the challenge by providing record level reliability. Computer operators and system analysts, both civilian and military, gained new meaning and emphasis to their work when confronted with the news the electrical and computerized gadgetry under their watch was being used to support the troops on the front lines. They knew American lives depended on the success of the WIN.

In some ways, WIN can be described as the world's largest electronic mail system, allowing users to send files, graphics, and reports electronically at the speed of light while encrypted at the Top Secret level. The WIN ties together thousands of sites worldwide, using more than 100 mainframe computers. Managed by the Joint Staff from the Pentagon, WIN required almost a billion dollars to create in the 1970s and serves as a true interservice system for its users on land and at sea.

The planning and coordination for Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm were an extremely complex process as military planners relied on WIN's ability to implement the time sensitive crises operation of deploying troops, ships, planes, and their subsequent logistical tail of supplies. WIN allowed for the virtual automation of this process. This logistical feat could not have been accomplished without the use of the Joint Operations Planning and Execution System (JOPES) and other communications riding the backbone of the WIN Communications Subsystem into these interconnected computer hosts.

Operating 24 hours a day, the WIN transmits its TOP SECRET data and operational information throughout the world. The WIN links over 100 military bases around the globe, creating a huge repository of shared interservice information. The

WIN allows military commanders throughout the world to respond to any military or civilian emergency and provides instant data in support of military operations.

Validated in war, WIN serves in peace as well: It was used to coordinate such relief efforts as Operation Provide Comfort for Northern Iraq and Turkey and Operation Sea Angel in Bangladesh.

With WIN, the war was won.

* * *

JEEP TO HUM-V

In WWII, as gramps would say,
The little jeep made the day,
With canvas top and canvas doors,
It carried on through three wars,

But in the desert something's wrong,
This time the jeep is not along,
The problem's very plain to see,
We've gone from jeep to the HUM-V.

-RLL

TENT

What a home you've been for me,
In this land of desert sand,
I never thought I'd be happy to see,
But right now you look just grand.

After five nights of sleep in a truck,
You're the very lap of luxury,
Whether set up in the sand or muck,
There's no place I'd rather be.

You've never looked so good before,
I've cussed staying here every night,
But now I'm so tired to the core,
That the sight of you is pure delight.

-RLL

Epilogue

HOME AGAIN, HOME AT LAST

COMING HOME: VIETNAM TO DESERT STORM

by CPT (Dr.) Doug Rokke, USAR
Health Physicist, 12th PVNTMED Det,
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Recently, some of us who were Vietnam combat veterans had the unique opportunity to participate in Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm. I returned from Desert Storm 20 years and seven days after coming home from Vietnam. Consequently, as I prepared to come home from Southwest Asia after the cease-fire in Operation Desert Storm, the memories I retained from my return to the "World" (Illinois) in 1971 after two years of duty in Southeast Asia came flowing back. Vietnam is only a distant memory. However, some of the events surrounding coming home remain fresh.

As my airplane in 1971 was enroute to Honolulu and Travis Air Force Base I had many concerns. What would I find? How would I be treated when I got home? Would my old room be the same? What have my friends done? What would college at Western Illinois University be like?

These questions were not much different from the questions I asked myself while eating supper at the Innlock Inn, King Kalid Military City, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, in June 1991. Although 20 years had passed and I had participated in two wars, I was still going back to college. This time as a graduate student at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. I was entering my last semester as a doctoral candidate when I was mobilized for Operation Desert Shield. My best friend had tended my dissertation research project while I was gone. How can I ever repay this friend for the effort? Family concerns also filled my mind. This time I had my own family that I had not seen in almost seven months. How have I changed? Will I still retain the responsibilities I had at my home

before I left? How has each member of my own family changed? What questions would they ask? I thought of my parents. My dad had served in the Navy during World War II. He saw combat at Midway and during many other major sea battles. He had sent his son to war for the second time. The night I told my dad that I was going to war again, for Operation Desert Shield, had been particularly difficult for him and my mother. They had both seen four wars during their lifetimes and had lost relatives, friends, and neighbors. I wondered how Dad was doing and how he would react to his son coming home from war again. What questions would he ask?

We landed in Honolulu in 1971 and grabbed a quick drink and sandwich in the airport. No one said hello or even approached our group of returning soldiers, sailors, and airmen. I telephoned my cousins who lived in Honolulu. We talked about family events and our experiences as children. The war was not mentioned. The flight from Honolulu to the "World" was uneventful. We landed at Travis Air Force Base in California to the song refrain of "When you come to San Francisco, Be sure to wear a flower in your hair." We were instructed to change into civilian clothes and not talk about Vietnam. I took a cab from Travis AFB to San Francisco International Airport to catch a flight to Chicago, Illinois. I arrived at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago just slightly more than 36 hours after my last combat mission. There was no welcome. I had to call my parents for a ride home. They were not home but at an anniversary party. Eventually, my parents picked me up and we all returned to the anniversary party for my parents' best friends. Life just went on, day by day. Vietnam was not a subject anyone wanted to discuss.

The day finally arrived while I was at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. I was authorized to go home! Those who were staying and those who were leaving helped each of us get ready to leave. A sergeant volunteered to drive us to Bahrain International Airport. The

attitude at the Bahrain Airport was electrifying! Well-wishers from many countries were all around. Gratitude, honor, and respect filled the airport like a rainbow. The next stop on our flight home was Heathrow International Airport near London, England. We encountered the same response in London. Individuals asked if they could help us. They told us we did a great job and that they were proud of us. Although we landed at Heathrow our flight to Atlanta, Georgia, departed from Gatewick. Gatewick is about sixty miles from Heathrow. The bus ride from Heathrow to Gatewick was very pleasant. We were served food, coffee, tea, and soft drinks. The flight across the Atlantic Ocean was very enjoyable. As we landed at Hartsfield International Airport, Atlanta, Georgia, I wondered what I would experience. Love, gratitude, respect and food were showered on us by the residents of Atlanta.

I quickly learned, to my amazement, that the citizens of our nation had recognized and decided to emphasize the need to honor the returning war veteran. The town I grew up in, Libertyville, Illinois, invited all Operation Desert Shield and Desert Storm veterans to serve as Grand Marshals for the community's 1991 parade. This time the celebration was to honor all combat veterans from World War One to the Persian Gulf War. Combat veterans of all wars finally got their parade. I participated in this parade the last weekend in June and was overjoyed at the reception all combat veterans received. The residents of Libertyville had opened their hearts and their minds. Combat veterans could proudly wear their uniform on the streets. The experience was peaceful and fulfilling.

From the forests of the Ardennes to the sands of Saudi Arabia and Iraq, the men and women who had fought for freedom had come home and received a hero's welcome. The differences between a soldier's role and the events in war had been set aside. A nation had begun to heal.

As we reflect on our own wartime experiences and our coming home, it is the future that we hold. We have the opportunity to capitalize on our memories and our acquired knowledge, skills, and attitudes to improve the readiness of all members of the U.S.

armed forces and, more important, to bind a nation together with a central purpose and a vision of the future. A future where all peoples of the world live in harmony and peace.

* * *

PHONE CALL TO HOME

Hello? Hi there darling,
It's good to hear your voice,
I'd rather be there with you,
If I had another choice.

Where am I calling from?
Somewhere in Kuwait,
Sorry to wake you up,
I know it's kind of late.

When am I coming home?
Well I really wish I knew,
It shouldn't be too long now,
And yes, I miss you too.

I've got to be going now,
Wish we had more than a few
Minutes to talk together,
And darling, I love you.

-RLL

PEACE

The word,
Has come to us,
The war is nearly won,
And soon we will be going home,
In peace.

-RLL

THE END

So another war has ended,
Once more the good guys won,
America's pride is mended,
After so long under the gun,
Now to pray for peace for years,
So never again will moms shed tears.

-RLL